





THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

**Ingalls Library**

Purchased from the Income of  
The Eleanor Hilliard Memorial Fund  
Established in 1923 Under the Will of  
Francis A. Hilliard

















*Julia Viscountess Villiers.*



THE

REPRINT  
OF THE

# LADIES' COMPANION

AND

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOL. I.—SECOND SERIES.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY ROGERSON AND TUXFORD, 246, STRAND.



# LADIES' COMPANION

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LONDON :  
ROGERSON AND TUXFORD, PRINTERS,  
240, STRAND.

8219



# INDEX.

## NOVELS, ROMANCES, TALES, &c.

- An Anecdote of Mrs. Radcliffe—by H. C.—86  
 A Chapter on Pigments, Patches, Masks, &c.—by Mrs. White—232  
 A Chapter on Watches—by Mrs. White—65  
 A few Words about the Hospital for Sick Children—by M. A. Y.—319  
 A Minuit: Souvenir d'un Réveillon de Noël, 41  
 Amusements of the Month, 52, 109, 163, 220, 271, 331  
 Animals and their Characteristics—by Mary Howitt—281  
 Archery—by M. A. Y.—249  
 A Stroll by the River Amstel, Amsterdam—by Mrs. White—128  
 A True and Unprejudiced Account of the Invasion of England by the French, as related by Alderman Muffins in 1872—by Annette Marie Maillard—206  
 Autobiography of Laura Studleigh—by Mrs. David Ogilvy—1, 57, 131, 187, 236, 292  
 Cloud Musings—by Mrs. H. J. Lewis—211  
 Easter in Poland, 179  
 Educated Women—by Mrs. Abdy—284  
 Faith, the Ideal, and Art: a Review—by W. B. B.,—101  
 Feminine Gossip from Paris—by our own Correspondent—44, 102, 157, 212, 265, 322  
 Fine Arts, 54, 275, 330  
 For the Fun it (an American Sketch)—by T. S. Arthur—174  
 German Legendary Lore—by Mrs. T. K. Hervey—82, 142, 262  
 Lasting Attachments of Men of Genius—by M. A.—28  
 La Fuite en Egypte: Fragments d'un Mystère en Style Ancien, pour Tenor Solo Chœur, et un Petit Orchestre—321  
 Lord George Bentinck (*with Portrait*), 197  
 Marriage of Jenny Lind, 221  
 Memoir of Madame du Deffand—by the late Countess of Blessington—113, 169  
 Miss Job (an American Sketch)—by Caroline Chesbro—307  
 Music, 54, 221, 333

### NEW BOOKS:—

- Alice Learmont, 108  
 Autobiography of William Jerdan, 327  
 Dictionary of Domestic Medicine, 108  
 Edward Charlton, 269  
 Jacob Bendixen, the Jew, 106  
 Miscellaneous Notices, 218, 329  
 Mrs. Wray's Cash-Box, 108  
 Ravenscliffe, 51  
 Recollections of a Literary Life, 105

### NEW BOOKS (*continued*):—

- Sermons on Oppressive Labour, 269  
 Spencer's Cross Manor House, 329  
 The Chess-player's Companion, 108  
 The Days of Bruce, 328  
 The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, 51  
 The Golden Legend, 50  
 The Head of the Family, 216  
 The Heir of Ardennan, 160  
 The Pathway of the Fawn, 103  
 Twice-told Tales, 51  
 Verdicts, 161  
 Neuralgia—Review by N. C.—155  
 Notices to Correspondents, 56, 112, 163, 224, 230, 336

### OUR CONSERVATORY:—

- Adversity, 215  
 Advertisement Extraordinary, 48  
 Afternoon on the Glaciers, 159  
 A Monastery in Greece, 215  
 An Adventure on the Simplon, 324  
 An English Woman of Fashion, 325  
 A Sermon, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Proctor, 325  
 Carlyle's Opinion of Coleridge, 214  
 Experience in Animals, 103  
 Fleurs de Lis, 159  
 Hints for a New Vocabulary, 104  
 Hospital of the Enfants Trouves, 46  
 Lines in Honour of Mr. Simms, 263  
 London in September, 48  
 Lord Jeffery as a Conversationalist, 267  
 Michael Faraday, 158  
 Ninon de l'Enclos, 104  
 The Battle of the Harvest-field, 49  
 The Castle of Hohenek, 48  
 The Count de Viri, 159  
 The Mother and the Child, 48  
 The Primitive Village System of India, 324  
 Wit, 104

Pages from the History of Genius—by Maria Norris—No. I., Mozart, 95; No. II., Beethoven, 289

Reformatory Schools, a Review of—by the Editress—16

Society of the Friends of Italy, 153

- Taking Boarders (an American Story)—by T. S. Arthur—18, 69  
 Testimonial from America to Mrs. Cowden Clarke, 155  
 The Ladies' Guild, 219  
 The Fate of a Flirt in the Olden Time—by Mrs. E. F. Ellet—244  
 The Jeweller's Daughter—by Mrs. Abdy—119  
 The Mangling Room—by Mary Howitt—12  
 The Mother's Legacy, 264



- The Mechanical Difficulties incident to the Performance of Music—306
- The Royal Pardon Vindicated—Mr. Barber's Case—156
- The Story of Angelique (a True Incident)—by Geraldine E. Jewsbury—225
- The Tribes of the North-east Frontier—by an Officer's Wife—241
- The Woman of the Writers—by Mary Cowden Clarke—80
- Turner, J. M. W., Notice of (*with Portrait*), 330
- THE GARDEN:—January, 46; February, 110; March, 165; April, 222; May, 276; June, 335
- THE TOILETTE:—Costume for January, 55; February, 111; March, 167; April, 223; May, 278; June, 333.
- THE CHILD'S CORNER:—
- Annie's Thoughts—by Hannah Clay—36
- Little Ann—by Jane M. Winnard—146, 198
- The Deformed Boy—by Hannah Clay—312
- The Lame-footed Dog—by Miss M. Watson—32
- The New Baby—by Hannah Clay—89
- The Pet Chicken—by Hannah Clay—254
- What's in a Name? 45
- Wild Flowers of March, 144; of June, 302
- WORK—by AIGUILLETTE:—
- Antique Lace Collar, 259
- Antique Lace for Gilet, 205
- Antique Point Collar, 93
- Crochet Curtains, 92
- Crochet Lace, 204
- Crochet Shoes for a Child, 316
- Deep Point Lace, for Sleeves, &c., 149
- Edging in Frivolité, 258
- Embroidered Braces, 94
- Embroidered Note-case, 257
- Gilet in Antique Point, 205
- Handkerchief Border in Antique Point, 260
- Infant's Shoe, 150
- Knitted Mitten, with Cuff, 38
- Long Purse, in Crochet, 201
- Mandarin Sleeve and Collar, 318
- Parisian Purse, 317
- Passion-flower Border, 151
- Patchwork Cushion, 86
- Point Lace Lappet, 39
- Point D'Oyley, 315
- Sleeve, in Broderie Anglaise, 95
- Smoking Cap, 152

## POETRY.

- A Bugle-call from a Volunteer Rifleman—by Martin F. Tupper—306
- Address to Frenchmen, on the Encroachment of Louis Napoleon on their Liberties—by the Hon. Julia A. Maynard—287
- Calvin's Death-bed—by the Hon. Julia A. Maynard—27
- Days Gone—by Mrs. White—27
- Day—by Elizabeth Leathes—210
- Eros and Anteros—by Charles H. Hitchings—68
- Faith's Vigil—by Charles H. Hitchings—288
- Flower-divination—by W. C. Bennett—40
- Good Alice—by Maria Norris—84
- Heart-echoes—by Fritz—288
- Home—by Albert Taylor—173
- Hope—by George W. Bennett—11
- I mourn for thee, sweet Josephine—by I\*\*\*\*\*—
- Life's Koh-i-noor—by J. J. Reynolds—287
- Lines—by W. C. Bennett—178
- London—by Francis Bennoch—305
- Love's Ideal—by Fritz—249
- My Cottage Home—by Lizzie W.—180
- Nature's Lesson—by Ada Trevanion—235
- Old Christmas—by Mrs. Newton Crosland—40
- Old Friends with New Faces—by Mrs. Abdy—11
- Scandal in Fairy-land—by Charles H. Hitchings—231
- Song—by Ada Trevanion—314
- Song—by Walter Weldon—288
- Song—by Robert H. Brown—196
- Sonnets—by Calder Campbell—41, 86
- Sonnet—by Dora Greenwell—89
- Stanzas—by Ada Trevanion—118
- Stars on a frosty Night—by Ada Trevanion—68
- The Bee and the Maiden—248
- The Christmas Tree—by Maria Norris—10
- The Lonely Chamber—by Robert H. Brown—288
- The Mingled Yarn—by Charles H. Hitchings—10
- The Mirror in the Hall—by Ada Trevanion—27
- The Musician—by Maria Norris—231
- The Seasons, 85
- The Spirit of Spring—by E. A. Lilwall—235
- The Sunny Side—by Mrs. Abdy—186
- The Tongue of Fire—by Mrs. Newton Crosland—141
- The Truant Schoolboys of Thessaly—by D.—256
- The Two Rings—by M. M. P—11
- The Voyage of the Fancies—by Charles H. Hitchings—89
- The Wayside Brook—by Mrs. Abdy—231
- The Widow (*illustrative of the Plate*), 43
- The Wish—by Percie—117
- The Young Poet's Lament—by Albert Taylor—118
- To the Friend of my Heart—by Alicia Jane O'Neill—68
- Woman—by A. S.—11



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

LONDON: THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1852.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

*Author of "Traditions of Tuscany," "Highland Minstrelsy," &c., &c.*

### CHAP. I.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

Well would it have been for me had such fears assailed me on the first budding of my aspirations; yet then I should have been a cautious babe—for I was little beyond infancy when the dream awoke in my soul to become famous. I cannot remember the time when I could not read. There was indeed some talking among my elders of teaching me according to a newly-invented method; but when they came to examine me for tuition they found I had already picked up a perfect knowledge of reading, from overhearing my sister's lessons while I played about the school-room; I was not then three years old. The commendations lavished on my "great cleverness" were the first stimulants bestowed on ambition. I was soon not a reader, but a devourer of books. All kinds, however unsuitable they might seem to a child's taste, were eagerly welcomed; and I was alternately praised and ridiculed for my absorbing passion. I did not then care for ridicule: politeness in a company of strangers was forgotten if Fate placed me near the book-stand. I could read by snatches in the pauses of a quadrille, or steal from a game of romps to finish *Macbeth* in the shadow of some friendly window-curtain. I was not a happy child; I had those varying spirits and passionate gusty impulses which have been said to be characteristics of genius. Unluckily I read such a remark in a trashy biography of a wicked great man (I forget who, it is so very long ago); and it was too self-flattering a theory for me not to adopt it as a creed. I had elder sisters—showy, handsome, accomplished girls; half-a-dozen brothers, dashing and self-sufficient; and a mother of high rank and petty fortune, who was the proudest off-shoot of aristocracy I ever met in all my adventures. I do not say this unflially—I would have loved my mother with the fervour of a naturally warm heart had she permitted me;

but she was of a cold disposition, and there was shame not to be endured on my face—the fact of its being actually ugly. *Adelicia* and *Millicent* were both like herself, handsome; and my mother resented as an indignity to her race, and to the noble blood of all the *Effinghams*, that I should resemble my father's family—the rich, but homely *Studleghs*, of *Studleggh Hall*, *Cheshire*, and the great firm of *Studleggh, Counterpoint, and Co.*, *Leadenhall-street, London*.

My father was a well-meaning, quiet, self-complacent little man; whose great glories in life were the rank of his lady's family, and the wealth of his own. His had been a marriage of convenience, arranged entirely by his father. This worthy old gentleman, who had bought a large property and land on the banks of the *Mersey*, and had built thereon a mansion of the *Elizabethan, George-the-Thirdian* styles ingeniously commingled, which he had lovingly christened *Studleggh Hall*, after his own name, was annoyed by finding himself sneered down by the "good old *Cheshire families*," who were as plentiful around him as the good old *Cheshire cheeses*. To remedy this misfortune he made proposals for his son to the proud, poor house of *Effingham*; and *Lady Arabella*, with countless quarterings, consented to become the bride of *John Studleggh*, with countless hundreds. The young merchant was too busy to care much about his wedlock; he saw his intended was elegant, beautiful, and high bred, and he concluded that so soft-spoken a lady must be sweet tempered. His vanity was flattered by the loftiness of her connexions, and he gave his wife *carte blanche* for the expenditure necessary for her station in society. My mother's was not obtrusive pride; it was rather the under-current of all she said, thought, and did. She made no dash in the world; she lived quietly, but with a costly elegance, whose perfect keeping gave you the impression of refinement rather than of riches. She employed the most expensive tradespeople; she lived in the most expensive part of *London* when she spent the season there; her equipage was symmetrical in its appointments; her dress and that of her children



simple, but of the most costly materials. It is well she is not alive now; it would be an hourly annoyance to her to see the shops filled with imitations. Nothing moved her supine placidity to anger like the sight of imitation-lace upon the persons of her daughters, Adelicia and Millicent seldom offended in this particular; they preferred running up a long bill (which they at some auspicious moment coaxed my father to pay) rather than irritating Lady Arabella by mock Mechlin or Valenciennes. It was poor I who was always in scrapes; who scorned the idea of a debt, and yet had all a maiden's love of finery, and fancied my plain person advantageously set off by the cheap trimmings, which, to a cursory observer, looked so showy.

"I am ashamed of you, Laura," said my mother. "You are always so Quixotic about being truthful in season and out of season, and yet you can wear what is a deceitful sham."

"Well, mamma," replied I, "all dress is a sham, more or less, and the only difference is in the degree; besides, I think it a less outrage on honesty to wear pretence Mechlin than to flaunt in unpaid magnificence."

My sisters tossed their heads, but profited by my taunts to represent their poverty in such moving terms, that my mother gave them each twenty pounds for a point-lace veil. As for me, I wore linen collars and gauze veils ever after, as the cheapest realities to be purchased.

There were three brothers, older than myself, at Eton, whence they came home every vacation, shrewd, haughty, extravagant, and yet worldly-wise. Effingham, the eldest, was very handsome, and my mother destined him for the Guards; my father had other intentions, which in the end he fulfilled, to the ruin of us all. The younger ones were my playfellows; they were good-natured, and permitted me, as their senior, to play Lady Paramount, and to invent games for their laziness. The reader must not imagine that although I was a book-worm in-doors I was a pensive child in the open air; no: once beyond the house I was the most outrageous of romps—climbed gates and trees, rode ponies without stirrups, jumped from the top of the hay-stacks, and demeaned myself so hoydenishly that I often forgot I was a girl, till the fatal hour arrived when my hair had to be brushed, my white frock to be donned, my sash to be girded, and my little sunburned, freckled, red-fingered, awkward self to be ushered into the dining-room, with the dessert. My father insisted on keeping up this old-fashioned custom—he liked the sudden irruption of noisy children, after the stiff, stately meal. "My favourite moment," he would say, "is when the footmen turn their backs and the children show their faces." His boys were his darlings. Round his chair clustered the little knot of velvet coats and white trowsers; and I, as I often said to myself, seemed to belong to nobody. My mother was too much engaged with my tall young lady sisters and their fashionable Parisian governess, to attend to me; unless she chanced to remark that my heated face had been washed with soap, instead

of rose-water, and that my hands were ruined by my never wearing gloves. But in process of time came a pet, whom one and all agreed in idolizing: this was the infant Celia, the tenth and last of my mother's numerous family. She was exquisitely beautiful from her birth; gentle, serene, the soul of harmonious graces. She seemed to me a fairy: I dreamed of her—I spent my idle thoughts in building for her the loveliest Chateaux en Espagne—I renounced for her my own ambitious projects—I forgot for a little while that I had resolved to be greater than Milton!

But I was so awkward and so careless that I never was allowed to come near her. I did not dare to go into the nursery, for Lady Arabella declared I always slammed the doors; the nurse shuddered at my request to dandle the baby; and as she grew older the child was told to follow the example of Adelicia or Millicent, and to avoid that of Laura. These things made me often moody. I used to run into a dark part of the woods, that I might get into a passion by myself, uncontrolled and unsoothed. I was in the predicament which befalls so many children—I was not *understood*. There were germs of generous feelings, unselfish energy, and indomitable perseverance, which, from neglect and ill-culture, were becoming fitful, wayward, and obstinate. The misfortune of a child's being misconstrued when he is not in fault is that another time, when he is really wrong, he will plead the same excuse to himself, and harden himself against his elders. So it was with me. I felt, when I was really affectionate, really self-denying, that my ebullitions of feeling or self-sacrifice were irksome and unwelcome; and I made it an excuse to myself for being wilful and disobedient—that no one loved me, or cared whether I did right or wrong. Every one, however, acknowledged my talents; and thus my vanity was fostered at the expense of my affections. I perceived that, slighted and unregarded as I was in general, when any difficulty arose my superior quickness gave me an advantage over them all; and they were ready enough to come for advice to the Laura whose uncouth manners they at other times despised. But, alas! I mistook one household for the world; and because I was greater than my family I thought myself greater than the mighty men of old; and I repeated to myself, day by day, "I shall live in fame for ever." The first great event of my youth was the marriage of Adelicia. I well remember the scene, on the day of her betrothal. Immediately Lord Fitzinterest had proposed, my father, in the exultation of his heart, sent for all his children, to announce the important fact that their sister was going to marry a peer.

Lord Fitzinterest was really a very agreeable nonentity, and had a dim idea of his duties as a nobleman. This extraordinary fact may be accounted for by his being only the second of his title; and he had not been long enough a lord to discover that he was sent into the world for no other purpose than to eat, drink, and be



merry. He admired Wilberforce, and always voted with his charitable measures; and had returned his tenants ten per cent. of their exorbitant rents, the last year before his marriage. N.B. He never repeated this act of munificence after Adelia became Lady Fitzinterest.

But to return to the scene in the dining-room. The boys had come trooping in, the elder ones from their horses and hounds, the younger from their cricket, when I stole in as stealthily as I could, for I had just torn my last clean frock.

"Where is Laura?" asked my mother.

"Jumping in the saw-pit, near the pond," answered one of my brothers; "she took offence at our cricket because the ball hit her shin; and she was so angry for us at laughing—she jerked about so funnily with the pain."

"That was not kind," said Mr. Anson, the new tutor.

"Oh, dear!" answered the boy, "if girls will play at boys' games they must expect boys' roughness."

I heard all this, and, cut to the heart with shame, and also deeply overcome by the gentle way in which the tutor had reproached my playmates, I felt ready to burst into tears. But the presence hall was no place for crying; and I was endeavouring to steal out as noiselessly as I had stolen in, when the flutter of my torn dress caught my mother's eye. "Come here, Laura," she said, "and let me look if you are fit to be seen; I hardly expect it, when I hear where you have been."

I murmured some inaudible excuse, and was still hurrying away, when the governess, with many exhortations, took hold of me and led me forward.

"Comment? Mademoiselle Laure! allons, qu'est ce que vous avez fait? La voici, miladi."

"La voici" indeed! my bonnet crushed, my gown soiled and torn in most unseemly shreds, my hands dirty, and my shoes crusted with mud! And at that very moment the door opened, and my father, with a pomposity unusual to his kindly simplicity, introduced his august son-in-law-elect—Lord Fitzinterest.

"Take the child away—send her to bed, Mademoiselle," sighed my mother. "We shall never make a lady of her. I doubt if she can be my child."

Mademoiselle dragged me unresistingly away; not without her murmuring something in Adelia's ear about *ce bel fiancé*. She had a prophetic eye towards securing a good post in La Baronne's establishment.

I did not see my noble brother-in-law for many years; for, in consequence of my misdeemeanours, I was excluded from all participation in the nuptial festivities. This scene made a deep impression on me; I resolved to turn over a new leaf, and "to live cleanly" for the future. I was just twelve years old; short and sturdy for my years; not pretty, but with a determined air, which prevented me from being insignificant in appearance.

Mr. Anson was my first friend. He pitied me; he saw how clever, and wayward, and unhappy I was—that my unregulated passions were preparing misery for me. He asked permission to take me under his charge. Mademoiselle, who was preparing Millicent for her first season, was glad to get me off her hands; for now my mother had complained of me so bitterly, that the *gouvernante* imagined it a reflection on her indifference with regard to my manners. But "vraiment, Mademoiselle Laure est si brusque, elle a tant de fierté." Lady Arabella was offended: "Enough, Mademoiselle; no lady can manage Laura. We will try the government of a man." And a happy trial it was for me. Mr. Anson induced me to learn Latin; he read to me selections from the best Roman and Greek authors, also from the best English poets. He explained things which had puzzled my young brain for years; he steadied my wandering faith, which even at that early age had been staggered by Hume, comforted by Paley, materialized by Gibbon. To him I carried all my doubts about the wisdom of this mysterious world, the sins and sorrows which jostle along its crowded paths. Where he could not explain, he led me humbly to trust a higher Spirit than belongs to humanity. To him I complained of the inconsistencies which revolted me; the deceits, the meannesses, the ingratitude I saw around me. I bestowed on him the extravagant gratitude of childhood. I felt so much, I never even could thank him for his kindness; but he never seemed to consider me cold, as others did. To him I ventured to give my dazzling theories for the amendment of a disordered society. He might smile, but he never sneered; he encouraged me in high aims, in lofty purposes. But even to him I did not dare to trust my darling hopes, my precious ambition. I had an undefined idea that his good sense would dissolve my airy hopes, and I promised myself I would do something great ere I said anything of intending to be great. And so I still roamed the woods alone, and filled the backs of old letters with scratches of poetry.

For four years Mr. Anson remained in our family; every one of those four seasons was spent by my parents in London. Millicent was not so dashing as Adelia, and considerable difficulty was experienced in "settling her." My mother would have a nobleman; my father would have a rich man; and Millicent herself would have a handsome man. The three conjoined were hard to find. Millicent withered ere her fourth season, and a leader of fashion pronounced her *passée*. This was alarming. Lady Arabella, to whom the unfavourable verdict was kindly communicated by a dear friend who had two disposable nieces on her hands, took energetic measures to convince Millicent she had no more time for trifling. The poor girl, whose small stock of romance had been flitted away in the heartless coquetties of the gay world, consented to dispose of herself to the highest bidder, and accepted Sir Harriman Hauton—a general, who had distinguished himself at Sering-



apatam, who had a handsome estate, a pension, and one arm.

Although I had learned improved manners from my gentle tutor, I could not help staring rudely at my sister's betrothed. Millicent was four-and-twenty; he was sixty-five. Yet he was very much attached to her; gave her entirely her own way; and by his sterling good qualities won so much upon the by no means unfeeling disposition of the poor girl, that she was ever a true and attentive wife to him, though he lived for ten years, leaving her a widow at the age of thirty-four. Poor misguided Millicent. She was just the sort of girl who would have been happy, married to a moderately rich, moderately clever man, of her own age; hers was a passive character, yet capable of having warmth infused into it. No one had tried the experiment but her husband, and he was not a person to excite romantic love. Millicent liked him, and was grateful for his kindness—that was all. She never had any children, which I always thought the bitterest drop in her cup. Perhaps as she never had them she never missed them; but I am sure those little suggestions of Almighty love would have wakened in her torpid heart the warm fountains of maternal happiness.

A short time previously to Millicent's marriage there had been quite a fracas in the family—a domestic hurricane awful to behold. When Effingham left college he was informed by my father that he was to take his place in the bank-house as junior partner. Effingham flatly refused, and was supported in his rebellion by my mother. His incensed parent threatened to disinherit him; he replied angrily. Lady Arabella had a fainting fit; little Celia, who was in the room, fell screaming on her insensible mamma, crying out on "naughty papa who had killed her." Mr. Studlegch ordered her out of the room, and his son out of the house.

Lady Arabella kept her bed some days; she was really ill from the effects of this agitation. Mr. Studlegch did not attempt a reconciliation. He had so adored his firm—the fountain of his wealth, the prop of his honours—that he had expected raptures in the youth whom he had condescended to name his successor in this great and onerous situation. He was enraged at his son's contumacious claim of a cornetcy in the Guards—"a place to spend money, not to make it; and after my keeping my plans secret till now, to be a pleasant surprise to them all!" The good merchant felt himself seriously aggrieved; and on learning that his wife was making secret overtures for the purchase of her son's commission, he wrathfully proceeded to the bankers on whom he had given her a credit account, and stopped all further supplies.

This energetic measure was effectual: Lady Arabella was the last person to exist without money, and Effingham found the threat of disinheritance too near probability to be lightly heeded. He returned after a disappearance of a fortnight, made his submission, and was admitted junior partner of the firm. Woe worth the day he entered it! He had neither taste

nor talents for business. He was rash without courage, and hasty without diligence. He had an appearance of genius, which was in reality only an unsound and shallow quickness; and this was more fatal to his fortunes than if he had been the dullest dolt that ever, with pen on ear, dangled his legs over a high three-legged stool.

My father then peaceably disposed of his two next sons. One got a writership, the other a direct appointment to the Bengal Cavalry; and there were only left the three little ones, who were still at Eton.

My mother's health never recovered the shock she had received. Perhaps idleness had something to do in her decline, for Celia was too young to make projects about, and she solemnly sighed "that no man in his senses would marry such a strange, flighty, plain girl as Laura was." I was now seventeen—still short, and still far from a beauty, and too much absorbed in my own wild enthusiastic reveries to care what was thought of me. The cause of Mr. Anson's leaving us was his reception of the Episcopalian chaplaincy at Inverness; an office of little value, but agreeable in many ways to my gentle, pious friend. He asked permission, the summer of his departure, to take my three youngest brothers and myself on a little tour in the Highlands, to see his future home. My father, who was really well attached to him, readily consented, persuading his widowed sister to accompany us as my chaperone. We set out from Liverpool, by a sailing vessel, for Glasgow. I had never been out of Cheshire, except as a very little girl; for of latter years I had not been allowed to go to London with my parents, as they said I was not fit to be seen in good society.

I was wild with joy at this emancipation; but when the next morning I came on deck, and found we were standing far out from land, having sailed at midnight, when I saw the bounding white waves, and felt the fresh breeze, and heard the rejoicing waters, the novelty and grandeur so overpowered my untravelled senses, that I burst into a wild fit of weeping. When I at last raised my eyes, I saw a young man was regarding me attentively. He was decidedly plain, like myself; I think that was the reason I took a fancy to him at once. He was not even intellectual-looking—he had not the "high white forehead," nor the "large dark eyes," nor the "classically curved mouth" that appertain by right to all heroes of young lady romance. He was a very ordinary-looking youth—in fact, on the wrong side of beauty, had not his expression, when he smiled, been full of the most earnest, kindly eloquence that looks ever possessed. And thus he smiled on me when he caught my sudden half-ashamed glance. But I was too unsophisticated to be easily abashed, and replied with the quick impulse of my nature to that wordless but most meaning smile.

"You think me very foolish for crying at first sight of the sea, I daresay; but is it not true that all the greatest and most glorious things in nature make the human heart melancholy. One feels self-reproachful that one cannot admire



enough, cannot enough comprehend what is so much above the highest imaginations!"

These last words I uttered abstractedly, for I had already forgotten the presence of the stranger, and was once more gazing on the waves. But his voice recalled me instantaneously. I never heard a voice like it—low, sweet, mournful in its usual tones, yet capable of many varied intonations, and glorious in reciting kindred poetry, as I learned too well, when in after days I heard him reciting my own.

"It is true," he said, "that the first impression of the sublime is sadness; but does not that soon wear off, and leave behind an indelible memory of rejoicing veneration! You will never forget the sea, but you will think of it as the brightest and most joyous of nature's elements!"

"You are a prophet," I exclaimed, half laughing.

"I judge of you by myself, Miss Studleggh; I remember feeling exactly the same when first I beheld the mighty ocean 'rolling evermore.'"

"How do you know my name?" I said. "Are you one of those who examine the tickets on the passengers' luggage? I saw a lady, with a blue plume in her bonnet, on her knees before my trunk; so perhaps she was your informant?"

He smiled again. "No, Mr. Anson was my informant; and here he comes to introduce me in due form." My good tutor approached, with some surprise in his face.

"Why, Marchmont, you seem to have introduced yourself! This old friend of mine is to bear us company in our little tour, Laura. You have seen Mrs. Marchmont at Studleggh, I think?"

Yes, I had seen her—an elegant, venerable widow, with a pale, mournful face; and I had heard of the genius and filial affection of her only child, Ernest.

I bowed my head mechanically; for the first time in my life a feeling came over me that I had been forward and unmaidenly in addressing a stranger, and springing up with my natural vehemence, I fled down stairs to the cabin, to the sheltering wing of my chaperone. And yet, though I ran away from him, I was very glad Ernest Marchmont was to be one of our party.

---

## CHAP. II.

---

"All my welfare to sorrowe and care  
Sholde change yf ye were gone;  
For, in my mynde, of all man kynde  
I love but you alone."

*Ballad of the Nut Brown Mayde.*

---

It may have occurred to my sentimental readers that, in accordance with the old usages of romance, I ought, so self-willed and imaginative as I have described myself, to have fallen in love with my tutor, Mr. Anson. I can only excuse myself for this breach of the heroics, by

stating that Mr. Anson was engaged when he first entered our family, that he had long confided to me this secret, and that, in spite of being known by a girl, it continued to be a secret till Mr. Anson himself announced it previous to his departure. Nay, more: it was through the interest of a connexion of his betrothed that he obtained the chaplaincy on which he now hoped to support a wife. He had often said that the first cause of his taking an interest in me, was some indefinite resemblance that I bore to his beloved Menie Fraser, before she had known trial, and the loneliness of orphanage. Mrs. Butler, my kind aunt, had arranged with my father that we were all to be present at our esteemed teacher's wedding, and that I was to act bridesmaid. Thus I have clearly proved to you, good reader, that my regard for Mr. Anson was a sort of filial attachment, an enthusiastic veneration; but *love* for one so wise, so thoughtful, so tried in trouble, as he was, would have seemed to me most presumptuous folly. It was very different with respect to Ernest Marchmont. He was younger, gayer, more gallant in manner, and more variable in temperament, with a fire and spirit which always kindled a like spark in me. I liked his changes of moods; his abrupt transition from a witty lampooning style of conversation, to a serious, awe-stricken reflectiveness, that seemed to mirror all my own deepest, saddest, meditations. I liked his knowledge of the world, his descriptions of society—all an unknown hemisphere to me. I liked his inexhaustible memory, his abundant quotations, which with him were not pedantic, but irrepressible; his passionate love of music, not for its artfulness, but its sentiment. I never was so delighted as when I heard him condemn the "floriture" of singing, and eulogise the affecting simplicity of peasant ballads. I had little talent for music as a science, and that little had never been cultivated. Madame had at times condescended to give me a short lesson on the piano; but the dreadful entanglement of my fingers, when I came to my "prestissimo," and the utter impossibility I found in playing four parts at once with two hands, in the style of Thalberg or Liszt, soon sealed my disgrace. An equally futile attempt was made in the vocal department. Madame declared I was *barbare* because I laughed when I came to a *con passione*, and my endeavour at a shake put her teeth on edge; and a *cadenza* was a *fall* indeed. No; I never could have been an Italian cantatrice. Song is a spontaneous gush of feeling, but not a series of melodramatic adventures. I was abandoned in this, as in all else, to my own wilful way; and I amused myself by catching the tunes sung by the country girls, to which I wrote my own words, and arranged my own simple accompaniments. Well, these songs, generally impassioned, tender, and artlessly mournful, were what seemed so much to please Mr. Ernest Marchmont; and though many years have gone since the evenings when I sang them among the Highland hills, the least cadence of one recalls



as vividly as ever the happy time that glorifies their memory.

Our first stage, I said, was Glasgow. Hence we made pleasant excursions to Bothwell, Hamilton, the Falls of Clyde, &c. We next proceeded up Loch Fyne, and among the Western Isles, till we joined the Caledonian Canal, which brought us to Inverness. Never shall I forget sailing up that mighty chain of lakes, with the green hills on either side, and the distant blue mountains crowning the head of the valley. The utter calmness and silence of a track traversed twice a week by bustling, crowded boats, was not the least surprise to me. I had expected to see cottages thickly scattered along the banks, and was solemnised by the uninhabited grandeur of the scene. Ernest stood beside me on the deck, pouring out rich treasures of poetry, extemporising as he was apt to do. And in the evening we stopped at Fort Augustus to sleep; and after dining at the little inn, we all walked out by moonlight along the lake, and sitting down on the beach, I sang to them all the Scottish ballads I had learned from an old nurse of yore. Those were indeed delicious days. I had all the rapture of love's first dream without having awaked to its cares. I thought too much of Ernest to have time to consider what he thought of me, and when with him, the absorbing interest of his conversation left no room for the coquetries of idle vanity. It was not till we reached Inverness, and saw the lovely serene Menie Fraser, that I began to reflect on myself and my personal deficiencies. Then, indeed, I said to myself, "No one who sees *her* can ever look twice at *me*." She was fair as a child, with a childlike expression of truthfulness in her eyes, and a clear, unruffled forehead. Yet she had known sorrow and dependence; but these had quieted, not disturbed her. Her trials had made her voice low, her movements noiseless, and had given a touching falter to her beautiful mouth. The very guileless confidence in her eyes had an appeal in it, an imploring "Forsake me not; I trust all to you." I liked to see those eyes turned to her betrothed, and to catch his answering glance of pride and admiration. There was so much self-reliance about him, she was sure to have adequate strength in *his* strength.

Ernest was charmed with Menie, and openly said so; and descanted very eloquently on her feminine and gentle character.

Now a man cannot offend a high-spirited independent-minded woman more deeply than by praising to her the opposing qualities of meekness and self-negation. I took all his eulogies as a covert reproof of myself, although I perfectly agreed with him in admiring Menie and her sweetness. We went that very afternoon to the Falls of Kilmorach, in a very beautiful district, some miles from Inverness. I was sullen, and chose to go off with my brothers instead of entering into conversation with Mrs. Butler and Mr. Marchmont. The boys did not want to have me in their scramble, and led me over the most slippery rocks, close to dangerous pools,

and up steep precipices, on purpose to weary me, and induce me to return. At length I gave in, when we came to a place where the river Beaully leaps sheer over the rocks in a narrow ravine. The boys proposed swinging themselves across by the overhanging branch of a large tree; and seeing I could no longer keep up the game of "follow my leader," I returned to the place where I had left the elders of our party. I was in no very good humour, when I came to a small moss bower perched on the verge of the cliff, and commanding a fine view down the ravine to the open country beyond. Mr. Anson and his affianced stood talking at some distance further down the stream. I was proceeding to join them, when I heard Ernest's voice within the moss bower, where he was sitting with my aunt. They were praising Menie Fraser. I felt so provoked I was going to turn away, when my own name raised my curiosity, and I forgot the meanness of playing the eavesdropper in my eagerness to hear what Ernest would say of me.

"What a pity," said my aunt, "that poor Laura is so plain; her mother lays such a stress upon beauty; and the Effingham ladies have been always famous for their charms. Laura is so unlike her lovely sisters—you cannot fancy what a contrast they present."

"A contrast, indeed!" responded the musical tones of Mr. Marchmont: "I have seen both the sisters, and they may be almost called faultlessly beautiful; yet they would look insipid beside Miss Studleggh. She has a charm far more rare than regular features, or ivory skin—the ever-changing play of expression—the brilliant variations of light and shade—the shining of the inner soul through the outer coating so vividly, that the features themselves seem altered according to the mood that animates them."

"I beg you wont say any of this nonsense to Laura," interrupted my aunt, laughing good-humouredly. "You will ruin the greatest merit the poor child has, which is, that she devoutly believes herself a miracle of ugliness: it has been well impressed upon her."

"Yes; her artlessness is indeed one of her most charming characteristics," answered Ernest, his voice faltering methought not a little. "She is so much a child in purity of heart at an age when most fashionably brought-up girls are running a tilt for a titled husband, or calculating the riches of their male acquaintances with a vulgar sordidness shocking to behold."

I stood astonished; saying, like Beatrice, "What fire is in mine ears!" What! after having lived seventeen years in the belief that I required, like Mokannah, a silver veil to hide my face—now to know that I was not without some female weapons, and that my very ignorance of their possession had made them more effectual! It requires a woman to have been often called ugly to understand my emotions at this moment. It was not vanity that rejoiced me—it was humble, passionate gratitude to the first man that had discovered I was not a Paria of my species. How could I thank him but by the surrender of the heart he had first taught to leap at the ac-



cents of the beloved one? This is a rhapsody; but I am speaking of love, and love is a rhapsody from beginning to end. I ran back to the water-side, to the bottom of the fall, and sitting on the furthest stone I saw, I began to collect my scattered thoughts. Evening—a crimson summer evening—sank noiselessly around me. The dark shadows of the rocks, hollowed out into caverns by the boiling waters, grew deeper and deeper. The stars came out in the narrow strip of intense blue which stretched high overhead between the tops of the lofty banks; a few red rays shivered, and then faded from the white bosom of the cascade; and still my watch was unbroken; and the repose of all around soothed my soul into perfect peace.

Would I had died then—the loveliest, the purest moment of my life!

The voice of Ernest Marchmont broke the spell, only to wind round me a stronger one; but one more chequered by earthly care, and disquieted by earthly passion.

“This place,” he said, “is like a city churchyard. That deep black pool under the hollow rock hides all its secrets, gloomy and repulsive; and the ceaseless roar of water goes on above and around, hurling downwards to its relentless bosom flowers of beauty, and fragments of stone, and splinters of trees, which are all swallowed by the river just as the city churchyard swallows from the crowd daily hurrying above it the beautiful and the strong-hearted, the luxuriant-minded and the beloved.”

I garble his words dreadfully: I cannot give his richness of language, and I forget his beautiful imagery. The reader must not judge of Ernest Marchmont from my feeble rendering: it is like Schiller badly translated into English. I am, alas! no Coleridge to transpose genius into other tongues.

A few days after this, in a general conversation, flirtation became the subject of discussion. Here I betrayed such excessive ignorance of the ways of the world, as to excite the laughter of my aunt and Ernest, who protested he had not thought it possible a young lady could reach seventeen in such unsophisticated simplicity. Mr. Anson did not laugh; he looked anxiously from me to Ernest, and next morning I saw him on the lawn, in very grave conversation with the young man. The consequence of his advice soon showed. Ernest avoided me for some days; spoke shortly and snappishly to me, and went on a fishing excursion with my brothers. I suspected Mr. Anson as the cause of this, and took a meditating fit. I saw all his fears, and I saw also how groundless they were. I knew myself better than he did. I felt that wealth to me would bring no happiness. I felt that a love of simplicity and a dislike of show were my prevailing characteristics; that what I required in this world was one to advise, to assist me in my struggles with my own waywardness; one whose love would spur me to exertion, to please whom continual labour would be as pleasant as it would be bracing and improving. I hated idleness; what, therefore, should I do with wealth? I

was not a beauty; what should I do with costly dress? I had not accomplishments; what would I feel in company? I loved the use of my limbs; of what use to me would be carriages with powdered lacqueys? Youth is wiser in its instinct sometimes than age in its experience. The spirit becomes so bent aside by the world, that it pities those who still stand upright.

I knew that I could stand alone, without the sickly props of luxury; and, poor as I knew Ernest Marchmont to be, I made a vow within myself to love none other.

His mother had a small sum of money, which was invested at a high rate of interest in my father's banking-house; and from this interest she had managed to educate her only child at Rugby, where his talents had early made him remarked. She was the widow of a naval officer, whose distinguished services, though he was cut off before he could ascend in his profession, had obtained for his child the promise of some small government appointment. Ernest had now returned from college, and was awaiting his destiny from the ministers in office.

My good tutor's kind-meant warning operated like all warnings to the young and ardent. For a short space Ernest avoided me, only to return to me more cordially than ever, to display a stronger zest for my conversation, and a warmer interest in my welfare. At last he appeared to surrender himself entirely to his feelings, and to submit to be floated down love's bright stream without caring about the cataracts that might end his career midway. We rode, walked, read together. The Ansons were married, and departed to their home, and Mrs. Butler prepared to convey myself and my brothers southward. Ernest accompanied us as far as Edinburgh—or at least he was to have done so; but the news which greeted us at Perth hastily broke up the party. We younger ones had gone out to ascend Kinnoull hill. It was a beautiful walk; and, in such society as I enjoyed, not knowing it was the last for a long dreary interval (though I did know the last day of Ernest's company was approaching), I could not fail to be happy. No words or vows had Ernest said; yet I was not disappointed, for I did not expect them at that stage of our intercourse. Woman is patient in her love. She is grateful for the ideal promises which her imagination reads in looks and tones. What are *these*, though, to bind man? “They are not in the bond.” They are not tangible, or actionable; they do not affect his conscience; they are glittering counters, not coins. He says, “Where are my *words*? my *written letters*?” Looks and tones are easy to be misconstrued; words may seem to mean much, and yet be only the senseless verbiage of flirtation: the tautology of a shallow-witted fancy.”

No! Man scorns to be judged save by the letter of the law; and the woman who has had *no proposal* from her lover, is despised for having given her happiness in exchange for hints and hopes. Such exactly Ernest certainly was not. He did not mean to trifle with



me; he really, I believe, loved me; but he was poor, and he put off the irrevocable words to a more convenient season.

I thought not of these things. I saw affection in his eyes, I heard it in his voice, and I wished for no more. I had consented before to give him some of my writings to correct, which he had done with great judgment and charity; and having highly embellished them by a few of his own brilliant touches—unconsciously to himself, for it was merely substituting one word for another, which new word threw a blaze of light over the formerly obscure—he had promised to use his interest in gaining them admission into some literary periodical. We had been discussing this plan on our way home, and I was in a flutter of delightful hope and pride when I ran into our sitting-room at the hotel. My aunt was at the table drowned in tears. A black-edged letter lay before her: she had no words to speak. I took up the letter, and saw my father was dead. A sudden fit of apoplexy had removed him from the world.

I had never been much loved or regarded at home, yet this loss struck heavily to my heart. Nature was strong in me, and I wept as passionately as if for a dear and valuable friend. Even the careless pat on the head which had been his warmest salutation to me would now have been more precious than the kindest caresses from others. I had lost not only the father who had neglected me, but the father who might have been my best and tenderest guide and protector. I had always hoped that, when my sisters and brothers were disposed of, my father would feel me to be of some use—that then I might gain the affection my childhood had never known. Before I left home to become acquainted with Ernest Marchmont, I had always looked forward to a single life.

Mrs. Butler proceeded home by Glasgow. We found my eldest brother at Studleggh. My mother had gone to London to reside with Lady Fitzinterest; thither I, too, was sent. Two of the boys were placed at Addiscombe, my father having obtained cadetships for them; and the youngest returned to school. The family affairs were said to be in great confusion; but my brother had succeeded as principal partner in the banking house, and he told the lawyers that, if they would only give him time, he would set everything to rights, so that the will could be carried entirely into effect. We were each left five thousand pounds, and the rest was to belong to my elder brother. Forty-five thousand pounds was a large sum, he said, to take at once from the banking house: it must be done gradually: he must make suitable arrangements.

The executors were lazy, wealthy, good-natured people, and agreed to his proposals, for which they were afterwards severely censured by the world, as well as by the sufferers from their supineness.

Meanwhile, I journeyed to London. Tennyson had not then given to the world that beautiful image in his "Locksley Hall:"

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,  
And at night, along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,  
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

A beautiful picture. Tennyson, thou art the most seductive of mannerists! Had I written such poetry as some of the bursts in "Locksley Hall," I had not now been a disappointed authoress; but my dreams were too dreamy—too much of the filmy gossamer. I lacked nerve to knit them strongly for the lasting use of my fellow-creatures.

Although "Locksley Hall" was not written, I felt a great deal of its spirit in my heart. London looked grander in the distance than when I found myself in the grim brick street in which Lady Fitzinterest resided. Some of the streets frequented by the nobility are the very gloomiest in the town. Belgravia and Asia Minor (as the Anglo-Indian colony beyond the Edgeware-road is sometimes termed) were then in infancy, and aristocracy did not disdain the wretched lanes running out of Piccadilly. My sister's was a large gloomy house in one of these narrow streets. It was dulness itself by day; but the long suite of rooms looked very imposing by night. Adelia, however, could not entertain so soon after our father's death, and the season, fortunately, not being very near, she made the whole household emigrate a fortnight after my arrival.

Stillington Manor was a very fine old place, with very magnificent foliage, and a beautiful river running in sight of the house; but it was a desert to my sister and mother. Lord Fitzinterest had engaged a moor in Scotland, and carried off all the men he could muster to swell his game-list. Adelia languished without gentlemen. My mother disliked the seclusion of widowhood. The house was as hushed as death. Adelia's children seldom left the nursery; their noise was too much for their delicate relatives. The poor things went out to walk at the back-door, and were never seen in the dining-room or drawing-room save after dinner, when they crept in noiselessly one by one, to show their new frocks and to kiss their mamma, and then they crept out the same way. I think they had a new frock on every day. It seemed to their mamma the great object of their existence that they should wear as much embroidered muslin, showy ribbon, lace, velvet, and satin as their little bodies could accommodate in the twelvemonth. They were girls both, and that was a grand fault in their parents' eyes. I liked them all the better for their "femenitye." I never could tolerate little heirs and lordlings—they are such grievous specimens, generally, of corrupted infancy. Celia was with them; I had



not seen her for a year. She was now nine years old, with a promise of great beauty. Her pure spirit was unspoiled by all the injudicious flattery she had received. The praises lavished on her beauty and her musical abilities only made her guilelessly happy and overflowing grateful to every one. She was glad for all they told her, but not vain. Her perfect innocence of thought kept her untainted by the worldlings around her. She conceived a strong fancy for me, and I was delighted to read to her and to interest her in her studies. Her "studies"—a word foolishly misapplied. My poor Celia was taught at this time three instruments—the harp, the piano, and the guitar. She had a French *bonne* to teach her the language, and an Italian footman for a similar purpose. She had had lessons in dancing, and in all sorts of posture exercises from professors of graceful deportment. My mother was almost insane about Celia. She expected great and lofty results from her. She was to marry higher than any of her sisters, and to be the leader of the London *ton*. "I have been quite heart-broken," she murmured, "about poor Effingham's degradation to that vile counting-house; but I am resolved to have my own way with Celia."

You may therefore imagine Lady Arabella's horror when it was discovered I was trying to teach Celia Latin.

"It is very hard, Laura, you have always had your own way; you have grown up as masculine and inelegant as you chose; for I always saw you were too obstinate to do anything with. But I must beg you do not corrupt your sister's mind with your radical politics and blue-stock- ing learning. If you think you should work as hard in the library as if you made your bread by it, all very well; but Celia is quite another thing: she is sure to marry as soon as she is presented. I feel confident she will make a great sensation, if she is not vulgarized by unnecessary reading."

I quietly acquiesced, and the arrival of a new regiment at the county town, with a *posse* of music-mad officers, made a revolution in the state of things. The major and the captain were continually at the manor, practising with the ladies, and Celia ran a risk of being made a precocious flirt by the gallant foppery of her tuneful accompaniments.

Adelicia recovered her spirits and her good looks in the animation of receiving visitors, and Lady Arabella grew more monomaniac than before about Celia.

Now, indeed, I felt the want of intellectual society. The silly, vapid, *persiflage* of the officers—the meaningless smiles of the ladies—the trite commonplaces of conversation—jaded my spirit. Most of my time I spent alone, wandering in the woods, luxuriating in poetical dreams, or pensively recalling the days of Ernest Marchmont. Winter was passed very much in the same way, but in spring Effingham good-naturedly asked me to return with him to Studlegh. We two were all alone in that great house. It looked very mournful—the wide, de-

serted rooms, and the uncomfortable sensation of carpetless floors, covered-up furniture, and closed shutters. Nor did the mood of Effingham add much to its liveliness. Some heavy care seemed pressing on his mind. He would leave me alone all day, while he was either closeted with the steward, or visiting every farm on his property, where he made so many and such strange inquiries with such a disquieted air, that his tenants looked at each other significantly when he turned away, and touched their own foreheads with a shrewd nod.

One of my first visits was to Mrs. Marchmont. She lived in a pretty green-venetianed cottage near the Mersey. She was tying up early roses against a wall when I entered by a wicket on her neat small lawn. Ernest, with a book in his hand, was speaking to her very thoughtfully. Both started when they saw me, and Ernest's face was suffused with crimson—a very rare event with him. His mother welcomed me kindly, and I sat some time in conversation; but Ernest was sad and constrained. I felt exceedingly surprised, and perhaps showed this feeling; for Mrs. Marchmont apologised for not having visited me by saying they had not heard Mr. Studlegh was accompanied by any of his sisters. Ernest had not yet received his promised appointment, and repeated laughingly, yet with an involuntary dash of bitterness, Spencer's famous lines, which applied to him too truly. He had been twice or thrice in London, to try personal solicitations, and as yet had failed. But his genius was beginning to bear fruits; his talents had latterly been employed on political subjects, and his writings were gradually making their way in the world. His poetry likewise was favourably reviewed and widely circulated. These facts his mother told me.

"Why not," I exclaimed, with a burst of enthusiasm—"why not trust to your pen, and follow literature entirely? There you have every advantage."

I stopped suddenly, for I caught his eye, which expressed a kindly pity for inexperience.

"Don't you remember Walter Scott's advice with regard to literature? It is a starving trade—a good servant, but a bad master; writing for one's house-room and dry crust would clip the boldest-winged imagination. The pressure of necessity squeezes out the very dregs of the mind. No; I will wait for necessity; I will not turn literature-monger till every other honest trade is denied to me. I would rather serve for hire in any shop, and write my poetry for dear love by a farthing rushlight when everybody was sleeping. No one who truly estimates the dignity of the poet would write down to the passing frivolities of the season to pay his daily way. Poetry is to me too sacred to jar its harmony with the jingling of the guinea."

He stopped, confused by his own energetic feelings. His mother looked upon him with a proud sadness. She seemed to see him already in the iron crush of the starving crowd.

I rose up and went home. A foreboding voice within me said, Ernest Marchmont cannot



afford to marry. I had grown, not worldly hearted, but worldly wise among the inhabitants of Stillington Manor. I had heard so much of "good matches," and "the necessity of people waiting till they were rich before they married," the impossibility of being comfortably settled under three or four thousand a year, that I had begun to conceive how young men stifle the virtuous throbs of a pure first love, and addict themselves to clubs and "safe" flirtations.

When Effingham heard of my call at Mrs. Marchmont's his face clouded heavily. The next moment, with a forced laugh, he said—

"We must be civil to Ernest; his father was a great friend of ours."

So Ernest was invited to fish in the river, and to lunch and dine, and he came duly "as per notice," and his manner to me grew more expressive than ever, and his voice had softer and deeper tones; and yet he said no word of love. It was too late for me to think of prudence now. I had leaped before I looked, and could not resume the heart I had so freely given. His sadness oppressed, but did not chill me. I knew he must have some good cause for it, and that soon appeared too vividly.

Every day his presence grew more precious; for I knew it would soon cease for ever. A

crueller shadow than even that of Death was falling over us—the shadow of helpless poverty. Strange rumours began to float around of my brother's conduct of the banking house. In a few months the storm broke, and we were all ruined.

I was in London when it was suddenly announced that the bank had stopped, that the liabilities were enormous, and that Mr. Effingham Studleigh had hurried off to America!

It appeared that the affairs were embarrassed even before my father's death, and that Effingham, afraid and ashamed then to display the secrets of his management, had obtained a breathing time for arrangements, in hopes by vigorous speculation to set all to rights without exposure. His speculations, daring, rash, and far beyond his legitimate province as a banker, had unexpectedly failed, and he, conscience-stricken by his own folly, could not face the family he had wronged, and fled precipitately from the creditors.

And another drop in this full cup of bitterness was, that the general crash had overwhelmed the small capital possessed by Mrs. Marchmont, and that now the whole dependence of herself and her son was on that son's daily and unflagging labour.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

(From a German Legend.)

One Christmas night, an orphan child  
Walked trembling through the snow;  
With sighs he marked the hurrying guests  
Pass gaily to and fro.  
With sighs he marked the many lights  
Outshining far and nigh;  
The night was dark, and over all  
There arched a starless sky.

He heard the sound of dancing feet—  
He heard the music's strain;  
He saw the shadows flitting by  
On many a window-pane;  
And presently the tapers beamed  
From many a Christmas Tree—  
"I wish," the child in anguish cried,  
"A bough were dressed for me!"

So passed he up and down the street  
Till guests began to part:  
Poor boy! Each kindly word they spoke  
Breathed sorrow to his heart.  
Each echo of their festal mirth  
Called forth his tears like rain—  
"I'll go," said he, "to yonder wood,  
And pray to God again!"

He laid him down upon the snow—  
The snow so soft and white—  
And scarcely were his eyelids closed  
When visions of delight,  
Like sundawn beamed upon his soul—  
"Dear child," an angel cries,  
"Come quick with me, thy Christmas Tree  
Is blooming in the skies!"

## THE MINGLED YARN.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

"The web of our life is a mingled yarn."

SHAKESPEARE.

Blithe and merry to-day laughs the lip, and we cry—

"Fill the wine-cup! Bring roses!" and long ere the night

We sit, silent and sad, with the tear in our eye,  
And the fall of the leaf fading full in our sight.  
Sad and pale on the morrow we vow to Regret  
All the long weary waste of its desolate hours;  
When some fancy, bright sparkling, our humour  
has met

And the night finds us gay with the mirth and the flowers.

For the smile and the tear are such neighbours, in sooth,

That the one from the other we cannot divide;  
Like the wrinkle of age and the beauty of youth—  
Like the sigh of the lone, and the blush of the bride.

Who shall look on the mirror upheld in the face  
With the wisdom to say what its wearer may feel?  
Who shall guess from the life seems to flow on in peace  
What the innermost depths of its calmness conceals?

O'er the gems of the ocean the dark waters flow—  
O'er the brightest of stars sweeps the thick veiling cloud;

Who could tell in their blackness the treasure below,  
Or predict of their shine in face of the shroud?



Cease to judge we each other!—a riddle to read  
Is the strange masquing fool in the bosom of man;  
And the hour's changing humour a problem indeed,  
Past the wit of the wisest to search or to scan.  
1849.

## W O M A N.

Yes! gentle as the gale that's borne from some fair  
southern sky,  
And soothing as the quiet dew that droppeth from  
on high;  
And yielding as the reed which springs beside the  
forest tree—  
So 'mid this rough, unquiet world should woman's  
spirit be.

Oh! mighty as the noiseless helm that guides the  
sea-tossed bark,  
And sweet as the high warbled notes of the upsoar-  
ing lark;  
And holy as the hymn that floats above our mortal  
ken—  
Felt far beyond her joyous home, were woman's in-  
fluence then.

A. S.

## OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Old Friends! a vested right they claim  
Methinks, in minstrel measures,  
And Memory at the very name  
Pours forth her garnered treasures:  
'Tis just, indeed, that we should love  
The honest and the true ones,  
Yet some among the number prove  
As fickle quite as new ones;  
And sorrow with our record blends,  
When busy thought retraces  
How we have sometimes met Old Friends,  
And found they wore New Faces!

Little the careless crowd's neglect  
Our peace of mind endangers,  
Reason forbids us to expect  
The prompt regard of strangers;  
But *they*, with whom we once exchanged  
The heart's warm, true revealings,  
When *their* chill tones, and looks estranged  
Bespeak their altered feelings,  
Our long-indulged illusion ends,  
Scorn our esteem replaces,  
And we would rather greet New Friends,  
Than Old ones with New Faces!

We should not from Old Friends resent  
A lack of small attentions—  
Nay, we should welcome, if well meant,  
Their faithful reprehensions;  
But when the *heart* is found untrue,  
We blame our former blindness,  
And while we bitterly review  
Past scenes of mocking kindness,  
We breathe a wish that comprehends  
All circles, times, and places—  
"Oh! may we never meet Old Friends,  
Unless they wear Old Faces!"

## THE TWO RINGS.

"By Fiction Truth severe is taught."  
'Tis said that in the days of old,  
Two rings by magic skill were wrought,  
A monarch's fingers to infold.

In strange, artistic beauty done,  
A mystic form on each was traced:  
Sullen Oblivion darkened one,  
And one divinest Memory graced.

A charmed power these rings possess'd,  
Fatal or kind to those who wore;  
For on the wearer each impressed  
The influence of the shape it bore.

Oh, wondrous rings! Oh, blessed ones  
To us poor pining "men of letters!"  
To give of one kind to our duns,  
And of the other to our debtors!

And sailors, too, who through their lives  
Have tender hearts, that always meet hearts,  
Might give of one kind to their wives,  
And of the other to their sweethearts!

Not so our King: across the wave  
Departing from a dame unkind,  
To *her* the Oblivious gift he gave,  
And Memory to himself assigned.

Alas! the changes Time will bring!  
Now, many a weary married elf  
Would give his spouse the Thoughtful ring,  
And keep the Oblivious one himself.

For me (but let it be believed  
Of Friendship, not of Love, I write),  
I, too, have given and received  
Those "tokens of the heart's troth-plight;"

And think, like spells in them must be  
(To such hard thoughts at last I'm driven)  
Memory in all bestowed on me—  
Forgetfulness in all I've given.

M. M. P.

## H O P E.

The night has come—the day is o'er—  
The busy hum is heard no more;  
The nightingale her tuneful song  
O'er hill and dale will now prolong:  
The day is o'er.

The pale round moon, with peaceful light,  
Dispels the gloom of solemn night;  
The flowers have closed their dewy eyes—  
The world reposed in silence lies:  
The day is o'er.

But soon the day will come again—  
The sunbeams play o'er hill and plain;  
The shadowy night will pass away,  
And all look bright and glad and gay:  
The day will come.

So hope will play around the tomb;  
So glorious day dispel its gloom;  
So we shall rise and wing our way,  
Through yonder skies to brighter day:  
The day will come.

Blackheath.

GEORGE W. BENNETT



## THE MANGLING ROOM.

*(A Scene out of the Every-day Life of a Danish Household.)*

FROM THE DANISH. BY MARY HOWITT.

One day, when I was about ten years old, having found my uncle's powder-horn, I filled my pocket-handkerchief with a quantity of gun-powder, with which, as soon as it grew dusk, I stole down to the shore, that I might amuse myself with what the children call water-spouts. I was so absorbed with the pleasure I was anticipating, that having set up my first water-spout, I forgot to place my powder in safety; it lay therefore in my left trousers' pocket, whilst I swung round the little black instrument which sputtered forth glittering yellowish-red sparks. Just when, with a shriek of delight, I was about to hurl it up in the air, I was startled by a dull report, and then a hot, burning current of air rushed past my face, and I was thrown to the ground. The first thing which I saw when I rose up was my pocket-handkerchief still burning in a tall tree; I had, however, no time to form any plans for recovering it, because a violent pain in my left leg made me look down to discover the cause, when to my unspeakable horror I perceived that my trousers were burning.

"What will my aunt say! And perhaps she will tell my uncle. And the powder! and the powder-horn!" While I thus thought, I began to cry with terror and pain, for the fire in the woollen cloth became still stronger. At that moment I felt myself seized by the neck, and the next over head in water.

It was the head man in my uncle's brandy distillery who had thus laid hands on me, for by chance being near me he had seen what happened. When he had taken me out of the water, and convinced himself that I had not suffered any injury, he said—

"But, Lodwig, what sort of a freak was that?"

I answered, crying all the time, that I did not know what it was; that there had come something just like fire, and had burned me.

"Don't tell me any stories, Lodwig," said the man; "I saw as plain as could be that you were playing with water-spouts."

"Dear Ole," besought I, "don't tell my aunt!"

"No," replied Ole, "I won't get you into trouble."

"But what am I to tell my aunt?" exclaimed I, beginning to cry again more than ever.

Ole bethought himself a little while, and then said, "You can say that you tumbled into the water, and that I picked you out."

"But, Ole, I durst not tumble into the water."

He bethought himself again: "Well, then, you can say that I pushed you into the water."

"Yes; but Ole," said I, "they will be cross with you."

"Never mind that," said Ole; "I'll bear all that, if you will only promise me never to play with powder again."

This conduct of Ole's appeared to me the most disinterested which one human being could show to another; and from this time forth I began to think of all the good that I could do to him. I was continually with him in the distillery; I ran errands for him, drew his ale when he was thirsty, and on Sundays always gave him the piece of cake which was given to me after dinner. Ole was not very polite, and did not even say that it was almost a shame to eat my cake. On the contrary, he ate it up to the last crumb, and wiped his mouth afterwards with the back of his hand, with an expression that seemed to say he could eat as much more; after which he asked, "But it was your own cake, Lodwig, was it? You have not stolen it from your aunt?"

On one occasion, however, I was able to give him a still more substantial proof of my devotion. Happening one day to go into the distillery, I saw him and another fellow lying struggling together under a bench. Ole was very strong; but his antagonist having fallen upon him from behind, now held him down by the throat, his body lying uppermost. When I beheld Ole lying thus black in the face, I was almost out of my senses, and running to them, I took a wooden shoe from one of the four struggling feet, and with its iron-bound heel struck his assailant so violently on the head, that he instantly let go Ole, and started up to fall upon me; but the next moment Ole was upon his feet again, and soon put him to flight.

From this time forth our friendship was mutual, and I became as indispensable to him as he to me. When he was not very busy in the distillery, he cut out cards for me, or cast leaden bullets for my cross-bow down in the cellar-like place into which the boiler fires opened, or else played at "touch-wood" with me round the great mash-tubs. On Sunday afternoons he took me with him the only walk he ever indulged in—down to the inclosed piece of land on the shore. When he had sate here for some time perfectly still, he returned to the house, and went up to his own chamber, where he dressed himself in his Sunday's best, and then we two went and stood at the court-yard gate. There we stood: he with his hat on, and in his red waistcoat, buttoned with small silver buttons up to his throat; dark blue coat, and three or four watches in his pockets, each with its watch-chain hanging conspicuously out, and with one



silver-mounted meerscham pipe sticking out from the hind pocket of his coat, and another in his hand; for the head distiller at my uncle's had high wages, and many perquisites. My uncle used to say that his head man earned more than he did himself.

When we had thus stood for half-an-hour or so, and spoken to the young girls of the town who went by, and all of whom had a kind look for the handsome Ole, he returned to his chamber, and again put on his every-day clothes; after which he went to look after his distilling, unless there was mangling to be done this afternoon, in which case he betook himself from the gate to the mangling-room in all his bravery.

This mangling-room was a large square apartment which lay behind the dairy. The floor was of clay, and the furniture consisted alone of the mangle and a large square table. Two small holes served for windows; these the servant maids stopped up in winter with rags, and therefore on the afternoons of highdays and holidays lighted the great iron lamp, with its two wicks, which hung directly over the mangle.

I had always had a sort of horror of this room, partly because it was so dark, and lay at the end of a long, dark passage, and partly because I had once heard a story about it which did not greatly redound to its credit. I was sitting one winter afternoon in a corner of the drinking-room—for my uncle also dealt in liquors by retail—and was amusing myself with an old pack of cards. It was early in the afternoon, and the room was empty, with the exception of old Niels Olsen, who sate asleep beside the stove; when all at once in rushed Maren, the dairy-maid, and threw herself upon a bench. The noise woke Niels Olsen, who exclaimed—

"What is amiss with you, Maren?"

"Oh, I am just ready to swoon!" replied Maren.

Niels raised himself from his bowed position, looked compassionately at her, and said, "Drink a drop, Maren!"

"You drunken old swine," said Maren, "would you have me drink brandy as well as you! Oh Lord Jesus, my Saviour!"

"I think she's out of her mind!" said Niels to himself, and then asked once more, "What is amiss with you, Maren?"

"Oh Lord Jesus!" again cried Maren, "God grant that I may never hear the like again! Niels Olsen, just now when I was coming out of the dairy, what should I hear but mangling in the mangling-room!"

"Nay! then I know for sure—" said Niels Olsen, with suppressed voice and folded hands—

"What do you know?" screamed Maren, and became as white as chalk.

"Is there anybody ill in the house?" asked Niels Olsen.

"Ay, little Kirstine lies ill," said Maren, her eyes expanding, and her whole appearance as if her blood was turning to ice.

"Oh, then, you'll see in three days."

"What shall we see, Niels Olsen?" asked Maren, coming close to him, as if she feared to stand alone.

"Did not I live here in service with Birgitta?" said Niels.

"And who was Birgitta, Niels Olsen?"

"Yes, that was before your time, Maren; Birgitta was the first dairy-maid that the master had after he was married."

"Well, and what about her, Niels?"

"Yes, she and I were to mangle together by ourselves, for there were not so many of us then as there are of you now. The last time I had mangled with her she was poorly, and she said to me, 'I think this will be the last time that we shall mangle together, Niels Olsen.'—'You mustn't say so, Birgitta,' said I, 'God willing, we'll mangle many a good piece of cloth together yet.'—The next Sunday, as I was standing in the stable, and was filling the rack for the big bull that we had then, and which afterwards went mad, and tossed Butcher Mogenssen, I heard Birgitta calling to me that I must come in and mangle. I thought nothing but that it was all right, and went up into the mangling-room; and when I opened the door, Maren, there I saw Birgitta, as plain as ever I saw her in my life, standing and turning the mangle all by herself, but there were no clothes in the mangle. 'In Jesus' name!' said I, shut the door after me, and went back into the stable. And on Wednesday night Birgitta died!"

"God be merciful to us!" cried Maren, and became more faint than ever.

Niels Olsen filled a half measure with brandy, drank some of it himself, and threw the rest into Maren's face; on which she recovered, and they then promised each other not to say a word about what had happened to any of the people of the house, lest it should come to the ears of little Kirstine. After this Maren went back into the dairy.

It is only necessary now to tell that little Kirstine did not, after all, die at that time; nevertheless, I retained all my terror of the mangling-room. I entered for the first time with Ole—for where should I have been afraid of going, when Ole was with me?

Although I did not at that time understand all that I saw going forward in the mangling-room, yet it has remained as clearly imprinted on my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. The lamp with its two wicks was lighted, and threw its strong reddish light upon the two oldest herdsmen, who turned the mangle; this having been from time immemorial a part of the duty attached to the stable. In a less strong light stood all the men servants of the house side by side, along one wall; and exactly opposite to them, against the opposite wall, stood the maid-servants of the family, as well as other young women from the neighbourhood. The young men conversed at broken intervals among themselves; but their conversation had reference to the girls, who replied to it by talking to each other. Without the two opposite rows



looking at each other, yet they mutually communicated in this way all the news; flung repartees backwards and forwards, and talked till they were tired.

As soon as the "family's linen" was mangled, the two old herdsmen walked off to the drinking-room, as if they knew that they were unnecessary for the scene which followed. Then stepped forward one young woman after another to the table, placed the linen ready on the roller, and laid it under the mangle; on which one of the young men stepped forward from their side, and helped her to turn the mangle. When this was done sufficiently, the girl gave the young man her hand, and said, "Thanks, so and so," mentioning his name. Sometimes it would happen that two or more young fellows would rush forward at once to help some one girl; and then followed a short combat, until one of them succeeded in possessing himself of the mangle, when all quietly retired, and the work proceeded as before. Sometimes also a young fellow, who wished to go forward, was withheld from doing so, amid the laughter of the whole row. The more earnestly he tried to get away, the louder grew the laughter; nor would they release him till he had promised to give them some brandy. All this appeared so very amusing to me, that I asked Ole whether he also would not mangle. To which he replied, "Hush! Lodwig, there is something about this which you don't understand."

When all the girls had finished, one of them went out and called to Fransine, my aunt's parlour-maid. Fransine was a peasant girl, who had entered my aunt's service when she was a child, and thereby had acquired the appearance of a city maiden; her face was not so red as those of other girls; neither did she wear wooden shoes, nor yet heavily plaited petticoats; nevertheless she was much liked by the house-servants, because she was not proud, by which it might be inferred that her predecessor had been so.

Fransine came hastily in, with a small bundle of clothes, saluted the company with a "Good evening to all in the room!" arranged the linen round the roller, then placed it in the mangle, and seemed as if she were about to mangle by herself. On this Ole left his place in the ranks, without any one attempting to interrupt him, placed himself at the mangle, and turned it for Fransine. Fransine never once looked up, all the time he was mangling; but when he had finished, she gave him her hand, looked kindly at him, and said—"Thanks, Ole!"

At that moment such an expression of joy passed over Ole's face that I also fell involuntarily glad, and exclaimed—"I, too, will mangle!"

Maria, the kitchenmaid, said—"In that case we must send a message after little Emilie; but you two are too young for that yet."

About this Emilie there is, however, a long story; but I will not tell it now.

It was towards the end of the midsummer-holidays that this scene took place in the mangling-room, and as I immediately afterwards

went to Copenhagen, to school, I was not present at any others for some time.

When I returned at Christmas a great delight awaited me. My cousin Anton was at my uncle's house on a visit. I now had my uncle, my aunt, Ole, the whole house, and over and above all, cousin Anton. I did not at all know how I should divide myself among so many; I had almost more to love than I could manage.

Anton Falsen was the one whom I most desired to resemble when I became a man. He was, properly speaking, in trade—that is to say, he managed his father's business; and I was to be a student; but he had no resemblance whatever to any other merchant's clerk, or shop-keeper's assistant. He understood everything; he could sing, dance, play comedy, imitate people's way of talking and looking; and let anybody be as melancholy as they might, they were sure to laugh when he began; then he had also a strange, indescribable smile which produced an irresistible effect upon all. I once heard his father say, when speaking of him—"Anton is a wild-cat, and has cost me a deal of money; but for all that, he will get through the world; for he is a merry fellow, and is liked by everybody—especially by the ladies."

And I can very well remember that it was from this very assertion of his father's that I wished so much to be like Anton when I became a man.

In the beginning I spent all my time with Anton, and quite forsook Ole and the distillery; after a while, however, my conscience smote me for so doing; and leaving my cousin, I once more visited Ole. I could not help fancying that he was less gentle and kind than formerly, and as I supposed that it might be in consequence of my having deserted him, I now redoubled my attention to him; but this produced no effect whatever on Ole. Now and then he would show somewhat of his former kindness; but the next moment he again became gloomy, and said that I must go away from him. One day when I stood beside him, on the best of terms as I supposed, he pushed me away, so that I fell; while he said—"Get away! You look just the image of your cousin!"

When I, however, began to cry, he took me in his arms, caressed me, asked my forgiveness, and promised me everything I wished for, if I only would be quiet, and not tell anybody in the house anything about it.

When on Sunday I took to him, according to old custom, my piece of after-dinner cake, I found him sitting down by the boiler fires, looking very melancholy.

"No, Lodwig," said he, when I offered it to him; "I shall not have it. Give it, rather, to your cousin."

"Why should I give it to him?" asked I; "he has had a piece as well as me."

"Give it to him," said Ole; "let him have it as well."

Ole's voice was so very sorrowful that I was ready to cry.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.



"With you, poor lad?" said Ole, and began to mend the fire vigorously under the boiler.

There was going to be a mangling that same afternoon, and I went, with Ole, into the room. We did not go until it was almost over; and when the message was sent to bid Fransine come, she was a long time before she made her appearance; and when she came, she said—"Good afternoon to all here!" in a different tone to what she had done before.

Everybody was quite silent when she came in; and all the time that she was placing the clothes within the linen of the roller, the whole place was so still that you might almost hear the people breathing. When she had got all ready, and stood by the mangle, there was a pause of a minute or two before any one offered to help her. At length Ole stepped forward from the ranks, as on the former occasion. He seized the handle, and at the first turn that he gave, the huge mangle rocked to and fro, and was shaken out of its place; and Fransine, throwing down the mangle-stick, rushed out of the room.

Ole and several other of the men went round into the public drinking-room, ordered each a measure of brandy, and were more than usually merry. After a short time, however, Ole grew very quiet, and, rising up, stood leaning against the inner door of the room.

While he was thus standing, my cousin Anton came in from the street. He stayed a moment at the threshold of the outer door to knock the snow from his shoes, and then was about to pass through the room, on his way to the parlour, against the door of which Ole was leaning. He might very well have gone in without disturbing Ole if he had chosen; but instead of that, he cast an angry glance at him, and bade him go out of the way.

Ole stood immovable, as if he had not heard him speak; whilst the other young fellows drew together in a group by the counter.

"Did you not hear that I told you to stand out of the way?" cried my cousin.

Ole still leaned against the door-post as before, and replied—"There has hitherto been, just as there is to-night, room enough for two people at master's door."

One of the young men tittered; the rest drew closer together.

"Out of the way, fellow," shouted my cousin, growing angry, "or else I'll help you!"

"You had better help yourself," replied Ole. My cousin was almost beside himself:

"You rascal," said he, "are you making game of me?" And with this he seized Ole by the breast of his coat.

But Ole was as if planted in the earth, and he merely said—"Take your hands off!"

I knew Ole, well; and the tone in which he spoke these few words made me tremble.

"Take your hands off!" said Ole, once more.

"You rascal, I'll teach you manners," cried my cousin, and struck him in the face. But at the very moment when I heard the blow, I saw my cousin fly the length of the room and strike against the counter; here he stood for half a

moment, gasped for breath, and then sank to his knees, the blood covering his face.

All the spectators stood as if petrified.

Ole stood staring for a moment, and then said—"Now I also have done some mischief." And then, bursting open the sitting-room door, stalked through it, with long strides, into the kitchen; and I, crying with all my might, ran after him.

In the kitchen stood Fransine. Ole, with his left hand, seized her by the arm; and she, terrified, sank upon her knees before him, whilst, with his right outstretched, he seemed as if grasping after some deadly weapon. Fransine screamed; and I, scarce knowing what I did, seized upon his outstretched arm and screamed too. The maid-servants came rushing in from the maid-servants' room; my aunt came out of her bed-chamber; and my uncle, who heard the noise in the distant counting-house, hurried in also. My cousin came reeling in, with a bloody pocket-handkerchief held to his face, and otherwise looking very white. At sight of my uncle and aunt, Ole let go Fransine, and remained standing immovable, with downcast head. Fransine sat down on the chopping-block, and putting her apron before her face, began to cry.

"What is amiss here?" asked my uncle, looking round him. "How came you to be bleeding?" asked he of Anton.

"It is your brandy-distiller who has struck me," said he.

"And he has rushed through the parlour into the kitchen, and knocked down one of my maid-servants!" said my aunt.

"Ole, what is the meaning of all this?" asked my uncle; "you have hitherto been a well-conducted fellow. Have you had any cause of offence from any one? What is amiss, Ole?"

Ole seized my uncle's hand without looking at him, kissed it, and said—"God bless you, master!—but I must leave you."

"What, will you leave before your time is up, Ole?"

"Yes, let him go!" cried my aunt, who was very irritable; "we are not going to ask him to stay, I should think."

"Master, I'll willingly forfeit a quarter's wages," said Ole.

"What! a quarter's wages? Do you think that I am troubling myself about your wages? You can set off, for what I care—Heaven forgive me, I was nearly swearing! Only let me have peace in my own house!"

With these words my uncle turned round to go, evidently greatly disturbed, and, in passing Anton, he said to him, in a low voice—"It is all owing to you, you bad fellow! It is you, and nobody else, who has made all this mischief!"

Anton followed my uncle out of the kitchen, and said something to him which I did not hear.

"Pack up your things and be off," said my aunt to Ole; "and, Fransine, do you come with me!"

Before Ole went into the men-servants' room, they already knew what had occurred. They



were all talking together in a loud voice; but as soon as he entered, they fell into a deep silence. After a pause, one of them said—"Where will you have your things taken to, Ole?"

Ole named the place.

The one who had spoken continued—"You need not be at the trouble of packing them, Ole; we fellows will look after that for you, and you need not fear that you should miss a single thing."

"I am sure I shall not," said Ole; "and I think," added he, "that you will all of you say for me, that I am not a bad one to live in service with."

"That we can," said the spokesman of the party.

"Well, then, I will bid you all farewell," said Ole; "and thanks for this time."

"Nay, but we shall go with you to the road,"

said the spokesman. "But now I must call the girls."

All the women-servants, with the exception of Fransine, came out and took leave of Ole, all seeming very sorrowful about it.

On this Ole passed through the door, the men accompanying him, in a close crowd, across the court-yard to the great gate, where he so often had stood in his Sunday finery. Here they remained standing, and looking after him.

"Shall we not give him an hurrah?" said the one who had spoken before. "A happy journey to you, Ole Hansen!"

Ole looked back from the street, and nodded to them. All his fellow-servants lifted their red caps from their heads, and set up a loud hurrah! The next moment Ole was out of sight, and they all returned to their several employments.

But from that time forth there was no one who would mangle with Fransine.

## REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.\*

What to do with our criminal population? has been a question long before the public, and answered in all manner of ways. "Hang them," say the disciples of the old school; "Transport them," say another class; "and give them a chance of retrieving their character." This last recommendation has been for a considerable time vigorously acted on; and, as far as the home-country is concerned, with a certain measure of apparent success. We removed the criminals out of our sight, put thousands of miles of sea and land between us and them, and then folded our arms and gave ourselves credit for having done all that was required. So long as our colonies, whither the criminals were sent, were weak and thinly peopled, no great outcry was raised against the system of transportation; though far-seeing men have long thought it an absurdity to reward crime by being sent to a region much desired by the labouring classes as a place of abode, but too far away for them to reach. Our colonies now, however, are beginning to feel their own strength, and they have protested, one after another, against being used as a sink into which all the moral filth and pollution of the mother country are to be drained. The Cape, not by any means the strongest of our colonial possessions, or the most important, upwards of twelve months ago peremptorily refused to receive any more convicts, and the Colonial Secretary succumbed, wisely or unwisely, to their demands. Australia is now up in arms against the system, and there is no doubt we shall have to yield again. Things have evidently come to this pass—that we must keep our own criminals, or cease to make them. The former alternative would be a gloomy pro-

spect, and accordingly we find the result of all inquiries into the subject tending to the latter. *Crime* is not, as many suppose, a *lawless* thing: it grows up and flourishes under certain conditions, and if these are changed it is modified in its form, or it altogether disappears. The *effect* will not indeed disappear upon the immediate withdrawal of the *cause*, but neither will it long survive it, and no remedy is worth applying unless it go to the root of the matter. Crimes against property are the most common in our state of society, and this is sure to be the case in all communities where there is much wealth on one side, and much poverty and ignorance on the other. Whatever tends, then, to diffuse wealth equally tends to diminish crime; but when laws are such that the wealthy are year by year becoming wealthier, and the poor poorer, then the temptation to stretch out the hand and take what is not his own becomes too great for the poor man. This is a wide question, and not to be entered on here; but the legislator who does not see that every law that impedes industry directly drives to crime, is little fit for his office. Industrial associations are, we rejoice to think, being tried, and to them we look for some diminution to the list of criminals. Ignorance, however, is the great feeder of crime; it is this that prevents the criminal from seeing the consequences of his act, and leads him to follow the guidance of present instinct, instead of calculating the consequences. The present, whether in time or place, is all that an ignorant man can apprehend. "The lamb that plucks the flowery sod" is not more careless of the future than the ignorant man; his whole care is of to-day; and, although no good Christian, he follows the precept literally, to "take no thought for the morrow." Ignorance is not perhaps an inciting cause of crime, but it is almost a concomitant circumstance, and even, in some sense, the soil

\* "REFORMATORY SCHOOLS, for the Children of the Perishing and Dangerous Classes, and for Juvenile Offenders." By Mary Carpenter. (*Gilpin*.)



in which it takes root and flourishes. About the fact that most criminals are ill-educated, or not educated at all, there can be no manner of doubt; and even when they appear to know something, it is mere words. They can repeat certain formulæ, which they have been taught to look upon as mystically efficacious in some way, but their mental and moral faculties remain dormant and are never awakened. A certain species of *smartness* may no doubt characterize the young criminal: he is shrewd beyond his years in seizing his prey and eluding his enemies, but all this is compatible with mental development a few degrees above idiocy. Seeing then that ignorance is, in a certain sense, not so much an index of crime as the very element in which it grows, it would go some considerable way to lessen crime were ignorance made less common than unfortunately it is. The amiable author of the work now before us has paid much attention to the mutual relations subsisting between crime and education, and she purposes "Reformatory Schools" for children of a certain age, who have once subjected themselves to the severity of the law. And were schools open to all our people *gratis*, this proposal would be unobjectionable; but, in the mean time, there are difficulties in the way. It would be hard to leave the honest poor child without education—which would advance him in life—and give it to his brother because he has been actively vicious. If the vicious are to be educated, much more those who have not yet fallen into the ways of vice. Of course it is not mere book-learning that will reform a child if it has fallen into bad ways, and walked in them long. Industrial employments must be sedulously taught, and the habits of self-control and regularity *worked into* the constitution. But such is the force of habit that these might certainly, in a majority of cases, be formed in a year or two at the utmost.

We do not mean to say that the cases are quite analogous, but certainly the effects of drill and discipline, as seen in raw recruits, afford an example and encouragement for trying the same plan with the young of our criminal population. If a few months at Woolwich, under the drill sergeant, convert the veriest clodhopper into a "smart young man," why should a few years of discipline not operate on the morally dull and heavy in the same way? *Mind* is as obedient to law as matter; and if half the pains were taken to reform our young criminals that are taken to make soldiers, our judges and jailors would have much less to do. The attempts made at present by means of Ragged Schools, to draw off the sources of crime—though worthy of all praise—are too irregular and too weak to make much headway against the torrent of juvenile depravity that runs down the streets of London, and all our large towns; and Miss Carpenter very properly urges that, as all suffer from the deprecations of this lawless horde, all should pay to get it repelled. Desultory and unconnected efforts will do little good. This is a point of view that requires to be pressed on public attention:—

"If anything is to be effectively done to purify the corrupt mass that is diffusing its noxious influence around, all must be made to co-operate in furnishing the pecuniary means, either by a municipal rate in each town which is sufficiently large to stand in need of the agency, or by distinct government grants for the purpose, such inspection being always provided as will secure the establishment of such schools in the localities where they are needed, and the management of them in an enlightened and efficient manner."

The establishment of such schools she maintains would be of the greatest utility to the state, and she quotes examples in point from some of the towns of New England. There is no doubt the vast number of our people who have either fallen, or are ever ready to fall, into the rank of criminals, is the darkest spot on the present character of England; and we fervently unite with the author of the work before us when she says—

"Let us no longer be a reproach to our neighbours; let them not point to our multitudes of ignorant and uncared-for children;—let the philanthropist devote heart and soul to the work; let him go forth in the spirit of his great Master to the highways, and bring in the lost and ignorant;—but let such arrangements be made by those who regulate the public finances that their labour shall not be in vain for want of means to carry it on, but that a wisely arranged plan shall oblige all to contribute to what is for the benefit of all."

Here, we take it, lie the pith and marrow of the whole question. We must attack crime early if we would attack it successfully, and the schoolmaster is much more wanted than the jailor or the executioner. But there must be an army of schoolmasters—not mere teachers of the A, B, C, but *educators* in the highest sense of the word—acting not with individual impulse, but under the guidance of a master-mind, and with systematic devotion. This is a state of matters, however, that we hardly hope to see realized all at once. The short-sighted economy that prevents the people of England from securing to every English child "the rudiments of letters," and "that moral and religious truth both understood and practised," which Wordsworth so long since proclaimed to be an inherent right, will keep them from educating the criminal. If they will not help the *falling*, how can we expect them to do anything for the *fallen* but trample on them? Meantime, however, every volunteer in this glorious service must be welcomed, and those who lead the forlorn hope shall in the end—doubt it not—receive a double share of honour. Miss Carpenter has spoken a wise, considerate word, for the fallen and the falling; and while self-righteous Pharisees may turn away with affected or ill-concealed disdain from this subject, as low, she knows that humanity in its worst and most degraded forms has something in it ineffaceably divine, and that no labour is thrown away by which that element may be made to struggle against what is evil; even if, in this life, it should never entirely predominate. The encouragement she holds out to others we



hope will animate herself, and nerve her spirit for further labour in this neglected field of inquiry. Society is not to be taken by a *coup de main*, but yet it is not altogether unimpressible. Howard and Fry did not effect their mission in a day, and Miss Carpenter must not lose heart if society seems slow in responding to her call. Let her call and call again; and "by her continual coming she will weary them." Society is somewhat cowardly, and it is not impossible to coerce it into right.

The numerous and weighty authorities that our author has collected on this subject, and the thorough investigation that she has subjected it to, will render her book a valuable source of reference to all who take an interest in this most important matter. She pleads powerfully and eloquently for the class that she has taken under her protection, and we hope she will not plead altogether in vain. Some of the concluding remarks are worth the attention of those with whom the whole question is a mere matter of

calculation, but we shall rather choose as a final extract a passage addressed to those who recognize other influences than that of money:—

"These young beings continue to herd in their dens of iniquity, to swarm in our streets, to levy a costly maintenance on the honest and industrious, to rise up to be the parents of a degraded progeny of pauper children, or to people our gaols until they are audaciously wicked enough for transportation—in either case to be a drain on our resources, a festering plague-spot to society. There are many earnest and Christian workers in this cause, who see these evils, and know what only can be a cure for them;—let them not be weary in their exertions; let them not be daunted by discouragement, apathy, repeated disappointment;—but let them with one heart and voice unite in striving that the perishing and dangerous children of our land shall no longer remain in this outer darkness. Surely the people will listen when earnest words of truth and soberness are addressed to them;—the legislature will move when they hear the united voice of the nation."

## TAKING BOARDERS.

(An American Story.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAP. I.

A lady, past the prime of life, sat, thoughtful, as twilight fell duskily around her, in a room furnished with great elegance. That her thoughts were far from being pleasant, the sober, even sad expression of her countenance too clearly testified. She was dressed in deep mourning. A faint sigh parted her lips as she looked up, on hearing the door of the apartment in which she was sitting open. The person who entered, a tall and beautiful girl, also in mourning, came and sat down by her side, and leaned her head, with a pensive, troubled air, down upon her shoulder.

"We must decide upon something, Edith, and that with as little delay as possible," said the elder of the two ladies, soon after the younger one entered. This was said in a tone of great despondency.

"Upon what shall we decide, mother?" and the young lady raised her head from its reclining position, and looked earnestly into the eyes of her parent.

"We must decide to do something by which the family can be sustained. Your father's death has left us, unfortunately and unexpectedly, as you already know, with scarcely a thousand dollars beyond the furniture of this house, instead of an independence, which we supposed him to possess. His death was sad and afflictive enough—more than it seemed I could bear. But to have this added!"

The voice of the speaker sank into a low moan, and was lost in a stifled sob.

"But what *can* we do, mother?" asked Edith,

in an earnest tone, after pausing long enough for her mother to regain the control of her feelings.

"I have thought of but one thing that is at all respectable," replied the mother.

"What is that?"

"Taking boarders."

"Why, mother!" ejaculated Edith, evincing great surprise, "how can you think of such a thing?"

"Because driven to do so by the force of circumstances."

"Taking boarders! Keeping a boarding-house! Surely we have not come to this!"

An expression of distress blended with the look of astonishment in Edith's face.

"There is nothing disgraceful in keeping a boarding-house," returned the mother. "A great many very respectable ladies have been compelled to resort to it as a means of supporting their families."

"But, to think of it, mother! To think of *your* keeping a boarding-house! I cannot bear it."

"Is there anything else that can be done, Edith?"

"Don't ask me such a question."

"If, then, you cannot think for me, you must try and think with me, my child. Something will have to be done to create an income. In less than twelve months every dollar I have will be expended; and then what are we to do? Now, Edith, is the time for us to look at the matter earnestly, and to determine the course we will take. There is no time to look away from it. A good house, in a central situation,



large enough for the purpose, can no doubt be obtained; and I think there will be no difficulty about our getting boarders enough to fill it. The income, or profit, from these will enable us still to live comfortably, and keep Edward and Ellen at school."

"It is hard," was the only remark Edith made to this.

"It is hard, my daughter; very hard! I have thought and thought about it until my whole mind has been thrown into confusion. But it will not do to think for ever. There must be action. Can I see want stealing in upon my children, and sit and fold my hands supinely? No! And to you, Edith, my oldest child, I look for aid and for counsel. Stand up, bravely, by my side."

"And you are in earnest in all this?" said Edith, whose mind seemed hardly able to realize the truth of their position. From her earliest days, all the blessings that money could procure had been freely scattered around her feet. As she grew up, and advanced towards womanhood, she had moved in the most fashionable circles, and there acquired the habit of estimating people according to their wealth and social standing, rather than by qualities of mind. In her view, it appeared degrading in a woman to enter upon any kind of employment for money; and with the keeper of a boarding-house, particularly, she had always associated something low, vulgar, and ungenteel. At the thought of her mother's engaging in such an occupation, when the suggestion was made, her mind instantly revolted. It appeared to her as if disgrace would be the inevitable consequence.

"And you are in earnest in all this?" was an expression, mingling her clear conviction of the truth of what at first appeared so strange a proposition, and her astonishment that the necessities of their situation were such as to drive them to so humiliating a resource.

"Deeply in earnest," was the mother's reply. "We are left alone in the world. He who cared for us, and provided for us so liberally, has been taken away, and we have nowhere to look for aid but to the resources that are in ourselves. These, well applied, will give us, I feel strongly assured, all that we need. The thing to decide is, what we ought to do. If we choose aright, all will, doubtless, come out right. To choose aright is, therefore, of the first importance; and to do this, we must not suffer distorting suggestions nor the appeals of a false pride to influence our minds in the least. You are my oldest child, Edith; and, as such, I cannot but look upon you as, to some extent, jointly with me, the guardian of your younger brothers and sisters. True, Miriam is of age, and Henry nearly so; but still you are the eldest—your mind is most matured, and in your judgment I have the most confidence. Try and forget, Edith, all but the fact that, unless we make an exertion, one home for all cannot be retained. Are you willing that we should be scattered like leaves in the autumn wind? No! you would consider that one of the greatest calamities that could befall us—an evil

to prevent which we should use every effort in our power. Do you not see this clearly?"

"I do, mother," was replied by Edith in a more rational tone of voice than that in which she had yet spoken.

"To open a store of any kind would involve five times the exposure of a boarding-house; and, moreover, I know nothing of business."

"Keeping a store? Oh, no! we couldn't do that. Think of the dreadful exposure!"

"But in taking boarders we only increase our family, and all goes on as usual. To my mind, it is the most genteel thing that we can do. Our style of living will be the same. Our waiter and all our servants will be retained. In fact, to the eye there will be little change, and the world need never know how greatly reduced our circumstances have become."

This mode of argument tended to reconcile Edith to taking boarders. Something, she saw, had to be done. Opening a store was felt to be out of the question; and as to commencing a school, the thought was repulsed at the very first suggestion.

A few friends were consulted on the subject, and all agreed that the best thing for the widow to do was to take boarders. Each one could point to some lady who had commenced the business with far less ability to make boarders comfortable, and who had yet got along very well. It was conceded on all hands that it was a very genteel business, and that some of the first ladies had been compelled to resort to it, without being any the less respected. Almost every one to whom the matter was referred spoke in favour of the thing, and but a single individual suggested difficulty; but what he said was not permitted to have much weight. This individual was a brother of the widow, who had always been looked upon as rather eccentric. He was a bachelor, and without fortune, merely enjoying a moderate income as book-keeper in the office of an insurance company.

But more of him hereafter.

## CHAP. II.

Mrs. Darlington, the widow we have just introduced to the reader, had five children. Edith, the oldest daughter, was twenty-two years of age at the time of her father's death; and Henry, the oldest son, just twenty. Next to Henry was Miriam, eighteen years old. The ages of the two youngest children, Ellen and Edward, were ten and eight.

Mr. Darlington, while living, was a lawyer of distinguished ability, and his talents and reputation at the Philadelphia bar enabled him to accumulate a handsome fortune. Upon this he had lived for some years in a style of great elegance. About a year before his death, he had been induced to enter into some speculation that promised great results. But he found, when too late to retreat, that he had been greatly deceived. Heavy losses soon followed. In a struggle to recover himself, he became still further involved;



and, ere the expiration of a twelvemonth, saw everything falling from under him. The trouble brought on by this was the real cause of his death, which was sudden, and resulted from inflammation and congestion of the brain.

Henry Darlington, the oldest son, was a young man of promising talents. He remained at college until a few months before his father's death, when he returned home, and commenced the study of law, in which he felt ambitious to distinguish himself.

Edith, the oldest daughter, possessed a fine mind, which had been well educated. She had some false views of life, natural to her position; but, apart from this, was a girl of sound sense and great force of character. Thus far in life, she had not encountered circumstances of a nature calculated to develop what was in her. The time for that, however, was approaching. Miriam, her sister, was a quiet, gentle, retiring, almost timid girl. She went into company with reluctance, and then always shrunk as far from observation as it was possible to get. But, like most quiet, retiring persons, there were deep places in her mind and heart. She thought and felt more than was supposed. All who knew Miriam loved her. Of the younger children we need not here speak.

Mrs. Darlington knew comparatively nothing of the world beyond her own social circle. She was, perhaps, as little calculated for doing what she proposed to do as a woman could well be. She had no habits of economy, and had never, in her life, been called upon to make calculations of expense in household matters. There was a tendency to generosity rather than selfishness in her character; and she rarely thought evil of any one. But all that she was, need not here be set forth, for it will appear as our narrative progresses.

Mr. Hiram Ellis, the brother of Mrs. Darlington, to whom brief allusion has been made, was not a great favourite in the family—although Mr. Darlington understood his good qualities, and very highly respected him—because he had not much that was prepossessing in his external appearance, and was thought to be a little eccentric. Moreover, he was not rich—merely holding the place of book-keeper in an insurance office, at a moderate salary. But, as he had never married, and had only himself to support, his income supplied amply all his wants, and left him a small annual surplus.

After the death of Mr. Darlington, he visited his sister much more frequently than before. Of the exact condition of her affairs, he was much better acquainted than she supposed. The anxiety which she felt, some months after her husband's death, when the result of the settlement of his estate became known, led her to be rather more communicative. After determining to open a boarding-house, she said to him, on the occasion of his visiting her one evening—

"As it is necessary for me to do something, Hiram, I have concluded to move to a better location, and take a few boarders."

"Don't do any such thing, Margaret," her

brother made answer. "Taking boarders! It's the last thing of which a woman should think."

"Why do you say that, Hiram?" asked Mrs. Darlington, evincing no little surprise at this unexpected reply.

"Because I think that a woman who has a living to make can hardly try a more doubtful experiment. Not one in ten ever succeeds in doing anything."

"But why, Hiram, why? I'm sure a great many ladies get a living in that way."

"What you will never do, Margaret; mark my words for it. It takes a woman of shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to get along in that pursuit. Even if you possessed all these pre-requisites to success, you have just the family that ought not to come in contact with anybody and everybody that find their way into boarding-houses."

"I must do something, Hiram," said Mrs. Darlington, evincing impatience at the opposition of her brother.

"I perfectly agree with you in that, Margaret," replied Mr. Ellis. "The only doubt is as to your choice of occupation. You think that your best plan will be to take boarders; while I think you could not fall upon a worse expedient."

"Why do you think so?"

"Have I not just said?"

"What?"

"Why, that in the first place it takes a woman of great shrewdness, caution, and knowledge of the world, and one thoroughly versed in household economy, to succeed in the business."

"I'm not a fool, Hiram!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, losing her self-command.

"Perhaps you may alter your opinion on that head some time within the next twelve months," coolly returned Mr. Ellis, rising and beginning to button up his coat.

"Such language to me, at this time, is cruel!" said Mrs. Darlington, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"No," calmly replied her brother, "not cruel, but kind. I wish to save you from trouble."

"What else can I do?" asked the widow, removing the handkerchief from her face.

"Many things, I was going to say," returned Mr. Ellis; "but, in truth, the choice of employment is not very great: still, something with a fairer promise than taking boarders may be found."

"If you can point me to some better way, brother," said Mrs. Darlington, "I shall feel greatly indebted to you."

"Almost anything is better. Suppose you and Edith were to open a school? Both of you are well——"

"Open a school!" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, interrupting her brother, and exhibiting most profound astonishment—"I open a school! I didn't think *you* would take advantage of my grief and misfortune to offer me an insult!"

Mr. Ellis buttoned the top-button of his coat nervously as his sister said this, and partly turn-



ing himself towards the door, said, "Teaching school is a far more useful, and, if you will, more respectable employment, than keeping a boarding-house. This you ought to see at a glance. As a teacher, you would be a minister of truth to the mind, and have it in your power to bend from evil, and lead to good, the young immortals committed to your care; while, as a boarding-house keeper, you would merely furnish food for the natural body—a use below what you are capable of rendering to society."

But Mrs. Darlington was in no state of mind to feel the force of such an argument. From the thought of a school she shrunk as from something degrading, and turned from it with displeasure.

"Don't mention such a thing to me," said she fretfully; "I will not listen to the proposition!"

"Oh, well, Margaret, as you please," replied her brother, now moving towards the door. "When you ask my advice, I will give it according to my best judgment, and with a sincere desire for your good. If, however, it conflicts with your views, reject it; but, in simple justice to me, do so in a better spirit than you manifest on the present occasion. Good evening!"

Mrs. Darlington was too much disturbed in mind to make a reply, and Mr. Hiram Ellis left the room without any attempt on the part of his sister to detain him. On both sides there had been the indulgence of rather more impatience and intolerance than was commendable.

### CHAP. III.

In due time, Mrs. Darlington removed to a house in Arch-street, the annual rent of which was six hundred dollars, and there began her experiment. The expense of a removal, and the cost of the additional chamber furniture required, exhausted about two hundred dollars of the widow's slender stock of money, and caused her to feel a little troubled when she noted the diminution.

She began her new business with two boarders, a gentleman and his wife by the name of Grimes, who had entered her house on the recommendation of a friend. They were to pay her the sum of eight dollars a-week. A young man named Barling, clerk in a wholesale Market-street house, came next; and he introduced, soon after, a friend of his, a clerk in the same store, named Mason. They were room-mates, and paid three dollars and a-half each. Three or four weeks elapsed before any further additions were made, then an advertisement brought several applications: one was from a gentleman who wanted two rooms for himself and wife, a nurse, and four children. He wanted the second story front and back chambers, furnished, and was not willing to pay over sixteen dollars, although his oldest child was twelve and his youngest four years of age—seven good eaters, and two of the best rooms in the house, for sixteen dollars!

Mrs. Darlington demurred. The man said—

"Very well, ma'am," in a tone of indifference. "I can find plenty of accommodations quite as good as yours for the price I offer. It's all I pay now."

Poor Mrs. Darlington sighed: she had but fifteen dollars yet in the house—that is, boarders who paid this amount weekly—and the rent alone amounted to twelve dollars. Sixteen dollars, she argued with herself, as she sat with her eyes upon the floor, would make a great difference in her income—would, in fact, meet all the expenses of the house. Two good rooms would still remain, and all that she received for these would be so much clear profit. Such was the hurried conclusion of Mrs. Darlington's mind. "I suppose I will have to take you," said she, lifting her eyes to the man's hard features. "But those rooms ought to bring me twenty-four dollars."

"Sixteen is the utmost I will pay," replied the man. "In fact, I did think of offering only fourteen dollars. But the rooms are fine, and I like them. Sixteen is a liberal price. Your terms are considerably above the ordinary range."

The widow sighed again.

If the man heard this sound, it did not touch a single chord of feeling. "Then it is understood that I am to have your rooms at sixteen dollars?" said he.

"Yes, sir. I will take you for that."

"Very well. My name is Scragg. We will be ready to come in on Monday next. You can have all prepared for us?"

"Yes, sir."

Scarcely had Mr. Scragg departed, when a gentleman called to know if Mrs. Darlington had a vacant front room in the second story.

"I had this morning; but it is taken," replied the widow.

"Ah? I'm sorry for that."

"Will not a third story front room suit you?"

"No. My wife is not in very good health, and wishes a second story room. We pay twelve dollars a week, and would even give more, if necessary, to obtain just the accommodations we like. The situation of your house pleases me. I'm sorry that I happen to be too late."

"Will you look at the room?" said Mrs. Darlington, into whose mind came the desire to break the bad bargain she had just made.

"If you please," returned the man.

And both went up to the large and beautifully furnished chambers.

"Just the thing!" said the man, as he looked around, much pleased with the appearance of everything. "But I understood you to say that it was taken."

"Why yes," replied Mrs. Darlington, "I did partly engage it this morning; but no doubt I can arrange with the family to take the two rooms above, which will suit them just as well."

"If you can"—

"There'll be no difficulty, I presume. You'll pay twelve dollars a week?"

"Yes."

"Only yourself and lady?"



"That's all."

"Very well, sir; you can have the room."

"It's a bargain, then. My name is Ring. Our week is up to-day where we are; and, if it is agreeable, we will become your guests to-morrow."

"Perfectly agreeable, Mr. Ring."

The gentleman bowed politely and retired.

Now Mrs. Darlington did not feel very comfortable when she reflected on what she had done. The rooms in the second story were positively engaged to Mr. Scragg, and now one of them was as positively engaged to Mr. Ring. The face of Mr. Scragg she remembered very well. It was a hard, sinister face, just such a one as we rarely forget, because of the disagreeable impression it makes. As it came up distinctly before the eyes of her mind, she was oppressed with a sense of coming trouble. Nor did she feel altogether satisfied with what she had done—satisfied in her own conscience.

On the next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Ring came and took possession of the room previously engaged to Mr. Scragg. They were pleasant people, and made a good first impression.

As day after day glided past, Mrs. Darlington felt more and more uneasy about Mr. Scragg, with whom, she had a decided presentiment, there would be trouble. Had she known where to find him, she would have sent him a note, saying that she had changed her mind about the rooms, and could not let him have them. But she was ignorant of his address; and the only thing left for her was to wait until he came on Monday, and then get over the difficulty in the best way possible. She and Edith had talked over the matter frequently, and had come to the determination to offer Mr. Scragg the two chambers in the third story for fourteen dollars.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Darlington was nervous. This was the day on which Mr. Scragg and family were to arrive, and she felt that there would be trouble.

Mr. Ring, and the other gentlemen boarders, left soon after breakfast. About ten o'clock, the door-bell rang. Mrs. Darlington was in her room at the time, changing her dress. Thinking that this might be the announcement of Mr. Scragg's arrival, she hurried through her dressing in order to get down to the parlour as quickly as possible to meet him and the difficulty that was to be encountered; but before she was in a condition to be seen, she heard a man's voice on the stairs saying—

"Walk up, my dear. The rooms on the second floor are ours."

Then came the noise of many feet in the passage, and the din of children's voices. Mr. Scragg and his family had arrived.

Mrs. Ring was sitting with the morning paper in her hand, when her door was flung widely open, and a strange man stepped boldly in, saying, as he did so, to the lady who followed him—

"This is one of the chambers."

Mrs. Ring arose, bowed, and looked at the

intruders with surprise and embarrassment. Just then, four rude children bounded into the room, spreading themselves around it, and making themselves perfectly at home.

"There is some mistake, I presume," said Mrs. Scragg, on perceiving a lady in the room, whose manner said plainly enough that they were out of their place.

"Oh no! no mistake at all," replied Scragg. "These are the two rooms I engaged."

Just then Mrs. Darlington entered, in manifest excitement.

"Walk down into the parlour, if you please," said she.

"These are our rooms," said Scragg, showing no inclination to vacate the premises.

"Be kind enough to walk down into the parlour," repeated Mrs. Darlington, whose sense of propriety was outraged by the man's conduct, and who felt a corresponding degree of indignation.

With some show of reluctance, this invitation was acceded to, and Mr. Scragg went muttering down stairs, followed by his brood. The moment he left the chamber, the door was shut and locked by Mrs. Ring, who was a good deal frightened by so unexpected an intrusion.

"What am I to understand by this, madam?" said Mr. Scragg, fiercely, as soon as they had all reached the parlour, planting his hands upon his hips as he spoke, drawing himself up, and looking at Mrs. Darlington with a lowering countenance.

"Take a seat, madam," said Mrs. Darlington, addressing the man's wife in a tone of forced composure. She was struggling for self-possession.

The lady sat down.

"Will you be good enough to explain the meaning of all this, madam?" repeated Mr. Scragg.

"The meaning is simply," replied Mrs. Darlington, "that I have let the front room in the second story to a gentleman and his wife for twelve dollars a-week."

"The deuce you have!" said Mr. Scragg, with a particular exhibition of gentlemanly indignation. "And pray, madam, didn't you let both the rooms in the second story to me for sixteen dollars?"

"I did; but——"

"Oh, very well. That's all I wish to know about it. The rooms were rented to me, and from that day became mine. Please to inform the lady and her husband that I am here with my family, and desire them to vacate the chambers as quickly as possible. I'm a man that knows his rights, and, knowing, always maintains them."

"You cannot have the rooms, sir. That is out of the question," said Mrs. Darlington, looking both distressed and indignant.

"And I tell you that I will have them!" replied Scragg, angrily.

"Peter! Peter! Don't act so," now interposed Mrs. Scragg. "There's no use in it."

"Ain't there, indeed! We'll see. Madam!"—



he addressed Mrs. Darlington—"will you be kind enough to inform the lady and gentleman who now occupy one of our rooms—"

"Mr. Scragg!" said Mrs. Darlington, in whose fainting heart his outrageous conduct had awakened something of the right spirit—"Mr. Scragg, I wish you to understand, once for all, that the front room is taken and now occupied, and that you cannot have it."

"Madam?"

"It's no use for you to waste words, sir! What I say I mean. I have other rooms in the house very nearly as good, and am willing to take you for something less in consideration of this disappointment. If that will meet your views, well; if not, let us have no more words on the subject."

There was a certain something in Mrs. Darlington's tone of voice that Scragg understood to mean a fixed purpose. Moreover, his mind caught at the idea of getting boarded for something less than sixteen dollars a-week.

"Where are the rooms?" he asked, gruffly.

"The third story chambers."

"Front?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to the third story."

"Very well. Then you can have the back chamber down stairs, and the front chamber above."

"What will be your charge?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"That will do, Peter," said Mrs. Scragg. "Two dollars a week is considerable abatement."

"It's something, of course. But I don't like this off and on kind of business. When I make an agreement, I'm up to the mark, and expect the same from everybody else. Will you let my wife see the rooms, madam?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Darlington, and moved towards the door. Mrs. Scragg followed, and so did all the juvenile Scraggs—the latter springing up the stairs with the agility of apes and the noise of a dozen rude schoolboys just freed from the terror of rod and ferule.

The rooms suited Mrs. Scragg very well—at least such was her report to her husband—and, after some further rudeness on the part of Mr. Scragg, and an effort to beat Mrs. Darlington down to twelve dollars a-week, were taken, and forthwith occupied.

#### CHAP. IV.

Mrs. Darlington was a woman of refinement herself, and had been used to the society of refined persons. She was, naturally enough, shocked at the coarseness and brutality of Mr. Scragg, and, ere an hour went by, in despair at the unmannerly rudeness of the children, the oldest a stout, vulgar-looking boy, who went racing and rummaging about the house from the garret to the cellar. For a long time after her exciting interview with Mr. Scragg, she sat weeping and trembling in her own room, with Edith by her side, who sought earnestly to comfort and encourage her.

"Oh, Edith!" she sobbed, to think that we should be humbled to this!"

"Necessity has forced us into our present unhappy position, mother," replied Edith. "Let us meet its difficulties with as brave hearts as possible."

"I shall never be able to treat that dreadful man with even common civility," said Mrs. Darlington.

"We have accepted him as our guest, mother, and it will be our duty to make all as pleasant and comfortable as possible. We will have to bear much, I see—much beyond what I had anticipated."

Mrs. Darlington sighed deeply as she replied—"Yes, yes, Edith. Ah, the thought makes me miserable!"

"No more of that sweet drawing together in our own dear home circle," remarked Edith, sadly. "Henceforth we are to bear the constant presence and intrusion of strangers, with whom we have few or no sentiments in common. We open our house and take in the ignorant, the selfish, the vulgar, and feed them for a certain price! Does not the thought bring a feeling of painful humiliation? What can pay for all this? Ah me! The anticipation had in it not a glimpse of what we have found in our brief experience. Except Mr. and Mrs. Ring, there isn't a lady nor gentleman in the house. That Mason is so rudely familiar that I cannot bear to come near him. He's making himself quite intimate with Henry already, and I don't like to see it."

"Nor do I," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Henry's been out with him twice to the theatre already."

"I'm afraid of his influence over Henry. He's not the kind of a companion he ought to choose," said Edith. "And then Mr. Barling is with Miriam in the parlour almost every evening. He asks her to sing, and she says she doesn't like to refuse."

The mother sighed deeply. While they were conversing, a servant came to their room to say that Mr. Ring was in the parlour, and wished to speak with Mrs. Darlington. It was late in the afternoon of the day on which the Scraggs had made their appearance.

With a presentiment of trouble Mrs. Darlington went down to the parlour.

"Madam," said Mr. Ring, as soon as she entered, speaking in a firm voice, "I find that my wife has been grossly insulted by a fellow whose family you have taken into your house. Now they must leave here, or we will, and that forthwith."

"I regret extremely," replied Mrs. Darlington, "the unpleasant occurrence to which you allude; but I do not see how it is possible for me to turn these people out of the house."

"Very well, ma'am. Suit yourself about that. You can choose between us. Both can't remain."

"If I were to tell this Mr. Scragg to seek another boarding-house, he would insult me," said Mrs. Darlington.



"Strange that you should take such a fellow into your house!"

"My rooms were vacant, and I had to fill them."

"Better to have let them remain vacant. But this is neither here nor there. If this fellow remains, we go."

And go they did on the next day. Mrs. Darlington was afraid to approach Mr. Scragg on the subject. Had she done so, she would have received nothing but abuse.

Two weeks afterwards, the room vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ring was taken by a tall, fine-looking man, who wore a pair of handsome whiskers, and dressed elegantly. He gave his name as Burton, and agreed to pay eight dollars. Mrs. Darlington liked him very much. There was a certain style about him that evidenced good breeding and a knowledge of the world. What his business was he did not say. He was usually in the house as late as ten o'clock in the morning, and rarely came in before twelve at night.

Soon after Mr. Burton became a member of Mrs. Darlington's household, he began to show particular attentions to Miriam, who was in her nineteenth year, and was, as we have said, a gentle, timid, shrinking girl. Though she did not encourage, she would not reject the attentions of the polite and elegant stranger, who had so much that was agreeable to say that she insensibly acquired a kind of prepossession in his favour.

As now constituted, the family of Mrs. Darlington was not so pleasant and harmonious as could have been desired. Mr. Scragg had already succeeded in making himself so disagreeable to the other boarders, that they were scarcely civil to him; and Mrs. Grimes, who was quite gracious with Mrs. Scragg at first, no longer spoke to her. They had fallen out about some trifle, quarrelled, and then cut each other's acquaintance. When the breakfast, dinner, or tea-bell rang, and the boarders assembled at the table, there was generally, at first, an embarrassing silence. Scragg looked like a bull-dog waiting for an occasion to bark; Mrs. Scragg sat with her lips closely compressed, and her head partly turned away, so as to keep her eyes out of the line of vision with Mrs. Grimes's face; while Mrs. Grimes gave an occasional glance of contempt towards the lady with whom she had had a "tiff." Barling and Mason, observing all this, and enjoying it, were generally the first to break the reigning silence; and this was usually done by addressing some remark to Scragg—for no other reason, it seemed, than to hear his growling reply. Usually, they succeeded in drawing him into an argument, when they would goad him until he became angry; a species of irritation in which they never suffered themselves to indulge. As for Mr. Grimes, he was a man of few words. When spoken to, he would reply; but he never made conversation. The only man who really behaved like a gentleman was Mr. Burton; and the contrast seen in

him naturally prepossessed the family in his favour.

The first three months' experience in taking boarders was enough to make the heart of Mrs. Darlington sick. All domestic comfort was gone. From early morning until late at night, she toiled harder than any servant in the house; and, with all, had a mind pressed down with care and anxiety. Three times during this period she had been obliged to change her cook; yet, for all, scarcely a day passed that she did not set badly-cooked food before her guests. Sometimes certain of the boarders complained, and it generally happened that rudeness accompanied the complaint. The sense of pain that attended this was always most acute, for it was accompanied by deep humiliation, and a feeling of helplessness. Moreover, during these first three months, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes had left the house without paying their board for five weeks, thus throwing her into a loss of forty dollars.

At the beginning of this experiment, after completing the furniture of her house, Mrs. Darlington had about three hundred dollars. When the quarter's bill for rent was paid, she had only a hundred and fifty dollars left. Thus, instead of making anything by boarders, so far, she had sunk a hundred and fifty dollars. This fact disheartened her dreadfully. Then, the effect upon almost every member of her family had been bad. Harry was no longer the thoughtful, affectionate, innocent-minded young man of former days. Mason and Barling had introduced him into gay company, and, fascinated with a new and more exciting kind of life, he was fast forming associations and acquiring habits of a dangerous character. It was rare that he spent an evening at home; and, instead of being of any assistance to his mother, was constantly making demands on her for money. The pain all this occasioned Mrs. Darlington was of the most distressing character. Since the children of Mr. and Mrs. Scragg came into the house, Edward and Ellen, who had heretofore been under the constant care and instruction of their mother, left almost entirely to themselves, associated constantly with these children, and learned from them to be rude, vulgar, and in some things even vicious. And Miriam had become apparently so much interested in Mr. Burton, who was constantly attentive to her, that both Mrs. Darlington and Edith became anxious on her account. Burton was an entire stranger to them all, and there were many things about him that appeared strange, if not wrong.

So much for the experiment of taking boarders, after the lapse of a single quarter of a year.

#### CHAP. V.

About this time, a lady and gentleman, named Marion, called and engaged boarding for themselves and three children. In Mrs. Marion there was something that won the heart at first sight; and her children were as lovely and attractive as herself. But towards her husband there was a



feeling of instant repulsion. Not that he was coarse or rude in his exterior—that was polished; but there were a sensualism and want of principle about him that could be felt.

They had been in the house only a week or two, when their oldest child, a beautiful boy, was taken ill. He had fever, and complained of distress in his back, and pain in his head. The mother appeared anxious; but the father treated the matter lightly, and said he would be well again in a few hours.

"I think you'd better call in a doctor," Mrs. Darlington heard the mother say, as her husband stood at the chamber-door ready to go away.

"Nonsense, Jane," he replied. "You are easily frightened. There's nothing serious the matter."

"I'm afraid of scarlet fever, Henry," was answered to this.

"Fiddlesticks! You're always afraid of something," was lightly and unkindly returned.

Mrs. Marion said no more, and her husband went away. About half an hour afterwards, as Mrs. Darlington sat in her room, there was a light tap at her door, which was immediately opened, and Mrs. Marion stepped in. Her face was pale, and it was some moments before her quivering lips could articulate.

"Won't you come up and look at my Willy?" she at length said, in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Mrs. Darlington, rising immediately. "What do you think ails your little boy?"

"I don't know, ma'am; but I'm afraid of scarlet fever—that dreadful disease!"

Mrs. Darlington went up to the chamber of Mrs. Marion. On the bed lay Willy, his face flushed with fever, and his eyes wearing a glassy lustre.

"Do you feel sick, my dear?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as she laid her hand on his burning forehead.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child.

"Where are you sick?"

"My head aches."

"Is your throat sore?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very sore?"

"It hurts me so that I can hardly swallow."

"What do you think ails him?" asked the mother, in anxious tones.

"It's hard to say, Mrs. Marion; but, if it were my case, I would send for a doctor. Who is your physician?"

"Dr. M——."

"If you would like to have him called in, I will send the waiter to his office."

Mrs. Marion looked troubled and alarmed.

"My husband doesn't think it anything serious," said she. "I wanted him to go for the doctor."

"Take my advice, and send for a physician," replied Mrs. Darlington.

"If you will send for Dr. M——, I will feel greatly obliged," said Mrs. Marion.

The doctor was sent for immediately. He did

not come for two hours, in which time Willy had grown much worse. He looked serious, and answered all questions evasively. After writing a prescription, he gave a few directions, and said he would call again in the evening. At his second visit, he found his patient much worse; and, on the following morning, pronounced it a case of scarlatina.

Already, Willy had made a friend in every member of Mrs. Darlington's family, and the announcement of his dangerous illness was received with acute pain. Miriam took her place beside Mrs. Marion in the sick chamber, all her sympathies alive, and all her fears awakened; and Edith and her mother gave every attention that their other duties in the household would permit.

Rapidly did the disease, which had fixed itself upon the delicate frame of the child, run its fatal course. On the fourth day he died in the arms of his almost frantic mother.

Though Mrs. Marion had been only a short time in the house, yet she had already deeply interested the feelings of Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, who suffered with her in the affliction almost as severely as if they had themselves experienced a bereavement. And this added to the weight, already painfully oppressive, that rested upon them.

The nearer contact into which the family of Mrs. Darlington and the bereaved mother were brought by this affliction, discovered to the former many things that strengthened the repugnance first felt towards Mr. Marion, and awakened still livelier sympathies for his suffering wife.

One evening, a week after the body of the child was borne out by the mourners and laid to moulder in its kindred dust, the voice of Mr. Marion was heard in loud, angry tones. He was alone with his wife in their chamber. This chamber was next to that of Edith and Miriam, where they at the time happened to be. What he said they could not make out; but they distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Marion, and the words—

"Oh, Henry! don't! don't!" uttered in tones the most agonizing. They also heard the words, "For the sake of our dear, dear Willy!" used in some appeal.

Both Edith and Miriam were terribly frightened, and sat panting and looking at each other with pale faces.

All now became silent. Not a sound could be heard in the chamber save an occasional low sob. For half an hour this silence continued. Then the door of the chamber was opened, and Mr. Marion went down stairs. The closing of the front door announced his departure from the house. Edith and her sister sat listening for some minutes after Marion had left, but not a movement could they perceive in the adjoining chamber.

"Strange! What can it mean?" at length said Miriam, in a husky whisper. Edith breathed heavily to relieve the pressure on her bosom, but made no answer.



"He didn't strike her?" said Miriam, her face growing paler as she made this suggestion.

The moment this was uttered, Edith arose quickly, and moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked her sister.

"Into Mrs. Marion's room."

"Oh! no, don't!" returned Miriam, speaking from some vague fear that made her heart shrink.

But Edith did not heed the words. Her light tap at Mrs. Marion's door was not answered. Opening it softly, she stepped within the chamber. On the bed, where she had evidently thrown herself, lay Mrs. Marion; and, on approaching and bending over her, Edith discovered that she was sleeping. On perceiving this, she retired as noiselessly as she had entered.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, and yet Mr. Marion had not returned. An hour later than this, Edith and her sister lay awake, but up to that time he was still away. On the next morning, when the bell rang for breakfast, and the family assembled at the table, the places of Mr. and Mrs. Marion were vacant. From their nurse it was ascertained that Mr. Marion had not come home since he went out on the evening before, and that his wife had not yet arisen. Between nine and ten o'clock, Mrs. Darlington sent up to know if Mrs. Marion wished anything, but was answered in the negative. At dinner-time, Mr. Marion did not make his appearance, and his wife remained in her chamber. Food was sent to her, but it was returned untasted.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Darlington knocked at her door; but the nurse said that Mrs. Marion asked to be excused from seeing her. At supper-time, food was again sent to her room; but, save part of a cup of tea, nothing was tasted. After tea, Mrs. Darlington called again at her room, but the desire to be excused from seeing her was repeated. Marion did not return that night.

Nearly a week passed, the husband still remaining away, and not once during that time had Mrs. Marion been seen by any member of the family. At the end of this period, she sent word to Mrs. Darlington that she would be glad to see her.

When the latter entered her room, she found her lying upon the bed, with a face so pale and grief-stricken, that she could not help an exclamation of painful surprise.

"My dear madam, what has happened?" said she, as she took her hand.

Mrs. Marion was too much overcome by emotion to be able to speak for some moments. Acquiring self-possession at length, she said, in a low, sad voice—

"My heart is almost broken, Mrs. Darlington. I feel crushed to the very ground. How shall I speak of what I am suffering?"

Her voice quivered and failed. But, in a few moments, she recovered herself again, and said, more calmly—

"I need not tell you that my husband has

been absent for a week. He went away in a moment of anger, vowing that he would never return. Hourly have I waited since, in the hope that he would come back. But, alas! I have thus far received from him neither word nor sign."

Mrs. Marion here gave way to her feelings, and wept bitterly.

"Did he ever leave you before?" asked Mrs. Darlington, as soon as she had grown calm.

"Once."

"How long did he remain away?"

"More than a year."

"Have you friends?"

"I have no relative but an aunt, who is very poor."

Mrs. Darlington sighed involuntarily. On that very day she had been seriously examining into her affairs, and the result was a conviction that, under her present range of expenses, she must go behindhand with great rapidity. Mr. and Mrs. Marion were to pay fourteen dollars a week. Thus far, nothing had been received from them, and now the husband had gone off and left his family on her hands. She could not turn them off; yet how could she bear up under this additional burden?

All this passed through her mind in a moment, and produced the sigh which distracted her bosom.

"Do you not know where he has gone?" she asked, seeking to throw as much sympathy and interest in her voice as possible, and thus to conceal the pressure upon her own feelings which the intelligence had occasioned.

Mrs. Marion shook her head. She knew that, in the effort to speak, her voice would fail her.

For nearly the space of a minute there was silence. This was broken, at length, by Mrs. Marion, who again wept violently. As soon as the passionate burst of feeling was over, Mrs. Darlington said to her, in a kind and sympathizing voice—

"Do not grieve so deeply. You are not friendless altogether. Though you have been with us only a short time, we feel an interest in you, and will not"—

The sentence remained unfinished. There was an impulse in Mrs. Darlington's mind to proffer the unhappy woman a home for herself and children; but a sudden recollection of the embarrassing nature of her own circumstances checked the words on her tongue.

"I cannot remain a burden upon you," quickly answered Mrs. Marion. "But where can I go? What shall I do?"

The last few words were spoken half to herself, in a low tone of distressing despondency.

"For the present," said Mrs. Darlington, anxious to mitigate, even in a small degree, the anguish of the unhappy woman's mind, "let this give you no trouble. Doubtless the way will open before you. After the darkest hour the morning breaks."

Yet, even while Mrs. Darlington sought thus



to give comfort, her own heart felt the weight upon it growing heavier. Scarcely able to stand up in her difficulties alone, here was a new burden laid upon her.

None could have sympathized more deeply with the afflicted mother and deserted wife than

did Mrs. Darlington and her family; and none could have extended more willingly a helping hand in time of need. But, in sustaining the burden of her support, they felt that the additional weight was bearing them under.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## DAYS GONE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We sometimes sigh, that hours once seen  
Over the threshold by Old Time,  
May never more come back again,  
Except in thought, or Poet's rhyme.  
Days gone! days gone! how sadly sounds  
This echo of the heart's regret,  
Above the grave where youth's warm joys  
(Like fallen stars for ever set)  
Lie darkly down, beneath the flowers  
That sweetly strew those vanished hours.

But when the alchemy of *grief*  
Converts Time's golden grains to sand,  
And there is laid upon the heart  
The ice touch of her trembling hand—  
When fiery bars of trial glow  
Upon the path we have to tread,  
And but for Hope's supporting hand  
Our feet had stumbled in their dead,  
We gladly cry, with grateful tone,  
For ever pass'd—days gone! days gone!

## THE MIRROR IN THE HALL.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The ivy green o'er Marsden Hall  
Its fadeless wreaths hath flung,  
And moss-tufts hang upon the wall  
Where warlike bugles hung;  
Tall weeds have overgrown the lawn  
Where smoothest turf was seen,  
And bound the colt and forest-fawn  
Where lordly steps have been.

Within, no more the minstrel sings  
While Beauty lists the lay,  
For bard and dame are with the things  
That long have pass'd away;  
The gilding from the doors is gone,  
The painting from the panes—  
And nought save one old mirror lone,  
Of all the past, remains.

Crumbled beneath the hillock low  
The skilful hand must be,  
Which carved its worn frame, long ago,  
With leaf and *fleur-de-lis*;  
And for the bloom, and grace, and might,  
Its glass once mirror'd back,  
It now but 'shrines the orbs of night  
Upon their silent track.

And thus with man's proud, restless heart,  
It tells me it will prove,  
When from his mind the forms depart  
Of earthly pomp, and love;

And his long-troubled waves of thought  
At last in stillness lie,  
Reflecting but the pure light caught  
From holy things on high.  
*Ramsgate, Nov. 12th, 1851.*

## CALVIN'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE HON. JULIA A. MAYNARD.

[John Calvin, the celebrated Reformer, was born in Picardy, in the year 1509. He originally studied civil law; but turning his thoughts to divinity, he found the tenets he professed made it unsafe for him to reside in his native country; he alternately settled at Geneva, where his influence, combined with others, caused the burning of Servetus, whose free-thinking opinions offended the theological tyrant whose severity towards dissentients was notorious in all respects, and who might not inaptly have been termed the Protestant Pope of Christendom. Calvin's learning, nevertheless, was great and profound; his doctrines forming the basis of the national church belonging to the shrewd people of Scotland. I think, however, that something hard and unloving in the nature of the man is not to be separated from the extreme severity of his tenets; and that though probably sincere, his sincerity was in strict harmony with his disposition.]

SHADE OF SERVETUS.  
JOHN CALVIN.  
SPECTRE OF GRUET.  
MAGISTRATES OF GENEVA.

PLACE—*Geneva.* TIME—1564.

*Shade of Ser.* John Calvin, lo! Servetus wanders still,  
Restless, unquiet, to disturb your rest!  
*Cal.* (*Faintly and distractedly.*) Wanders within this dim, bewildered brain!  
Who pil'd the stake? Not I, you cannot say!  
*Shade of Ser.* You pil'd it, with your words—  
O, cruel words!  
You wrong'd the Gospel, and you murder'd me.  
John Calvin, retribution comes—repent!  
'Tis your last hope; repent your guilty deed.  
If I—mistaken, blinded, led astray—  
Denied the truth, it was not yours to kill;  
But, by mild word and meek entreaty, gain  
What you have crush'd perchance eternally.  
*Cal.* Where were the toga'd crew of hot Vienne?  
Were not the embers warm? My soul's on fire;  
I did mistake, in my wild zeal, the truth,  
And wrought the work of my antagonists.



*Spectre of Gruet.* Consistent Calvin, thus your  
foes to ape!

Behold another victim comes to you—  
Once reprobate, and proud, and heartless; yea,  
But whom your blinded hate, for slight offence,  
Sent, flush'd with wine and sin, to his account.

*Cal.* O, mercy! spare those words! How dark-  
ness comes!

Light up the tapers! How my senses reel!  
O, pardon! pardon, in this dismal hour!  
I wrong'd you—O, I wrong'd you, hapless twain!  
Servetus! O, Servetus! yet one word,  
And I.....

*Shade of Ser. John Calvin!*

*Cal.* O! one word! *Adieu!*

*Spectre of Gru.*

*(Two Shades vanish.)*

*Cal.* Is there no stay to prop this breaking  
heart?

Gone—gone, poor ghosts, where I must follow you!  
Give me a softer cushion—softer yet—  
Where I may still these wildly throbbing brows.  
John Calvin, the Reformer, ho! arise!  
And shake aside this weakness of the soul!  
Am I not mighty in my power of thought—  
Geneva's idol—the Pope's sorest thorn?  
Come! I must brace these failing nerves of mine,  
Nor play the whining coward at the last.  
The magistrates will come anon to view  
My dying struggles, and note every word,  
And whispering say—"Thus, and O thus he spake,  
This wondrous man—this modern Solomon!"  
Is this but empty vanity? How so?  
What bell-like voice seems ringing in my ear?  
I've done some good unto pure faith—made clear  
Obscurest passages; my learned ken  
And massive knowledge have pil'd up a tow'r

Of solid strength. Self-praise you say this is!  
O, voice of truth! that vibrates through my brain,  
And points the mottled errors of my life.  
Hush! there's a stir! O, pride of spirit! shut  
These babbling lips, that let my folly out,  
As the blood tingles through my languid limbs  
And tells me life is ebbing to a close,  
And little is the space to speculate.

*(Magistrates enter.)*

*First Magis.* We blessings crave, O Counsellor,  
rever'd!

*Second Magis.* How will Geneva bear to lose you  
thus?

*Cal.* I give ye greeting, Sirs! This kindness is  
All undeserved by me. The time draws near  
When to yon unexplored and dark abyss,  
With sin upon my head, I must descend,  
Uncover'd in my nakedness, unless  
Amid the pure elect my name is writ,  
Foredoom'd the spotless robe of grace to wear.  
Ah, Sirs! if I have ever, in my haste,  
Offended by rash deed or angry word,  
In my warm zealalousness have urg'd too much,  
I crave—I humbly crave—your pardon all.  
This is no time to wear false colours. No!  
But, cloth'd with just and white humility,  
I do exhort ye to sweet charity.  
I fear in this I have neglected much,  
By precept and example; it weighs here!

*[Pointing to his heart.]*

Weights heavily!—yea, heavily! And, now,  
Accept the blessing of a dying man—  
The prayers—the tears! My errors have been great.  
Farewell, my friends! God speed ye all—Farewell!  
Guard well our faith! our church, Geneva's pride!  
And be your lives a meek consistency!

*(Magistrates depart, and scene closes.)*

## LASTING ATTACHMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

No records are more interesting than those  
which tell of the attachments of men of genius—  
attachments often suddenly formed, and yet as  
remarkable for their constancy as for their fer-  
vency. Years may still speed on, but imagina-  
tion supplies every charm of which they may  
have robbed the beloved one; the grave may  
have withdrawn her from other eyes, but still  
her pure spirit lingers by her lover's side, in the  
haunts where they so often met.

*Love at first sight* was exemplified in Raphael.  
His window overlooked the garden of the ad-  
joining house, and there he saw the lovely girl  
who amused herself among her flowers; he saw  
her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell  
passionately in love. He soon made his feelings  
known; his love was not rejected, and she be-  
came his wife. He is said to have been so pas-  
sionately enamoured of her beauty, that he never  
could paint if she were not by his side. The  
lineaments of that fair face still live in some of  
his sublime productions; and thus while she  
gave inspiration, he conferred immortality.

Though among poets the most remarkable  
instances of ardent and enduring attachment  
may be found, their marriages have not,  
generally speaking, been happy. Milton failed

in securing the felicity of wedded love, which he  
has so beautifully apostrophised. Neither the  
home of Dante, nor that of Shakspeare, was one  
of domestic happiness. Racine's tender sensi-  
bility met with no responsive sympathy in his  
partner; and Moliere experienced all the bitter-  
ness of the jealous doubts and misgivings which  
he has so admirably depicted. Yet the Poet is  
of all, perhaps, the most capable of strong at-  
tachments. His warm imagination throws its  
glow over all that he loves; home, with all its  
fond associations; "the mother who looked on  
his childhood; and the bosom-friend dearer than  
all," are so impressed upon his feelings that they  
mingle with every mood of his fancy. True,  
some critics, of more ingenuity than judgment,  
have doubted the real existence of the romantic  
attachments by which some of the finest poets  
have been inspired; and endeavour to explain  
as ingenious allegories the impassioned and  
pathetic effusions which find their way to every  
heart. Beattie—of whom we might have ex-  
pected better things—sees, in the ardent ex-  
pressions of Petrarch's devotion to Laura, the  
aspirings of an ambitious spirit for the laureate-  
crown; and Dante has been said to have al-  
legorised his energy in the study of theology



under the guise of a passion for Beatrice. But the great charm of Dante's poetry is its deep earnestness and truthfulness, and those touches of tenderness which are scattered throughout his sublime work, like the wild-flowers of home unexpectedly met with in drear and remote regions; the facts of an imperishable attachment can be traced throughout his whole poetry. It is the custom in Florence for friends, accompanied by their children, to assemble together on the first of May, to celebrate the delightful season. A number of his neighbours had been invited by Folco Portinari to do honour to the day. Dante Alighieri, then a boy of nine years, was among them; young as he was, he was instantly attracted by the loveliness of one amidst the group of children. She was about his own age, the daughter of the host. Through all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that early impression was never effaced—he loved her ever after with an intenseness of passion and unshaken constancy that gave a colour to his whole existence—in the various paths of life which he was destined to tread; her image was ever present, inspiring the desire for distinction; their early intercourse, like the sweet May morning on which they had first met, was bright and happy; the purity and artlessness of youth made it so. The young companions of Beatrice rallied her on the devotion of the youthful poet, and the gay sallies with which she herself treated the ardour of his love, only served to make her the more engaging in his eyes. She was induced to bestow her hand elsewhere; more, it has been said, in accordance with duty than inclination; for it is supposed her heart was not insensible to the love of the gifted youth, whose devotion, purity, and intellectuality might have found their way to one harder than hers. Dante fell sick and slowly recovered; whether her marriage was a subject of which he could not bear to think, it is certain that it is not once alluded to in his poetry. Beatrice did not long survive her marriage: within the year she was borne to her grave. The anguish of Dante was so intense, that it brought on a fearful illness, in which his life was long despaired of. Boccaccio mentions that he was so altered by grief that he could scarcely be known. Beatrice occupied all his thoughts: on the anniversary of her death, he sat alone thinking of her, and pouring out "an angel on his tablets." The influence which she had over him was as powerful in death as it had been in life—still to be worthy of loving, and of joining one so good and pure beyond the grave was his constant aim; all that he desired in renown, all that he wished for in fame, was to prove himself not undeserving of having devoted himself to her: in the camp—in the highest diplomatic positions, this was his great object in all his trials, and they were many and severe: this inspired him with a lofty dignity, and supported him under insults and injuries which would have broken many a proud spirit; but sublimed above the concerns of earth, his affection was such as might be felt for one translated

to a celestial abode. By continually dwelling on but one subject, his mind became utterly estranged from passing events, and he often fell into such fits of abstraction and despondency that his friends fearing that his reason would be completely upset, anxiously sought to give him some new interest in life, and at length prevailed on him to marry: this made him still more wretched; he could not, if he would, detach his mind from dwelling on her who had been his early and his only love, and to all his other misfortunes that of an unhappy marriage was added.

Like the attachment of Dante for Beatrice, that of Petrarch for Laura was the result of a sudden impression: he had hitherto ridiculed the notion of the power of love, but he was yet to experience it in its most extreme intensity. He was twenty-three when he first saw Laura de Sade, then in her twentieth year: he has himself recorded over and over again the exact hour, day, and year; it was at six in the morning on the 6th of April, 1327; it was at the church of Santa Claire at Avignon. Everything connected with that memorable meeting has been dwelt on with fond minuteness by the poet: the dress which she wore, the green robe sprigged with violets; every movement, every look was for ever treasured in his memory: the celestial beauty of her countenance bespoke the purity for which she was so remarkable in that age of licentiousness, and in contemplating her loveliness, reverence for virtue mingled with admiration. Petrarch and Laura often met in society, and became intimately acquainted; he was charmed with her conversation: she appears to have been in every way capable of appreciating Petrarch, and deserving of the influence which she possessed over him, which was exerted only to exalt his sentiments and strengthen his principles: though unhappy in her marriage, true to her vows, she preserved all that purity of thought which gave such an unspeakable charm to her beauty. The chivalrous spirit of the age encouraged a devotion to the fair sex, and platonic attachments were the fashion of the day, so that the dignity of Laura was not compromised when Petrarch made her the object of his poetical devotions, and the celebrity which he gained by this homage to her charms may have gratified much better feelings than those of vanity; the faith which she had pledged, though to an unworthy object, she held most sacred: she repressed the feelings of the enthusiastic poet whenever they appeared transgressing the bounds of friendship. Once, when in an unguarded moment he ventured to allude to his passion, the look of indignation with which she regarded him, and the tone in which she said, "I am not the person you take me for," overwhelmed him with shame and sorrow. The hopeless passion, of which he only dared to speak in song—and even the allowed indulgence of thus giving it expression, had a fatal effect; his health gradually declined; he grew pale and thin, and the charming vivacity which had been the delight of his friends utterly forsook him;



he estranged himself from the society of his former companions, and was no longer met with in the circles of which he had been the darling. At length he made an effort to conquer feelings that were too powerful to yield, and sought in foreign travel and the pursuit of literature to dissipate the inquietude which was consuming him; but still the image of Laura haunted him through all his wanderings, and inspired that poetry whose purity, fire, and tenderness, have been the admiration of the world. He returned to Avignon, but again fled from the presence which was so dear to him, and sought in the solitudes of Vaucluse, to regain the peace which he was never to find. Shut in from the whole world by the rocks and hills, he found that solitude was "no cure for love:" through that sweet valley, among its shades and by its fountains, he sung the praises of Laura. And thus years passed on. It was during this seclusion that he got Simon Memoni, a pupil of Giotto, to take Laura's likeness. So delighted was the artist with the beautiful subject that the same lovely face was recognized in several of his pictures of saints and angels. On the 24th of August, 1340, Petrarch received two letters, each with an offer of the laurel crown; one from the University of Paris, the other from the Roman Senate: he decided on accepting it from the latter. He valued the honour as the meed of his celebration of Laura; all selfish considerations were lost in the one desire that the lover of Laura should be renowned and distinguished. The feelings with which Laura must have heard of the honours paid to the one so long and so devotedly attached to her have not been described, but they may be conceived. Thirteen years had now passed since they had first seen each other. When Petrarch and Laura met, time and care had wrought their changes in both. Petrarch's locks were already sprinkled with grey, and the animation of his countenance was saddened by sorrow: the bloom of girlhood had passed from Laura, and the traces of melancholy which an unhappy lot had left were but too visible; but all the tenderness and sympathy of other days remained. The jealous disposition of M. de Sade prevented Petrarch's being received at his house, but they often met and conversed together; and Laura would sing for him those songs to which he had so often delighted to listen: there was a tender sympathy in this intercourse, soothing to both. Petrarch's allusion to their last meeting is very affecting: he found her, as he describes, in the midst of a circle of ladies; her whole air betokened dejection, and the sorrowful look with which she regarded him, and which seemed to him to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" made an indelible impression on him—his heart sank within him; and they seemed to feel at that sad moment that they were to meet no more. In the following year the plague broke out: Petrarch, who was at Parma, heard that it had reached Avignon; he was haunted by the recollection of the last moments that he had passed with Laura; it seemed to him as if the hand of

death had been on her already. The most cruel forebodings tortured him by day and by night; his dreams represented her as dying or dead. The dreaded news reached him—*Laura was dead!* An attack of the plague had carried her off in three days; she had died on the anniversary of that day on which they had first met. In all the bitterness of his grief, he recalled all that had passed at their last meeting: the melancholy solemnity of her adieu seemed to his memory as that of one on the confines of eternity; every kind word she had ever spoken, every kind look she had ever given, was dwelt on with passionate fondness; and the hope, the belief, that he had been dear to her was the only thing which could soothe. His dreams previously to her death appeared to his imagination mysteriously linked with that event: he has most touchingly described one of these visions, when he believed her pure spirit was permitted to visit and comfort him. His pathetic lamentations were heard throughout the world with the deepest sympathy, and wrung the heart of many a one who had in happier days shared "sweet counsel" with him."

The misfortunes of Torquato Tasso commenced in his early childhood: he was but eleven years old when political events obliged his father to quit Naples, and seek refuge in Rome. It had been settled that Torquato should follow him. The banishment from home, and from a mother on whom he doted, were sad trials. Some lines of touching tenderness commemorate the parting, and shew how bitterly it was felt. They were never to meet again: in eighteen months after they parted she died. He was indeed a child that must have been regarded with the fondest tenderness and pride. To wonderful acquirements for his age, were added what can never be acquired—a feeling heart, and poetical genius of the highest order, which in all his wanderings, in all his trials, had magic influence to charm a world which had nothing but misfortune for him. His mother best knew how much his sensitive nature required the tranquillity of a home, and the sympathy and endearments of those who loved him. But his lot was to be cast among strangers, and some among them proved implacable enemies. A life of stranger vicissitudes is scarcely to be met with: sometimes courted and caressed, the companion of princes; at other times wandering in almost extremity of want; inspired by a sacred love of liberty, yet condemned to long years of the saddest captivity, with charms and graces to win the love of the fairest and the best, yet destined to feel all the pangs of a hopeless passion! A being more to be admired and more to be pitied than Tasso surely never existed. He was but twenty, when he received the most flattering office of employment from Cardinal Luizi d'Este, brother to the Duke of Ferrara, who was anxious to secure the services of one possessed of such genius. Though a connexion with the d'Este family opened a brilliant prospect for a young man, yet the friends of Tasso, dreading for him the dangers of a



court, endeavoured to persuade him to decline the proposal : but it was too flattering to be refused, and he hastened to Ferrara, in compliance with the Cardinal's wish, who received him with every mark of distinction, and on occasion of his being appointed legate to France, introduced him at the French court, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Charles the Ninth, who was a warm admirer of his poetry. At Ferrara, Tasso became acquainted with the sisters of the Duke, who, intellectual and accomplished, could appreciate the gifted poet. His hours passed delightfully in their society. He has described the effect of his first interview with these fascinating ladies, in a rhapsody given to Tirsi, the character meant to represent himself in his "Aminta," in which the terms of goddesses, sirens, nymphs, minstrels, and luminaries are liberally bestowed, and shew at least that the young poet was intoxicated with delight in their presence. On their parts they enthusiastically admired him and his poetry. But there was one among them eminently attractive, whom he soon loved with all the passionate earnestness of which his ardent feelings were susceptible. Many of Tasso's biographers say that she was not insensible to the varied graces of the youth : in truth, his personal advantages, his rare accomplishments, and, above all, the enthusiasm of genius, so captivating and so winning, made him a dangerous companion for the young princesses.

Leonora was the youngest of the three sisters, and just nineteen when she and Tasso met. The princesses interested the Duke of Ferrara in his favour, and he appointed him to a situation in which he was exempt from duty, that he might devote himself exclusively to poetry. There was a handsome salary annexed, and apartments in the ducal palace. An inmate under the same roof with Leonora, the predilection which the young people felt for each other could not but increase. Confessions and vows may have passed between them, or Leonora's heart may have kept its own secret : the delicacy of Tasso's affection is clearly proved by the mystery which rests on those passages of his life in which she was concerned ; for while allusions expressed with infinite tenderness, found throughout his poetry, discover the state of his own feelings, there is not one word which can furnish a suggestion relative to hers. He had ventured, in accordance with the custom of the times, to celebrate her praises in verse : this, or some other circumstance, awakened the suspicions of the Duke : the intercourse of Tasso with the princesses was abruptly put an end to, and they were not suffered to meet. The Duke, to put an end to any vague hopes which he might entertain, pressed Tasso to marry, and suitable matches were proposed and declined. He withdrew for some time to Rome ; on his return he felt that he was incessantly watched, and his sensitive nature could ill brook the want of confidence which this betrayed, and he left Ferrara again and again, wandering, while absent, reckless and restless, from place to place ; and then,

impelled by his passion for Leonora, he would return, notwithstanding all his resolutions to the contrary, and regardless of the suspicions and machinations of the Duke. His melancholy increased, and his imagination continually represented that plots and designs against him were in agitation : he became irritable, and one day, in a fit of excitement, drew his dagger on one of the attendants ; but he was instantly disarmed, and was confined by order of the Duke within the precincts of the palace—he was, in fact, a prisoner ; but on expressing the regret which he felt for the intemperate act, the restraint was removed, and the Duke affected to treat him with his former kindness : but Tasso's feelings were too quick to be deceived ; he felt that he was the object of the Duke's dislike and displeasure. Unhappy and irresolute, he sometimes wished to retire to a convent for the remainder of his life ; but thoughts of his early home and happy days would often recur to his mind, and he longed to see his sister, the companion of his childhood, whom he had not met for years ; and he resolved to leave Ferrara secretly, and find his way to her. His sister was a widow, living at Torrento with her two children. One evening in the summer, as she sat alone, having sent the children out to amuse themselves, a shepherd brought a letter, which he had been directed to put into her hand—it was from Tasso, and told that he was in the midst of enemies and dangers at Ferrara, and that unless she could devise some means to save him, his death was inevitable. She questioned the messenger : his recital confirmed the intelligence, and represented the misery to which her brother was reduced in such terms, that, overcome with anguish, the lady fainted away. When she revived, Tasso discovered himself, and in those moments of affectionate recognition, he told her that he would never leave her for a world of which he had had too much : but his resolves were of short duration : Ferrara and its attraction could not be withstood. It was on the occasion of one of his returns from his restless wandering that he saw Leonora : the surprise and delight of being again in her presence were so great, that he uttered an impassioned exclamation : this gave the Duke the pretext for consigning him to St. Anne's Asylum for lunatics. "None but a madman would dare to act so !" was repeated over again. So hardly was poor Tasso dealt with for having indulged a hopeless, and it may have been an unrequited passion. At that time, and for very long after, the insane were treated as if they were not human beings, and the receptacles for them were under no regulations but those of caprice and cruelty. Tasso gives a most appalling account of his sufferings to his friend Gonzaga : it ends with these affecting words :—"Above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, which even in my best state was sometimes so distressing, that often at the most unseasonable hours I have gone in search of company. Sure I am, that if she who so little has corresponded to my attachment, if she



saw me in such a condition and in such misery, she would have some compassion on me!"

Even this abode of wretchedness could not extinguish his poetic fire, and from his solitary cell poems of surpassing beauty found their way to the world from which he was utterly shut out: they were read in every circle, and the genius of the author extolled; but his misfortunes found no helping hand for seven long years; at length, through the intervention of his friend Gonzaga, he was released. During his confinement Leonora had died: sorrow and sympathy may have had their share in bringing her to an untimely grave. Cruelty had done its part; the young and the beautiful sank beneath its weight, and the gifted mind had received a shock from which it never after thoroughly recovered. Tasso left Ferrara never to return: like the troubled spirit, he could find rest nowhere; but at length he took up his abode at Naples; his mother's property, which had long been unjustly withheld from him, was restored. The beauties of nature please when nothing else can, and they may not have been without their gentle influence on the stricken heart; but the haunts of childhood must have been mournfully contrasted with the dark scenes of after days. Tasso received an intimation from the Pope, that a decree had passed the senate, awarding the laurel

crown to "the greatest poet of the age;" "the honour," added the Pope, "is to the Laurel, and not to Tasso." Tasso accepted the honour with deep melancholy, and left Naples with a foreboding that he should see it no more. Though affliction had not extinguished a spark of poetic fire, it had not left a vestige of ambition; those that would most have delighted in his fame, and taken pride in his triumph, were in their graves, and he longed to be with them. The most gorgeous preparations were in progress, not only in the palace and capital, but in every street through which the procession was to pass. Tasso, with a prophetic spirit, declared the preparations were vain. Affliction, and his long confinement, had anticipated the work of years—the infirmities and languor of old age had overtaken him before their time: he fell ill—medical aid was unavailing—he was apprised of the approach of his last moments: he received the intimation with perfect calmness—all earthly concerns were lost in heavenly contemplations, and the only crown to which he aspired was that unfading crown which awaits the blessed in heaven.

The crowds were still collecting—fresh flowers were gathered to weave into the garlands that were to deck his triumph; but ere they had faded away the Poet was dead! M. A.

## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

### THE LAME-FOOTED DOG.

(From the German.)

BY MISS M. WATSON.

There lived in the city of Bagdad a pearl-merchant, who, in a very short period of time, had met with so many, and such serious losses, that his last and only hope of retrieving his affairs rested on a richly freighted vessel from India; but, though overdue, still she came not into the harbour, and the unfortunate merchant's prospects became daily more obscured. At length he resolved to apply to a diamond-dealer, who, if words were to be believed, he might consider a warm friend.

He went to him, accordingly, at an hour when he was sure to find him in his private counting-house, and, candidly laying his state before him, requested the loan of such a sum as would keep up his credit in the eyes of the world, either till his vessel arrived, or that, by being obliged to give up all hope of her, he must dispose of his whole property. "In either case," said he, "there will be enough to pay you back this loan; and if my good ship comes into port, I shall hold my head as high as ever I did for an honest dealer and a wealthy man."

The so-called friend let him say all he had to tell, and then with cold manner and abrupt speech excused himself from meeting the request. "My own business," said he, "has dwindled of late, and I have had my losses as

well as you. Besides, who can count upon a ship at sea? we hear every day of their going to the bottom, and I never heard of any of the rich cargoes they bore being got up again; so that you must excuse me from running a chance of 'throwing good money after bad,' as the saying is."

The poor pearl-merchant looked blank, and painfully remembered that on more than one occasion he had himself accommodated this very man, to a large amount, in emergency. He said nothing, however; well aware that if they came to a rupture, the state of his affairs would in all probability be published abroad, and so rendered more deplorable than ever by affecting his, as yet, unblemished credit.

As with a heavy heart he was leaving his friend's door, he observed several servants with a fine black dog—a noble animal it appeared—which they were preparing to drown in the river at hand; and being struck with pity for a creature in distress, he inquired what the poor animal had done to merit so hard a fate.

"He has become lame," replied the diamond-merchant. I bought him at a very high price, thinking to make money by him, as he is a capital sporting dog; but one unlucky night, in defending my shop against some thieves, he got an unfortunate and desperate blow on the leg, which I am told will never be cured; so I am going to have him drowned, as I can't keep idle servants."

"It's a pity, too; he's a noble animal. Let



me beg for him! See now how anxious his poor eyes look, as if he understood what we are saying. Spare his life, as the hurt was got in doing you such a signal service."

"Spare his life—that I may have the cost of his keep? No, indeed; I'm not such a block-head!"

"Well, then, will you make him a present to me? I will take his cost, to save his life. What is his name?"

"Beelzebub."

"Bring him here, boy."

And the string being loosened from the dog's neck, he went immediately to his new master, licking his hand, and looking up into his face, as if every word he had spoken for him had dropped right into his heart, and as if he were fully aware that he owed him his life. He followed him without the slightest hesitation; and when the poor pearl-merchant reached his house, and threw himself despondingly upon a couch, the dog lay down at his feet, and continued looking into his face so sympathisingly that words could not have expressed more, had he been gifted with speech.

"Ah, woe is me!" sighed the unhappy merchant; "and how bitterly, alas! does poverty tell upon one! Could I have believed in the black ingratitude of that man, to whom my purse has been so often opened, and my credit served as a safeguard! How fawning and flattering he was in my prosperity! and now that a cloud lowers over me, how cold and sour the aspect I met with! Where, where, alas! can I obtain six thousand sequins? And that alone can keep me afloat."

In sad thoughts and bitter sighs passed the first hours of the night, till Heaven, taking pity on his sufferings, sent a sweet slumber to the weary eyelids, and pleasant dreams soothed the perturbed spirit.

By early morning, however, he was again awake to his troubles: he sprang from his couch—the torments of utter helplessness and hopelessness wrung his heart; he pressed his hands upon his temples to still their throbbing, and try to gather courage to meet the storm which he knew must soon burst upon him; weak with mental anguish, he let one hand fall heavily on the table by which he reclined—it encountered a bag of money! yes, a bag of gold: ten thousand sequins, well reckoned, and with his address in full, lay on the table before him. "Am I awake?" he cried; "am I not still dreaming?" He rubbed his eyes, he gazed fixedly on the bag; then flew to the window, thinking he was under a waking delusion; but no—he returned to the table, and there lay the bag of money, with his address in clear characters before his eyes, in the broad daylight. He asked himself repeatedly how it could have got there without his knowledge? who could the silent benefactor be, who had thus delicately and timely come to save him from ruin and disgrace? He questioned all the house servants; no one had been out, no one had been seen to enter, no stranger they said could have come

without the knowledge of the door-keeper. Could it, he asked himself, be the diamond-merchant, repentant of his unkindness and ingratitude, who had taken this way of repairing the hard-heartedness he had previously shown? But no—no, it could not be he, who had proved his black nature towards *two faithful* friends in one day; he gave up the idea even. However, all the force of imagination was fruitless towards discovering the generous being who had become his benefactor; and he proceeded joyfully to meet his engagements, and redeem his tottering credit. Scarcely, however, had the last sequin been disbursed, when a fresh inquietude arose to disturb his mind: suppose that the unknown friend to whom he was now become a debtor should suddenly appear, saying, "Friend, I helped you in time of need, and now I am in want of assistance myself, so pray give back the loan I brought you so opportunely." What could he answer? what would then become of him, and the safety of his rich freight still in uncertainty? "Oh! my ship, my ship!" he cried aloud, "what has become of thee? My beautiful ship, hast thou been despoiled by corsairs! Art thou become the plaything of a storm, and been whirled in scattered fragments through the air? or hast thou sunk beneath the waves, never more to give tidings of thy whereabouts?" Several days and nights passed in this nervous anxiety; but on the fourth morning, as he again arose from a troubled rest, and paced his chamber with restless footstep, he suddenly beheld a piece of paper fall from above, on to the same table where he had found the bag of sequins. Under the idea of some fatal warning, he sprung upon it, and found a letter, directed in proper order to himself, which tearing open, he there read—

"Your ship was cast by a storm on the coast of the kingdom of Ophir, but was there repaired by the exertions and toil of your faithful crew. She put to sea again immediately she was worthy, and is now making her harbour with full sails and a fair wind, so that you may hourly expect her in the port."

Here he was once more put to his wits, as to how this letter had been conveyed; it seemed to have shot from the clouds, and he became alarmed, lest he might be under a power of witchcraft. "Can this news be true?" he mused, "or is the foul fiend making a sport of me?" Equally vain were his conjectures respecting the letter as they had been about the money; and while he was yet uncertain how to take the information it contained, and on the third morning after its receipt, a sudden cry was loudly raised on the quay that the long-expected vessel had hove in sight; and so it proved, for a few hours after saw her comfortably riding at anchor in her native haven. "Allah be praised!" cried the joyful pearl-merchant, when he ascertained that all things had happened exactly as had been stated in the miraculously-received epistle. "Allah be praised!" repeated the grateful merchant. "Ah! how beautiful all things look again, now that I am happy; but no," he cried, "I



cannot be truly happy till I become acquainted with my secret and benevolent benefactor; he who saved me from the gulph of ruin; that act will ever live in my inmost heart uneasily till my grateful thanks are spoken." Here Beelzebub, the lame-footed dog, rose from his place, and came wagging his tail, and showing his joy in every gesture, approached his master, seated himself on his hind legs, and laying his fore paw gently on his master's knee, looking at the same time in his face with an expression of human understanding, human feeling, and human friendship; the merchant, meanwhile, coaxing and patting him, and seeming even to feel increased kindness towards the poor animal, who so evidently partook his sentiments.

Suddenly a voice, a *human* voice, struck his ear, and his faithful dog thus spoke: "Be not alarmed, my kind benefactor and beloved master, that your thankful and grateful dog now speaks to you. All animals would speak if men would but treat them worthily; it is the general cruelty and hard-heartedness we meet with that keeps us silent towards mankind. I belong to a race that peculiarly wishes to be the friend of man, and we have also a countless band of all sorts of quadrupeds and bipeds linked together, to do service to those who are kind to any of us. All of them rejoiced in your pity to me, by which you were induced, first to save the life of an animal apparently useless to you, and since to make life a happiness to me by your constant caring for my comfort, and your kind and merciful conduct towards myself; and we are all united to show our gratitude, in all or any ways conducive to your well-being. The swallow, whose nest hangs above your chamber-window, was the faithful ambassador between me and them, and carried the information I gained, as to how we might meet your wishes. An old great grandfather dolphin dived into the deep of the ocean, and brought up one of the many bags of treasure which lie concealed there, gathered from the wrecks of ages, which he then delivered to the stork, who for so many years has reared her young in peace, and unmolested, on the roof of your house: the elephant, who is our president, charged a flock of sea-gulls, who fly over the world of waters, and gather tidings of your ship, which obtained, the house swallow brought with alacrity the letter in her beak. Now, my dear kind master, you know who was your friend—who makes it his pleasure to win your favour; and you never will meet from any animal whatsoever in the so-named brute creation but attachment and gratitude for kindness shown to them, and an undying remembrance of those who are gentle to, and notice them. All animals shudder at the baseness and cruelty we often witness from man to his fellow-man; and all of us endeavour to serve, or please, till our dying day that man, woman, or child, who has in any instance behaved mercifully to us.

## ANNIE'S THOUGHTS.

*Monday.*—Got up very early, and went to play in the garden: came in again, singing a little song, with a pretty nosegay for mamma. When I got into the breakfast-room, mamma was not there, so I ran upstairs quickly, and into her bed-room. Mamma was angry, for she had a bad headache. She said, "Another time, Annie, come in more gently." I was very sorry, for I had meant to please her with the nosegay, and I did not dare to give it to her; so I put it on the hall-table, and it is withering there, and nobody will have it. When I mean to be very good and obliging, I am sure to vex somebody: I wish I could be really good, like sister Lizzie.

*Monday afternoon.*—Miss Ricketts has given us a half-holiday, that we may take a long walk this beautiful weather. Poor Miss Ricketts! she would have liked to go with us, to pluck wild-flowers; I know she would. But she is so pale and thin, and cannot bear to walk. So sister Lizzie is to take care of us. Sister Lizzie was whispering to Miss Ricketts just before dinner, and I heard Miss Ricketts say, "Will not your mamma expect me to go?" And Lizzie answered "No, I am sure she will not; I will tell her all about it." So when mamma came in to take her luncheon at our dinner, Lizzie spoke so prettily; and though mamma was at first offended, and said that Miss Ricketts ought to go, Lizzie persuaded her to excuse her, and promised to take such care of us! I for one will be very good, and then Lizzie won't be blamed.

*Tuesday morning.*—Oh dear! how I wish I could ever behave properly. And yet Mary was more naughty than I was yesterday; for she told a story, and I only tore my frock, and spoiled my bonnet. But mamma was more angry with me than with her. I am a wretched little girl! I never can please anybody. Aunt Caroline is coming to-day, and they will tell her all about me, and why I am shut up here in disgrace. I shall be so ashamed when I see her!

Poor little Henry has just been to the door, and pushed under it some little cakes, and asked me to kiss him through the keyhole. They are very nice cakes, and I am very hungry, for I could not eat my breakfast for crying. But I must not taste them, for mamma ordered me to have only bread and water, and I will not be deceitful; though I really do think that she does not love me at all—she is so severe! I know I am a very careless child; but then I love her, and really wish to please her, and Mary does not. She does all kinds of naughty things behind mamma's back, and is often very impatient to her; and yet mamma seems to love her the best, better even than Lizzie, who is so good. Or I wonder if it is only that I am really a naughty and jealous child! For mammas are grown up and wise, and know better than little girls.



I am very glad that mamma shut me up in my own little room, where I have my desk, and pen and ink. I should be quite afraid all by myself so long, if I could not write, and had to sit still doing nothing!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is getting very dark, and I can scarcely see my pen; but I must do something, for I dare not look into that corner of the room, where the lights are. Something keeps waving across them, and nodding its head at me. Oh! how I wish mamma would come, or Miss Ricketts! All this long day I have seen nobody, except Susan twice, when she brought my bread and water. I am tired of looking out of the window at those dark trees. And there is a strange white figure at the end of the avenue. Oh, I am so frightened! Mamma! come to me quickly!

*Wednesday evening.*—I do not know what was the matter with me last night. I heard them whisper something about fainting, and somebody carried me along the passage; and when I awoke I was in bed, and kind aunt Caroline was sitting by me. She saw that I was awake, and she leaned over me, and put her sweet, cool face to mine, and kissed me. Dear aunt! I did love her so. I wonder why it is I love her so very much! But Miss Ricketts says that I am not to write any more, for I am not well enough. And indeed I feel very strange; and my heart beats fast.

*Thursday.*—This morning, quite early, I had such strange fancies. Aunt Caroline slept with me; and, when I awoke, I turned and looked at her. She was lying quite still, and her white eyelids were fast shut, and her pretty red mouth—a little open—showed two white teeth. She was so pale and still, that, somehow, she reminded me of Miss Lyle, whom sister Lizzie took me to see after she was dead. I began to wonder what it felt like to die. It seems so strange to lie still, and not see, or hear, or feel; and yet be the same person. But sister Lizzie told me that the soul was up in the sky. While I was thinking about this, a bird began to chirp, in a low tone, and then another, and another; and by-and-by they sang louder, and it began to be very light—with a strange, golden light. I felt very faint, and it seemed to me that I was really dying, and going to heaven. My heart beat so slowly, and stopped so often, that I thought it would soon quite stop, and I knew that then I should be dead. But I was not frightened, but felt very happy; and now I believe I should like to die.

*Thursday evening.*—I have been talking to aunt Carry a long time, while mamma and all the rest were out walking. I have been telling her all my feelings about mamma and Mary, which I am afraid have been very wrong. Aunt Caroline did not blame or scold me at all; but spoke very kindly. I wish I could write down what she said; it was a great comfort to me, and I wanted comfort very much. I first told her how mamma was always scolding me for being untidy, and about her

saying to me the other day, "It is really of no use getting anything nice for so careless and dirty a child as you are. You are never fit to be seen, and I am quite ashamed of you." And yet, I try to be neat; but somehow I never can run about and romp like other children but I either tear two or three tucks, or hook my frock on a nail and make a great hole in it; or else I stumble into some mud and splash myself all over. Then my sandals always come untied when I am walking; and I am so pleased with the fresh air and the flowers that I never notice them, and they trail after me in the dust, and mamma says *that* is a sure sign of a sloven. I can't help climbing the hedges when I see a pretty flower; and I am certain to get entangled among the briars, or to slide into the ditch and wet my feet. Lizzie and Mary never do such things; they walk properly along, and when they play it is very gently. After telling aunt Caroline all this, I asked her if it was worse to be untidy and careless or to tell stories and be deceitful. I confessed how very angry I felt sometimes when I knew what naughty things Mary had done; and all the time she managed so well to hide them that mamma thought she was quite a good little girl; and when there was any quarrel or anything wrong in the school-room, laid all the blame upon me. And it was of no use defending myself; for then mamma was more angry than ever, and said that I made false excuses, and that I was jealous because Mary was better than I. I told aunt Caroline that I could not help sometimes really hating Mary, and wishing that something would happen to her, that she might get punished as well. I said how I had often longed to die, for then I should trouble no one; and perhaps after I was dead they would wish that they had been more kind to me. But Aunt Caroline told me that I must be content, and even happy to live; for that life was a great and glorious gift, conferred upon us by our kind Creator, to be thankfully enjoyed and carefully used and improved. She convinced me how much it depended upon myself to be loved—that no heart, however cold, could always withstand affections—that I must persevere in trying to be kind and amiable, and useful to others. She told me that carelessness was a very troublesome fault; that it annoyed neat and orderly people exceedingly, and that if I really wished to please mamma, I should let Mary's faults alone, however great, and endeavour with all my might to become tidy and thoughtful. That in so doing I should begin to know myself, and find how difficult it was to cure a bad habit; and thus learning humility, I should think mercifully of other offenders, and try to make them better, instead of indulging unkind feelings towards them. "My darling Annie!" she said, "do your best according to your knowledge; be humble, useful, and affectionate; and in time these clouds of your childhood will disperse, and the sunshine of a clear conscience will gild each day of duty and love." I remember almost every word that she spoke,



with her calm, gentle voice. When we had done talking, we went to take a little walk in the fields; and before we returned, the great yellow, full moon had risen, and its light mingled with the twilight, and all was so quiet and happy, that we walked home hand in hand quite silently. But I must not write any longer, for mamma will be displeased if I sit up late, and I am now going to do everything I can to please and make her love me.

*Friday.*—Something has happened so delightful! The doctor has been to see me, and he says that I am very delicate, and require change of air; and mamma and aunt Caroline have

settled that I am to go with my aunt to her pretty house in Devonshire, and pay a long visit. But what will become of all my resolutions about being good at home, and making mamma love me? Well, I must bear them in mind until my return; and I dare say I shall learn to be neat and tidy with Aunt Caroline; she has such a nice kind way of teaching.

Farewell, then, thoughts! I must lock you safely into my desk, and help to pack up; for Aunt Carry is wanted at home, and we are to set off early to-morrow morning.

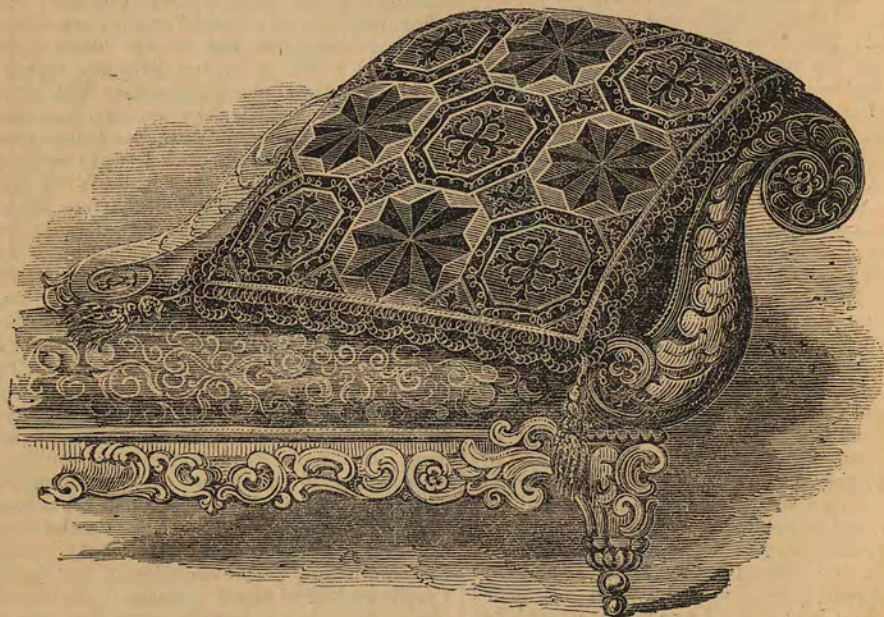
\* \* \* \* \*

HANNAH CLAY.

## THE WORK-TABLE.

### PATCHWORK CUSHION.

**MATERIALS** :—Black Velvet Ribbon, one inch wide; rich purple Merino or Silk, of two shades, which must approximate; gold-coloured ditto, and a skein of narrow Russian Silk Braiding to match exactly with the gold and the lighter purple; 12 yards of gold-coloured chain gimp, and 4 tassels to match.



The diagrams being given of the full size, for every part, no difficulty can occur in cutting out the different sections. The octagons are formed alternately of stars, made in the purple material, and formed into the proper shape by means of gold-coloured diamonds, which fit in between the points, and octagons of gold-colour, braided with purple, and edged with black velvet ribbon braided in gold. Purple diamonds, braided with gold, or *vice versa*, fill up the spaces between the octagons; and sections of the same (halves and quarters) are used to form the whole into a square.

In choosing the purple Merino, take care that

it is of a bright tint, and that there is no great difference between the two shades, as they are intended merely to give the effect of light and shadow. The star consists of sixteen pieces, namely, eight of each shade, and the same number of gold-coloured diamonds. The yellow octagon may be either in one piece or in eight, the braiding being in four parts, meeting in the centre, as represented in the engraving.

In running on silk braid, it is often so difficult to obtain sewing silk to match, that it is very convenient to cut off a length of braid, and draw out the threads for sewing it on: this saves a great deal of trouble. Braid patterns



are marked, liked those for embroidery, by being first pricked on stout paper, laid over the material, and pounced.

The cushion is accurately represented in the engraving: it consists of the following pieces—

5 yellow and black octagons.

4 purple ditto.

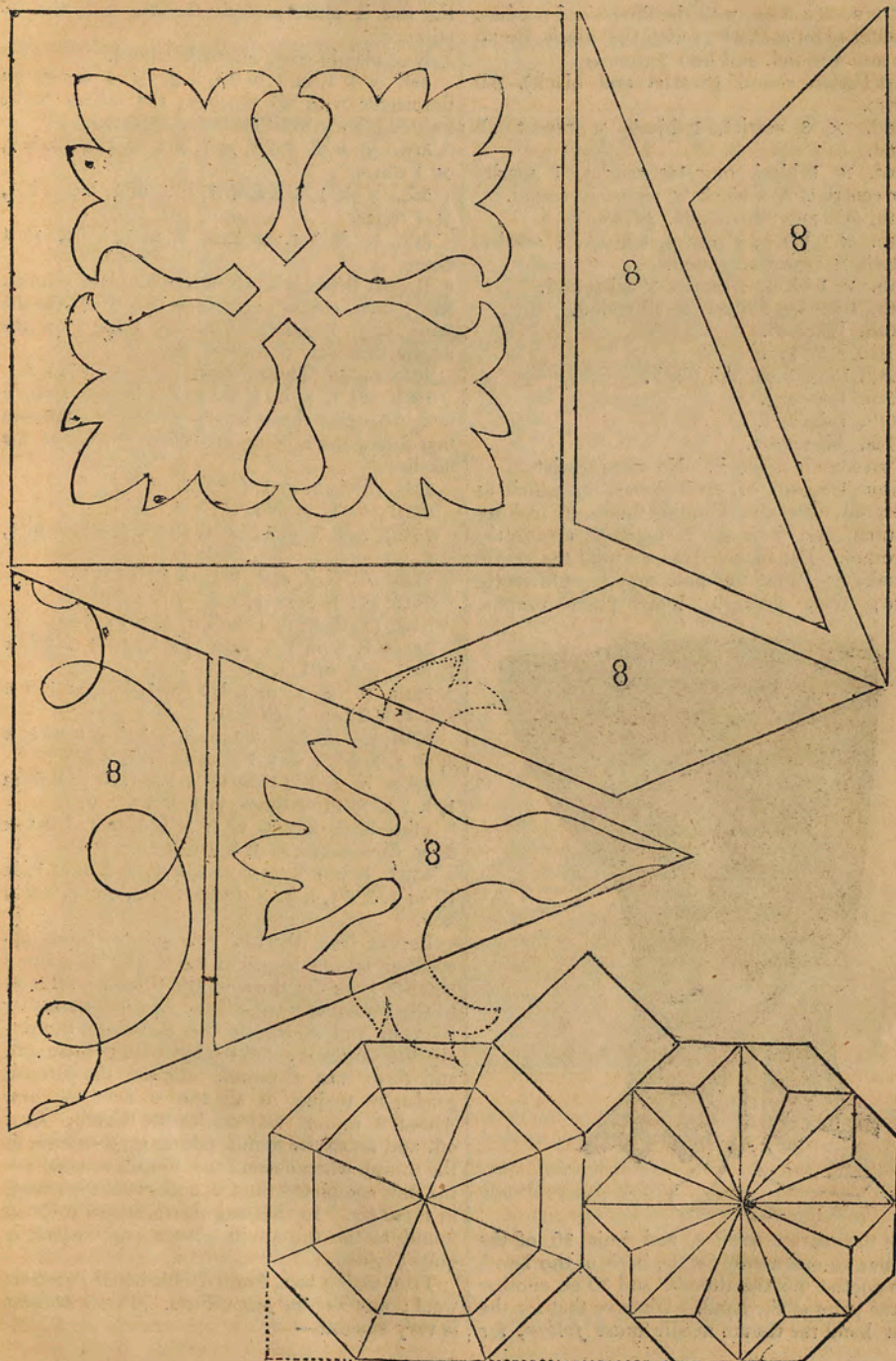
4 diamonds.

4 diamond quarters, for corners.

8 half-diamonds, for the sides.

The other side of the cushion may be of purple or gold Merino, or black velvet. A trimming of chain gimp, and four handsome tassels, complete it.

AIGUILLETTE.





## KNITTED MITTEN, WITH CUFF.

**MATERIALS:**—18 skeins of black Berlin Wool, 4 skeins of scarlet, blue, or any other colour, and a small quantity of black Pyrenees Wool, or Netting Silk. 4 Knitting Needles, Nos. 16 and 17.—Observe, these sizes will make an ordinary-sized Mitten for a lady's hand; but if it is desired smaller, Nos. 17 and 18 may be used, and Nos. 15 and 16 if larger, the size depending wholly on the needles used, and the degree of tightness of the work.

**CUFF.**—Cast on, with the finer-sized needles, 24 stitches on each of 3; with the black Berlin join into a round, and knit 2 rounds.

1st Pattern round (Scarlet and black). All scarlet.

2nd.  $\times$  3 scarlet, 1 black  $\times$  repeat all round.

3rd.  $\times$  1 black over 1st scarlet, 1 scarlet over centre of 3, 2 black  $\times$  repeat all round.

4th, 5th, and 6th rounds. All black.

7th.  $\times$  2 black, 1 scarlet, 1 black, 1 scarlet, 1 black  $\times$  repeat all round.

8th.  $\times$  1 black, 2 scarlet  $\times$  all round.

9th. 1 scarlet, 2 black  $\times$  all round.

10th. Like 8th.

11th. Like 7th.

12th, 13th, 14th. All black.

15th. Like 3rd.

16th. Like 2nd.

17th. All scarlet.

Two rounds of black. No more scarlet.

Knit 1 round of eyelet-holes, in which to insert an elastic, or a satin ribbon, by making 1 stitch, and knitting 2 together alternately all round. Put the wool *twice* round the needle to make one, that the hole may be sufficiently large; then knit 2 more plain rounds.



Take the coarser needles, and knit 36 of the stitches on one needle for the back of the hand, 6 on another for the thumb, and 30 on another for the palm of the hand. Observe that for the right hand the thumb needle must *follow*, for

the left it must *precede*, the one with the 36 stitches.

Knit plainly *every* alternate round.

1st.  $\times$  k 4, m 1, k 2 t, k 3,  $\times$  4 times, on the needle with 36 stitches; the others to be knitted plainly until otherwise directed.

3rd.  $\times$  k 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2,  $\times$  4 times.

5th.  $\times$  k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 1,  $\times$  4 times.

7th.  $\times$  k 2 t, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2 t,  $\times$  4 times.

Repeat these, with the alternate plain rounds, *once*; then, continuing to knit this needle in the same way, begin to form the thumb on the needle with only 6 stitches, thus:

17th round (Thumb needle). K 3, m 1, k 3.

19th. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 1. Repeat from *a* to *b*, whenever these letters occur, the stitches that follow the *a* being the *centre stitches* of the needle.

21st. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 3.

23rd. (b) K 3, m 1, (a) k 5.

25th.  $\times$  k 3, m 1,  $\times$  twice, k 2 t, k 2, m 1, k 2.

27th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 4, m 1, (a) k 1.

29th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 5, m 1, (a) k 3.

31st. (b) K 3, m 1, k 6, m 1, (a) k 5.

33rd. K 3, m 1, k 2, m 1, k 8, m 1, k 2 t, k 7, m 1, k 2, m 1, k 3.

35th. (b) K 3, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 4, k 2 t, m 1, (a) k 1.

37th. (b) K 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, k 2 t, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 2, k 2 t, m 1, (a) k 3.

39th. K 2, k 2 t, m 1,  $\times$  k 2 t, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2 t,  $\times$  three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

41st. K 2, k 2 t, m 1,  $\times$  k 4, m 1, k 2 t, k 3,  $\times$  three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

43rd. K 2, k 2 t,  $\times$  m 1, k 2, k 2 t, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2 t, k 2,  $\times$  three times, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

Repeat from the 37th row once or twice, according to the length of the hand; then slip 3 stitches from the sides of the thumb-needle on to the adjoining ones. Take two more knitting needles, and distribute the remaining thumb-stitches on three; make 6 by casting them on, and form into a round. Repeat the pattern, gradually taking in all the 6 new stitches. About 8 rounds will do for the thumb. Cast off, and finish the hand, taking up 6 stitches at the thumb when closing the round, leaving out the now completed thumb, and gradually taking in these six. In this way the tightness so often found at the thumb in gloves and mittens is quite avoided.

Trim with a lace, knitted with black Pyrenees wool; any narrow one will do. The following is very suitable—



Cast on 7 stitches.

1st row. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2.

2nd. K 3, p 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

3rd. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 4.

4th. K 6, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

5th. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, m 2, k 2,

6th. K 3, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k 1.

7th. K 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 7.

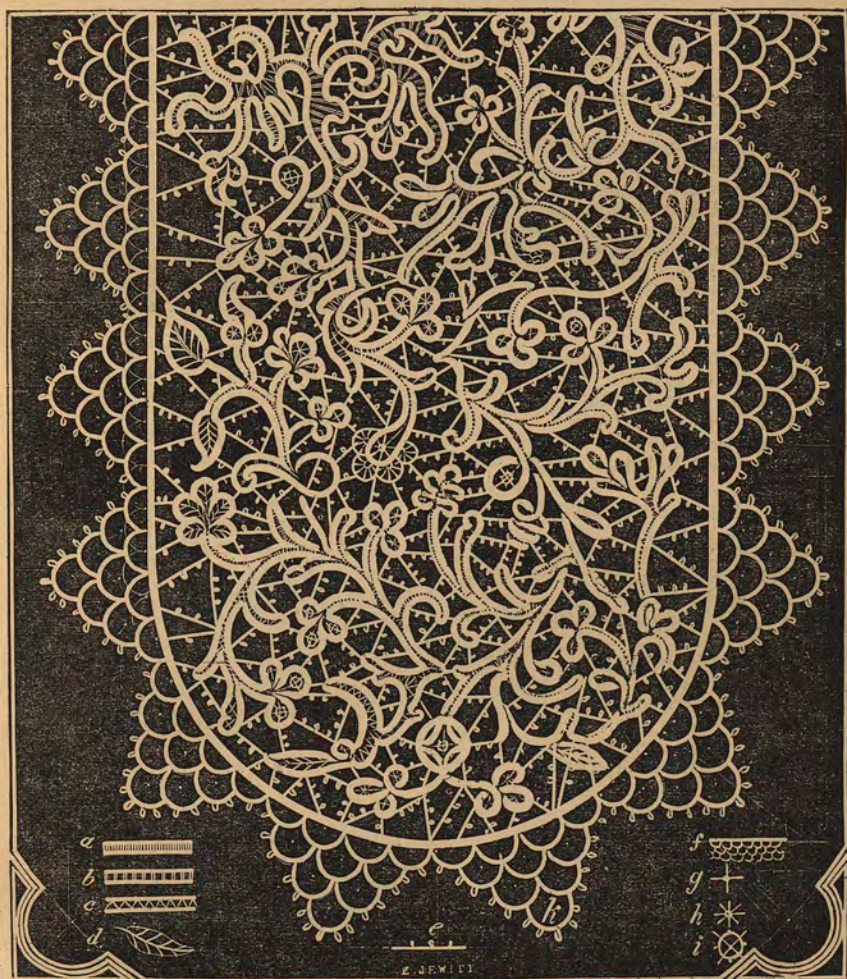
8th. Cast off 5, k 3, m 1, k 2 t, k 2.

Do sufficient to sew on rather full.

AIGUILLETTE.

# POINT LACE LAPPET,

MATERIALS:—Evans's Point Lace Cottons, with Boar's Head, Nos. 60 and 80. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 1, and French white Cotton Braid, No. 7.



The engraving of this lappet is given of as great a width as is generally worn: it may, however, if thought desirable, be increased a third or a fourth. The length of a lappet is about three-quarters of a yard. The two ends correspond.

The braid is extremely narrow, and must be put on with great accuracy. The ground is worked entirely in Raleigh bars, with Mecklenburgh No. 100. The other stitches (of which

diagrams are given in the corners) are as follows:—

a. Twisted threads (Sorrento bars). Evans's Boar's Head, No. 60.

b. English bars. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100.

c. Point d'Alençon. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

d. Leaves, with a Venetian bar for the centre,



veining and Sorrento bars at the sides. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

e. Raleigh bars. Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

f. Brussels lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 60.

g. English lace. The same cotton, No. 70.

h. Open English lace. The same cotton, No. 80.

i. Raleigh wheels. These are worked on four bars, with an English spot at the cross. The wheel is then made round it, with a spot at

the centre of each division. Use, for all these wheels, Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

k. The edging is worked entirely in button-hole, on Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, in which it is outlined. The first line of small scallops is first traced; then each scallop is separately finished in outline, by laying the thread down on the *three*, then slipping it back to the point where the *two* begin; then the one. When all are outlined, they must be covered with button-hole stitch, finished with Raleigh dots as indicated in the engraving.

AIGUILLETTE.

## OLD CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

OLD CHRISTMAS we know  
By his locks of snow  
And his crown of ivy green;  
The lintel we arch,  
For his triumph march,  
With the holly's prickly sheen  
And its crimson fruit  
Like a winter suit,  
And the miseltøe niched between.

Though His locks are white,  
His eyes are as bright  
As a poet's in ardent youth,  
When a rich voice chimes  
To the fervent rhymes  
That glow with the light of truth.

Though His locks are pale,  
His step is as hale  
As a yeoman's in prime of years;  
And his genial laugh  
Is more glad by half  
Than a jester's boisterous cheers.

But his stalwart hand,  
It holds a wand  
That hath surely a fairy spell,  
When he waves it back  
On the Past's worn track,  
Where the silent memories dwell!

Then His laugh is hushed,  
And our mirth is crushed,  
As He points to some vacant seat;  
While over our souls  
The cadence rolls  
Of a voice we no more shall greet.

And He asks us each,  
If we list his speech,  
How the Year gone by has sped;  
With heart and mind  
Have we loved our kind,  
And blessings around us shed?

For He hateth strife,  
And a selfish life,  
With a hatred so severe  
That where they abide  
His face he will hide,  
And his joy will disappear.

What He loves to do  
In the world's full view,  
Or perchance in a quiet way,  
Is to link our hands  
In brotherly bands,  
That shall never indeed decay.

His Name shows us LOVE  
The Purest; above  
What mortals can fairly discern;  
In that one little word  
Every text may be heard,  
And we every lesson may learn!

As he takes up his staff  
We can hear the last laugh  
Of Christmas so honoured and dear;  
Then He lifts from the floor  
A corpse to the door,  
And buries the dead Old Year.

While there glides in the Heir  
To the Old Year's care,  
As well as its worth and wit;  
Who for sceptre upholds  
A scroll's thick folds,  
All white and unwritten yet!

## FLOWER-DIVINATION.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

[Margaret gathers a star-flower, and plucks off the leaves, one after another.]

Faust. A nosegay may that be?

Margaret. No! 'tis a game.

Faust. What murmur you?

Margaret. He loves me—loves me not—

[Plucking off the last leaf, with fond joy.]

He loves me!

Rayed flower, what will your last leaf tell—  
He loves me not?—or loves me well?  
A leaf I pluck from out your round—  
O startled look of quick delight  
That flashed into his eyes last night,  
When mine his wandering glance first found!  
As sweet a tale, O last leaf, tell—  
He loves me well.



Another—be the fear forgot  
That now I pluck—He loves me not;  
Not? Loves me not? and need I dread!  
Ah, as I brushed behind her chair,  
His drawn to hers, they whispered there  
So low, I caught not what he said—  
Nor she. Would that could be forgot!—  
He loves me not.

Next picked—of sweetest hopes to tell—  
Your sweetness says, He loves me well;  
Yes! loves me well; I will not fear!  
I knew—I felt him at my side,  
My partner—not to be denied;  
Not hers, as the next dance drew near!  
O, last plucked leaf, come quick to tell—  
He loves me well.

Hope—fear—each straight in each forgot,  
Thrice evil leaf, He loves me not!  
Alas! alas! and is it true?  
And did I see his laughing eye—  
I on his arm—to her's reply,  
As his to mine alone should do?  
Come, last picked leaf, to tell me—what?—  
He loves me not?

White with my fears that petal fell;  
O, red last leaf, He loves me well;  
Here do I pluck all sweetest thought,  
I know his hand pressed mine—I heard  
The tremble in his latest word;  
What could be told but what I sought!  
Last leaf, I knew your fall must tell—  
He loves me well.

## SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

My forest walks at Soignies were not sad  
Although alone I wandered, for with me  
Strange memories of the past were busily  
Turning the present to a scene all glad  
And rife with hope; thus making me to see  
Dear Indian woods 'midst Belgian greenery,  
And Asiatic flowers where I but had  
The golden rods and bluebells blooming free  
'Twi'x Waterloo and Brussels, where each tree  
Seemed fraught with joy. So I, in age, do walk  
'Mid jungle paths with youth's brisk step, and find  
Companions fond that with me sweetly talk,  
Though we have long been severed. For the mind  
Hath powers which no dire body-ails can baulk!  
*Brussels, Sept. 1851.*

## A MINUIT.

## SOUVENIR D'UN RÉVEILLON DE NOËL\*.

J'assistais l'hiver dernier, chez ma grand'tante au réveillon traditionnel de la nuit de Noël. La collation venait de finir; le thé et le punch au rhum avaient remplacé sur la table du festin les pyramides dorées de beignets à la fleur d'orange. Attachée, en vraie douairière qu'elle était, aux souvenirs du bon vieux temps dont douze lustres accomplis la séparaient, ma vénérable parente avait formellement exigé que chacun de ses convives racontât, à tour de rôle, une de ces mystérieuses histoires de bandits et de fantômes, si délicieuses à entendre, les soirs d'hiver, au coin d'un feu pétillant, lorsque le vent de bise pleure à la fenêtre, que le chien hurle dans la cour et que la neige blanchit au loin les toits de maisons solitaires. Comme cette ennuyeuse corvée était une des conditions *sine quâ* non d'admission chez ma grand'tante, pendant la veillée de Noël, aucun des invités ne songea à s'y soustraire. Désigné le premier par le sort, je m'exécutai de manière à ébranler les nerfs les moins délicats et les imaginations les plus paresseuses. J'eus à peine terminé mon improvisation lugubre, pleine des réminiscences de Lewis, d'Anne Ratcliffe et d'Hoffmann, que ma grand'tante, avec toute la gravité d'un président de la chambre au dépouillement d'un scrutin ministériel, mêla de nouveau dans son tablier plusieurs petits morceaux de papier, aux noms des divers

convives, en tira un, le déploya lentement et lut à haute voix le nom de Mlle. Simon. Une femme septuagénaire pour le moins se leva, à ces mots, de la place où elle était assise, rapprocha son fauteuil du feu et commença, sans se faire prier, l'anecdote suivante, qui m'intéressa d'autant plus vivement qu'il était bien facile de voir que la bonne vieille n'y ajoutait rien et qu'elle était encore, en la racontant, sous l'impression de profonde terreur qu'elle avait dû éprouver jadis en y jouant un rôle.

« En 1788, nous dit-elle, je servais en qualité de femme de confiance chez M. le comte Auguste de Rocherolles. A demi ruiné par des spéculations malheureuses et par la perte d'un procès récent, le comte avait renoncé au séjour de la capitale, et il était allé s'établir avec sa femme, jeune encore, et son fils, âgé de neuf ans, dans son château de Sept-Fontaines, situé dans le département des Ardennes, à une petite lieue de Charleville.

« Le château de Sept-Fontaines est un vieux monument gothique du moyen-âge, célèbre dans la contrée, parce que la tradition rapporte qu'Henry IV., à la suite d'une chasse au sanglier, y passa la nuit dans une chambre du rez-de-chaussée, surnommée encore aujourd'hui, par ce motif, *chambre du roi*. Il s'élève majestueusement au milieu d'une plaine vaste et inculte. Devant lui apparaissent, dans un horizon rapproché, les remparts de la ville; derrière lui des forêts, des vallées et des montagnes, mais nulle part aux environs ni fermes, ni chaumières, ni demeures habitées. A l'époque de cette histoire, le personnel du château ne se composait que du

\* Nous connaissons particulièrement l'héroïne de la petite anecdote qu'on va lire, et c'est à sa prière, et en quelque sorte sous sa dictée, que nous avons écrit l'article suivant dont nous garantissons d'ailleurs l'authenticité.



comte de Rocherolles, de sa femme, de son fils, d'un vieux domestique anglais appelé Tom, et de moi. Or, un jour (c'était, si ma mémoire est fidèle, le 3 Octobre de cette année), Tom, en revenant de faire à la ville ses provisions accoutumées, annonça à ses maîtres qu'une troupe d'acteurs Parisiens, descendu la veille à l'hôtel du *Lion d'Or*, se proposait de donner le lendemain une représentation extraordinaire sur le théâtre de Charleville. La comtesse ayant manifesté le désir d'assister à cette représentation, il fut convenu que le vieux Tom conduirait ses maîtres à la comédie et que je resterais au château pour veiller le jeune Alfred, à qui son état maladif ne permettait pas d'accompagner ses parents. Sans en deviner la raison, sans en approfondir la cause, je me rappelle que je les vis partir avec un serrement de cœur inexprimable. Appuyée au seuil de la porte, je les suivis des yeux aussi longtemps qu'il me fut possible de les apercevoir, et lorsque le cabriolet eut entièrement disparu à travers les sinuosités de la grande route, mille inquiétudes vagues vinrent m'assaillir. Les horribles exploits de la bande de chauffeurs qui désolait en ce moment les provinces de la France se représentèrent vivement à mon imagination. Je me rappelai avec terreur que peu de mois auparavant un vieillard et une jeune fille avaient été mutilés dans une ferme du village de Gruyères, distant seulement de quelques lieues de Sept-Fontaines. L'idée que j'étais seule avec un enfant malade, dans ce château désert, éloigné de toute habitation, de tout secours, de toute protection, en cas d'attaque nocturne, augmentait encore mon effroi. Toutefois, je ne négligeai aucune des précautions que la prudence me suggéra. Je fermai soigneusement la grille extérieure, je tirai les verrous de toutes les fenêtres, et après m'être pour ainsi dire barricadée à l'intérieur, je revins m'asseoir, émue, inquiète, et l'esprit préoccupé des plus sombres pressentiments, auprès du jeune malade, dans la salle basse du rez-de-chaussée appelée *chambre du roi*.

« La soirée s'était écoulée tout entière sans qu'aucun incident extraordinaire eût justifié mes appréhensions et mes craintes. Minuet venait de sonner à la vieille horloge du château, et ses tintements lugubres avaient produit en moi une sensation de bien-être indicible, car ils m'annonçaient, à n'en pas douter, que l'heure du spectacle était passée et que mes maîtres devaient être en route pour revenir. Souriant et déjà aux trois quarts rassurée, je me dirigeai vers la fenêtre pour tâcher d'apercevoir leur cabriolet dans la campagne, lorsqu'il me sembla entendre un léger bruit dans la boiserie de l'appartement, à l'extrémité de la chambre, opposée à celle où je me trouvais. Vous rendre l'impression que ce bruit étrange produisit sur moi est chose impossible. Je demeurai à ma place immobile, l'oreille tendue, la sueur au front, retenant jusqu'à mon souffle. Alfred, qui avait entendu le même bruit que moi, et qui comme moi était saisi de crainte, descendit doucement de son fauteuil, et, par un mouvement naturel aux enfants qui ont peur, il vint cacher sa tête sous mon tablier, en entou-

rant mes genoux de ses mains tremblantes. Ce n'était pas une hallucination de mon esprit. Je n'en pouvais douter. Il y avait bien là quelqu'un, sous mes pieds, à quelques pas de moi. On fouillait le sol avec précaution; on cherchait à pénétrer dans la chambre. Je ne saurais dire si ce fut la certitude même et l'imminence du danger, qui m'armèrent, en ce moment, d'une résolution et d'un courage que je ne me connaissais pas; mais je me levai résolument de mon siège, je courus à la cuisine, je saisis une hache, et je revins, ainsi armée, me placer à l'endroit où le bruit s'était fait entendre et où je m'attendais à voir bientôt paraître quelqu'un. Mon appréhension ne fut pas trompée. A ma grande surprise, un carreau de la chambre se souleva lentement, puis un second; une main s'appuya sur le plancher et une horrible tête de bandit, sombre et menaçante, parut devant moi. Au même instant la hache que je tenais à la main s'abattit avec la rapidité de l'éclair, et la tête du chauffeur roula au milieu de la chambre. L'enfant poussa un grand cri. La lampe, qu'il avait heurtée en fuyant, tomba et s'éteignit. L'obscurité la plus complète régna dans la salle. »

Après quelques efforts visibles pour dompter son émotion, la bonne vieille reprit ainsi: « J'étais encore au bord du trou, ma hache levée et prête à frapper autant de coups, à abattre autant de têtes, que le danger se présenterait de fois, lorsque j'entendis distinctement au-dessous de moi les paroles suivantes, bien qu'elles fussent proférées à voix basse et avec beaucoup de précaution :

« — Eh bien, as-tu vu quelqu'un? La chambre est-elle éclairée?

« Vous comprenez parfaitement pourquoi celui qu'on interpellait ainsi ne répondit pas. Il se fit un silence de quelques minutes, après lequel la même voix reprit toujours bas, mais cette fois avec l'expression de l'impatience et de la colère :

« — Si tu as peur, lâche, fais place à d'autres, mais par l'enfer avance ou recule!

« — La position n'est pas tenable, répliqua une voix plus éloignée. . . D'un moment à l'autre nous pouvons être surpris. . . Robert, qui est en vedette à l'entrée du souterrain, assure qu'il entend distinctement le galop d'un cheval dans le lointain. »

« Au mouvement qui se fit alors, au-dessous de moi, j'aurai que les bandits retirèrent à eux le corps de leur compagnon. Sans doute qu'à la vue de ce cadavre sans tête, ce tronc hideusement ensanglanté, les chauffeurs furent saisis de surprise et d'épouvante, car ils poussèrent un cri terrible qui fit trembler le sol de la chambre; puis, proférant de sourdes imprécations de rage et de vengeance, ils s'éloignèrent précipitamment, abandonnant dans le souterrain le corps de leur camarade. Au même instant, la force factive qui m'avait soutenue tant que le danger avait été, là, sous mes yeux, menaçant et inévitable, s'évanouit complètement aussitôt qu'il parut dissipé. Le cœur me manqua, mon corps s'affaissa sur lui-même. Je tombai évanouie.



"Un quart-d'heure plus tard mes maîtres revinrent du spectacle. Après avoir appelé inutilement à plusieurs reprises, inquiet de ne pas me voire paraître, et imaginant que je pouvais être endormie, le vieux Tom, au risque de se casser cent fois le cou, se décida à franchir le mur d'enceinte. Ayant opéré sans accident cette périlleuse escalade, le fidèle serviteur revint ouvrir à ses maîtres, et tous trois se dirigèrent vers la porte de la salle à manger qui céda sous leurs efforts réunis. Quel spectacle! la lune qui s'était dégagée d'entre les nuages répandait ses demi-teintes blafardes sur le lieu de cette horrible scene. Dans le coin le plus éloigné de la salle, à demi-caché derrière une vieille armoire, le petit Alfred, pâle d'une terreur sans nom, les yeux fixes, les cheveux hérissés, semblait pétrifié par l'effroi, mon corps gisait évanoui au milieu de la chambre, et sur le plan le plus rapproché, à quelques pas de la porte, apparaissait la tête livide et grimaçante du bandit.

"Comme vous le pensez bien, personne ne se coucha au château cette nuit-là. M. de Rocherolles et le vieux Tom la passèrent tout entière, armés jusqu'aux dents et disposés à une vigoureuse résistance en cas d'attaque. La comtesse elle-même, si faible, si craintive, si *femme* dans les circonstances ordinaires de la vie, avait retrouvé, devant le péril, toute la force et tout le courage d'un homme. Il n'y eut pas jusqu'au pauvre Alfred qui, entièrement rassuré en voyant ce renfort inattendu, ne voulût aussi participer à la défense commune. Mais fort heureusement toute cette résolution se trouva inutilement dépensée, tous ces préparatifs furent inutiles. Aucun bruit suspect ne se fit plus entendre, aucune tentative nouvelle ne signala cette nuit d'angoisses. Le lendemain, M. de Rocherolles alla faire sa déposition au procureur du roi de Char-

leville. Une descente de la justice au château amena la découverte d'un conduit souterrain pratiqué sous le parc et se prolongeant depuis le mur d'enceinte jusqu'à la salle dite *du roi*. Plusieurs compagnies de troupes de ligne et toute la gendarmerie de l'arrondissement furent aussitôt mises aux trousses des bandits. Après une battue de plusieurs semaines dans les environs de Charleville, le chef de la troupe, le célèbre Joseph Kats, et les quarante hommes qu'il commandait, furent arrêtés dans la forêt de la Havière, à quatre lieues de Sept-Fontaines, et exécutés le 30 octobre de cette même année, sur la grande place du marché de Charleville, au milieu d'une foule immense accourue de tous les points de la Flandre pour assister à leur supplice. J'oubliais de vous dire que la tête coupée figura au procès, et servit de pièce de conviction.

"Quant à moi, cette horrible scène développa dans mon corps le germe d'une maladie incurable. A 20 ans à peine, que je comptais à cette époque, je fus saisi d'un tremblement convulsif de tous les membres qui ne se déclare ordinairement que chez les personnes arrivées à l'extrême vieillesse. Je dois à la vérité et à la reconnaissance d'ajouter que mes maîtres ne furent envers moi ni oublieux, ni ingrats. En récompense du courage que j'avais montré et du service que je leur avais rendu, ils m'assurèrent, ma vie durant, une petite pension assez modique, il est vrai, mais très suffisante pour mes besoins, qui me garantit le nécessaire pour le reste de mes jours; et, ajouta la bonne vieille, en souriant et en s'inclinant gracieusement devant son auditeur,—qui me procure l'honneur d'assister ici chaque année au réveillon de Noël."

ACHILLE GALLET.  
(Cabinet de lecture.)

## ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE VISCOUNTESS VILLIERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

(See Plate.)

There is a charming olden tale  
I more than half believe in,  
How fairies at a mortal's birth  
Bright golden threads can weave in  
Athwart the darker warp of life,  
For all on earth provided—  
For wisest ends the darkest shades  
Unevenly divided.

And gazing on thy form and face  
In mood of thoughtful musing,  
Remembering thy lineage rare,  
I dream of fairies' choosing,  
How elfin sponsors willed for thee  
Rich gifts and goodly graces,  
And opened gates upon thy path  
That lead to pleasant places;

And breathed a charm thy cradle o'er—  
As was indeed their duty—  
That dower'd thee with the woman's boon  
Of all thy Mother's beauty.  
While from thy Sire\* their spells decreed  
Thy nature should inherit  
An English heart of purpose true—  
A brave, unselfish spirit.

Oh Lady, when thy coronet  
Upon thy brow is gleaming,  
And holds enthralled the youthful curls  
That here so free are streaming,  
I feel than all the pomp of rank—  
Which yet thou valuest duly—  
More proud thou art of near descent  
From them who Laboured Truly!

\* The late Sir Robert Peel, Bart.



## FEMININE GOSSIP FROM PARIS.\*

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Dec. 20.

MY DEAR C—,

Strange and stirring have been the events that have come to pass here since my last letter; and though the more feverish sensations they have created are now lulled, a deep and swelling excitement of mingled opinions and conflicting sentiments agitates the country.

A great victory has been gained—but how? Was the step that led to it necessary? Would not legitimate means have led—perhaps a little later, it is true—to the same result? Will not France, when the momentary sensation of relief experienced at the destruction of the “*Spectre rouge*,” that was to have made 1852 a year to be written in history in letters of blood—will she not awake to the consciousness that her liberties have been mocked and trampled on to satisfy private ambition? These are questions which are already daily, hourly agitated, and which will most surely ere long demand a solution. At present all is tranquil in Paris, and comparatively so in the departments, and but one opinion reigns among all classes and all parties on the absolute necessity that existed for the severest measures being adopted towards those sanguinary and reckless malefactors, whose politics are pillage and anarchy, who have no links with society, and who float as it were on the surface of the country in which they have no legitimate stake and interest, like the scum thrown up whenever the cauldron begins to boil, or the “wreckers,” who see in the danger and distress of the national vessel only a source of spoil and rapine. A great and salutary check they certainly have received, *reste à savoir* if the arbitrary and unparalleled measures adopted towards a widely different and powerfully influential class, will remain unresented and accepted. There seems to be but little doubt of the result of the election; it appears that Louis Napoleon’s continuance in power is, enthusiastically by the few, tacitly by the many, considered as, in the present state of things, most likely to secure order and tranquillity, which is what all the mercantile classes are disposed to purchase at any price, and the army is entirely devoted to him; when the two *livrets*—one for the “*oui*,” the other for the “*non*” (the only formula of the votes)—were presented to the 8th Hussards, the soldiers instantly made a bonfire to burn the *livret non*; and the same feeling exists almost without an exception throughout the army.

Many incidents, tragic and comic, have re-

sulted from the struggle of the 3rd and 4th of December; among the former, one of a most deplorable character was related to me by a person under whose immediate observation it occurred. A young Polish couple of the upper class, had been residing in Paris some time, and on the day when the struggle was hottest, the gentleman, actuated by mere motives of curiosity, went out to see what was passing, telling his wife he would return at three o’clock; the hour passed—the evening—the night—without bringing him, or any tidings of him; next morning his wife, half distracted, resorted in succession to all the hospitals in search of him, but in vain; there was but one repair left to her—the cemetery of Montmartre, where the bodies of the unknown dead were exposed for recognition: she went, and found the corpse of her husband with a ghastly wound in the forehead; insensibility, followed by insanity, was the result of the fearful shock, and she is now confined in a madhouse, a confirmed lunatic. This is only one of many domestic calamities resulting from the imprudent curiosity of persons who, in no way connected with either of the parties at issue, placed themselves in the most dangerous position, and received wounds, often dangerous, and not a few fatal. This foolhardiness, however, was not universal; and one or two rather amusing instances of the reverse occurred. When the first regiment of Lancers was passing up the Boulevards, towards the scene of action, the Colonel, recognizing a friend among a group conversing on the *trottoir*, turned his horse’s head and rode towards him; whereupon, the whole party, seized with the conviction that they were being charged by the regiment, fled right and left, spreading panic in all directions! One of the vulgar rumours afloat is that the President, having, before the *coup d’état*, applied to the clergy for a dispensation of his oath to keep the constitution inviolate, it was accorded on condition of his restoring the Pantheon to its original destination, that of a church, which, in fact, was one of the first acts of his authority after the events of the 2nd or 3rd: it is now re-consecrated under the title of St. Geneviève, the patron-saint of Paris.

I believe M. Thiers is in England by this time. Eugène Sue is going to leave France forever, in disgust. M. Emile de Girardin has given up the editorship of the *Presse*, and is about to retire to Geneva; and Cavaignac, they say, has refused to accept his liberty, though the President has written with his own hand to entreat him to leave his prison.

An amusing trick was played a few days ago by the authorities on some of those who made a similar resolve. They were told, the prison being too full to contain them as well as the new arrivals, they were to be removed to

\* This letter reached us marked found open (*lettre trouvée decachetée*); probably had our valued correspondent written more bold and disagreeable truths her epistle would have been intercepted altogether.—ED.



another one; and being packed up in *fiacres*, they were driven off to the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes, at the other end of Paris, and there told they might either get down and walk to their homes, or stay in the *fiacres*, paying for the same, just as they chose!

Nothing can be more wretched than the weather in Paris. For weeks there has hardly been a gleam of sunshine; and it is now bitter cold, with a damp, clammy fog, day and night, which adds to the general gloom. The approach of the *jour de l'an*—the greatest fête in France—will however, no doubt, restore a little gaiety, which, for the present, is quite put a stop to.

All the connoisseurs are talking of a picture, the history of which is very singular. M. Moreau, a picture-dealer and restorer, bought, some time since, a painting, for some thirty or forty francs, representing a Madonna, or saint, the face of which was singularly beautiful, but the rest of much inferior merit; on examining it, he perceived that the painting of the figure and dress was evidently of a much later date than that of the head; and after some hours of labour in removing the outer coat of colour, a Venus, by Léonard da Vinci, life-size, and of the most exquisite beauty, was gradually unveiled! He has since discovered that the picture was the gem of the collection of Egalité d'Orleans, who, in the Revolution, thus disguised it, along with many other pictures of value, in order to pass it safely out of France. M. Moreau has already refused 80,000 francs for it, and will take no less than 100,000 (£4,000), which, it is thought, he will get later.

An event, which has thrown our whole *quartier* into a state of alarm, occurred a few nights ago to the young Vicomte de F—, a legitimist *des plus blancs*, returning along the Rue de la Pepinière from a *soirée*, he was pursued, and attacked by three men, armed with long knives,

who seized him before and behind, one holding a knife to his breast, another to his throat, while the third tore open his coat and waistcoat, and robbed him of his watch, chain, and money. On his attempting to resist, one ruffian aimed a blow at his throat, with such force, that on his springing aside to avoid it, the knife struck and was shivered against the wall. All attempts to trace the miscreants have hitherto failed, and there seems to be but little likelihood of their being apprehended. A system of night police, like that in London, is wofully wanted here, as such events as the one I have described are by no means uncommon: true there are patrols, but instead of being attached as guardians of particular streets or quarters, they parade about in bodies, at certain hours, and of course it is in the intervals that these adventures occur.

George Sand has just brought out a new book, entitled "*Le Château des Désertes*." It is dedicated to Macready, and is on theatrical subjects. I have just glanced through it, but have not yet had time to do more; nor has it yet been reviewed, so I cannot pretend to speak as to its merits. Her piece, "*Le Mariage de Victorine*," is quite beautiful; pure, healthy in tone and sentiment, with a quiet interest, a mixture of ideality in the character of the heroine, with a sober reality in the plot, the scene, the *entourage*, that is full of charm and novelty.

An exquisite poem has appeared in the December number of the *Revue de Paris*, from the pen of Madame Emilie de Girardin (Delphine Gay), entitled "*La Nuit*." It is in her pathetic vein, in which she is quite as powerful as in her sparkling mood, which is the prevailing one in her conversation.

Adieu, my dear C., with the best wishes of the season,

I am ever yours,  
P\*.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The time was when a name was everything. In England, for centuries after the Norman Conquest, the rich and powerful could be recognized by the name alone; for the members of that class were universally of foreign descent, and generally bore names of Norman origin. Bohun, Courtnay, Arundel, and De La Pole, betrayed a French extraction as plainly as Hereward, Godwin and Siward told of Saxon blood and a debased condition.

But time has changed all this. Even in England a Norman name is not always a test of lofty birth, while names of Saxon derivation figure again among the titled, the wealthy, and the great. In our country, the fusion is even more complete;—a republic, indeed, is a sad leveller of names. It is no rare occurrence to read, on some humble sign-board, a name that crossed to England in the name of the Conqueror. We have had our horse rubbed down by ostlers with names of knightly lineage; our

shoes mended by cobblers with names once borne by nobles; and anthracite stowed in our cellar by coal-heavers, answering to names that appear conspicuously in Domesday Book, and stand foremost on the roll of Battle Abbey. Alas! for the degradation of names. Well may we ask "What's in a name?"

And yet, even in our day, a name has one advantage, for it reveals a person's race, if nothing else. We know that Smith is a Saxon, and that his ancestor, in some remote day, hammered hot iron, whatever airs he may take on himself now, or however grand are his present connections. We know as indubitably that Fitzroy's progenitor was the son of a king, if that is any credit to him, and yet Fitzroy may now be digging cellars for a livelihood, driving a cart, or keeping a grog shop. A Neville may be a clergyman and republican now, but his forefathers, or his name belies him, were knights and aristocrats once. The De Lisle, who bakes



bread for us, may be some landless baker of the nineteenth century, but his great great grandfather, a dozen removes off, was most unquestionably a titled proprietor, with rights of advowson, fishery, mining, court-manorial, and perhaps of forestry. No one can persuade us that Stephenson is from the south of England, when his name reveals that his ancestor was some Scandinavian who settled north of the Humber; or that Owen is a Londoner, when his name betrays he is Welsh; or that O'Connor is a Saxon when he carries his Celtic origin in his name; or that Mac Ivor is a true Irishman when the Gael thrusts itself forward, in like manner, in the name. Intermarriage, among his ancestors, with other races, may even have obliterated every vestige of the great ancestral type; yet still we know his progenitor to have been a shaven Norman, a beer-imbibing Saxon, a piratical Dane, or a breechless Highlander, by that unmistakeable thing, a name. Thus, there is meaning, after all, in the question "What's in a name?"

Still more. There are names that tell of princely or other notable origin, as others betray the degradation of serfdom or disgrace. Cadwalader, or the chief of the Druids, is a royal name to all who understand the derivation or love the ancient race of Britain. But the name of Hind, be it borne by whom it may, merchant or mendicant, congressman or convict, betrays that, at one time, its owner was a villein purchaseable with the soil. Clark may be some illiterate oysterman now, but his ancestor once knew how to read and write, as we learn by his name, and at a time, too, when the

accomplishment was a rarity. But Craven, though he may be as bold as a lion, cannot conceal from us that his distant progenitor was a coward, and gained his surname, perhaps, by running away at Crecy or Poitiers, Agincourt or Bannockburn. And so through the whole catalogue of names to be found in the Directory. We have often amused ourselves at a fashionable party, by standing in a quiet corner, and, as the name of each new comer was announced, speculating on its origin, and, in fancy, calling up the figure of the ancestor from whom it sprung. In these vagaries of the imagination we have beheld satin or brocade give way to linsey-woolsey; and jewels on rounded arms to manacles on the ankle of a galley-slave.

To speculate thus on names affords, indeed, a wholesome moral lesson. It forces upon us the mutability of fortune. It teaches us that families have their rise and fall like nations. It makes the proudest humble in regard to his blood, since, from seeing the degradation of others, he learns that his descendants may become miserable, poor, or disgraced also. Even the Norman names, which perhaps he venerates in spite of his republicanism, his Saxon origin, and common sense, he perceives, when he comes to analyze them, were but those of peasants, perhaps, in their own country, and became aristocratic in England, only through a stupendous territorial robbery; while the plainer name, which he secretly despises for its plebeian derivation, bears, in that evident origin, proof of its having been given for skill in some useful art or for perfection in intellectual labour.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

## THE GARDEN.—JANUARY.

"Ah bitter chill it was !

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;  
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."

KEATS.

We cannot do better than advise our readers to continue in the performance of those operations to which our previous instructions bore reference.

*Shrubberies.*—Continue planting, lifting, rearranging, heading down, or otherwise putting these in good order. In the formation of new work, avoid overcrowding, and, in disposing those intended to remain permanently, have an eye to their future habits and characters, not only as regards their inflorescence and summer appearance, but also as to the influence they are likely to hold amongst the tints of autumn. The light of this branch of our art is only just dawning upon us, and is decidedly worthy of the greatest attention and observation, and notes should be constantly made of whatever new ideas bearing on the subject come before us. Forking up the borders of shrubberies may now be commenced, and followed up in favourable weather: it disposes of a great number of leaves which would

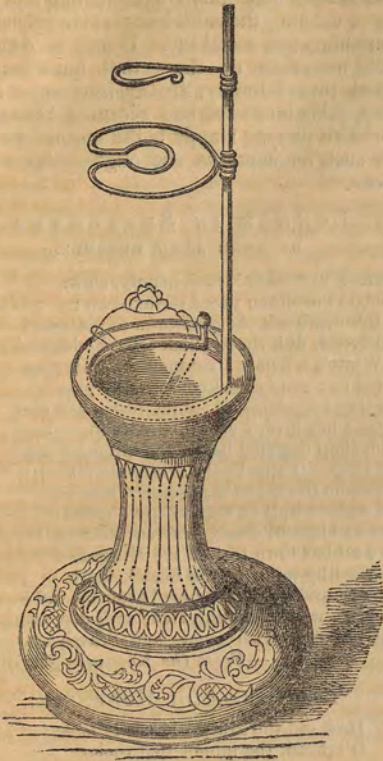
otherwise be always blowing about. Grass should be regularly polled, swept, and rolled in mild weather, and gravel walks kept neatly rolled occasionally. All alterations and improvements should be perseveringly followed up, to leave proper leisure for the due performance of spring work.—J. W. C.

### NEW HYACINTH STAND.

Our present engraving represents the form of one of the neatest adjuncts of drawing-room floriculture which has ever come under our notice. Not only is the design chaste and elegant, but it is also as complete as it is well possible for a contrivance to be, as respects the purpose for which it is intended. For the invention of this novelty the public is indebted to Mr. George P. Tye, of Birmingham, who has given it the name of "Hyacinth Bottle



and Flower Support," and which is, in fact, the best name it could have, seeing that the purpose for



which it was designed is at once indicated. These bottles are made of glass, stained of various colours, as green, purple, or blue; and apart from their utility for the purpose of growing Hyacinths, are incomparably more ornamental than the old formal things that remind one of the female costume in the time of Queen Charlotte. As regards the application of the support, Mr. Tye gives the following directions in a concise treatise on the Culture of Hyacinths:—\*

"The support may be fixed in the bottle previous to placing the bulb in it, or when the flower has grown six or seven inches high. Place the lower or springing circle round the stem and leaves; then raise the bulb a little from the bottle, and pass the wire over it; fix the spring in its place by compressing it with your forefinger and thumb; then place your right hand round the back of the upright rod; with your finger and thumb spring open the sliding-wire sufficiently to admit the flower stem, at the same time holding the whole of the leaves in the left hand; raise the sliding wire as high as the flower will admit, and place one by one the leaves within it, first having decided where the rod should be placed, that the leaves may be arranged uniformly. Open the small wire, and place it immediately under the flower; then close it again; raise or lower the wire encircling the leaves according to taste."

We think it is quite unnecessary to say more in favour of this elegant and ingenious contrivance, which, however, would merit all we might say. But we may add in respect to the price, that the glasses, including supports, may be had from 1s. and upwards.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

HOSPITAL OF THE "ENFANS TROUVES" IN PARIS.—I followed my attendant, who was evidently in a great hurry, into a very large, long apartment, called the "Crèche." Before me, but rather to the left, I saw, as might be expected, the head of a baby nodding in the arms of a woman, and, walking up to her, I found seated with her, on sixteen chairs which touched each other, sixteen country-looking women, each in a peasant's dress, every one of them with a baby's head resting or nodding on her left arm; and the reason of its nodding was, that the whole of the rest of its person was swaddled as tight as if it had been a portion of the limb of a tree. As several of these women appeared to me to be old enough to be grandmothers, I was not at all astonished at hearing several of the infants, as I walked in front of them, cry; the noise, however, was altogether greater—the chorus infinitely louder—than I could account for, and I was alike stunned and astonished by it, when, on reaching the end of the line, I saw, to my utter astonishment, lying in one tray, jammed closer to each other than the notes of a pianoforte, in little black-edged caps, twelve babies, apparently born at the same

minute, rather less than a week ago. Such a series of brown, red, yellow, pimpled, ugly, little faces I never beheld. The whole of them were not only squalling, but with every conceivable, as well as inconceivable, grimace, were twisting their little lips from one ear towards the other, as if all their mouths had been filled with rhubarb, jalap, aloes, mustard—in short, with anything out of the pharmacopœia of this world but what they wanted. There appeared to be no chance of their ever becoming quiet; for one squalled because its tiny neighbour on each side squalled, and that set them all squalling; and indeed, when the chorus, like a gale of wind, for the reasons explained in Colonel Reid's History of Hurricanes, to a slight degree occasionally subsided, their little countenances evinced such real discomfort, that if they had had no voices, and for want of them had made no noise at all, it would have been impossible to have helped pitying them. Nobody, however, but myself took the slightest notice of them. The

\* "Practical Hints on the Cultivation and Properties of the Hyacinth." Published by Groombridge, Paternoster-row.



nurses walked about the room; the sixteen women, leaning their bodies sometimes a little backwards, and sometimes a little forwards, seemed to be thinking only of lulling to rest their own new charge. For some time my attendant had been trying to hurry me away to what she considered more important scenes; but, without attending to her repeated solicitations, I stood for some minutes riveted to the ground; and afterwards, in turning round to take a last, lingering, farewell view of the tray-full of babies, I observed, pinned at the back of each of their caps, a piece of paper, which my attendant told me was the infant's number, which, in the register, records the day or night and hour at which it was received—but too often that is all that is known on earth of its unfortunate history. As I was walking through this lofty and well-lighted room, the floor of which I was astonished to find so polished and so slippery that, even without an infant in my arms, I could scarcely keep on my legs, I perceived, on looking around me, that I was in a little world of babies; in fact, there were no less than 120 iron cradles full of them. In different places I observed several women feeding them with flat glass bottles, intended to represent their mothers. At the end of the room stood the statue of Our Saviour. My attendant now led me into a hall full of babies' cradles on one side, and beds for matrons on the other. Then to another room, containing thirty-eight cradles; but so soon as, on the threshold of the door, she informed me they were full of infants with all sorts of diseases in their eyes, I whisked round, and, without giving her my reasons, told her I had rather not enter it. I, however, followed her through a long room full of cradles, surrounded by blue curtains, within every one of which was a sick infant, many afflicted with the measles; and such a variety of little coughings, sneezings, cryings, and here and there violent squallings, as loud as if the child had some cutaneous disorder, and they were skinning it, it would be very difficult to describe. There were two rows of buildings, which I had observed from the windows, and which my attendant told me were full of great children, whom the public are not allowed to see. She, however, with evident pride, showed me a large laundry, two stories high, and a drying ground; a farm-yard for cows and pigs; some large gardens; and an establishment of thirty yellow 'buses, with a cabriolet on the top, for transporting sixteen country nurses at a time (the very number I had seen sitting in a row waiting for their 'bus), with their sixteen babies, to the various termini of the railways on which they were to be injected into the country.—*A Faggot of French Sticks.*

**THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD.**—Some mothers make it a practice to go themselves to fetch the candle when the children are in bed; and then, if wanted, they stay a few minutes, and hear any confessions or difficulties, and receive any disclosures of which the little mind may wish to disburden itself before the hour of sleep.

Whether then, or at any other time, it is well worth pondering what a few minutes of serious consultation may do in enlightening and rousing or calming the conscience—in rectifying and cherishing the moral life. It may be owing to such moments as these that humiliation is raised into humility, apathy into moral enterprise, pride into awe, and scornful blame into Christian piety. Happy is the mother who can use such moments as she ought.—*Miss Martineau.*

## LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
A single horseman paces Rotten-row;  
In Brookes's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse  
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;  
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass  
To see two empty hackney-coaches pass;  
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare  
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor-square;  
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,  
And seeks—O bliss!—the *Molly—a tempora fandi*:  
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,  
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;  
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,  
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;  
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore  
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;  
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun,  
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching  
sun. —*From the Keepsake for 1832.*

## THE CASTLE OF HOHENECK.

How sad the grand old castle looks!  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;  
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of stone,  
As if the castle were their own;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.  
Alas! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door;  
No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;  
No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls.

PROF. LONGFELLOW.

**ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.**  
—Mr. J., having frequently witnessed with regret country gentlemen, in their country-houses, reduced to the dullness of a domestic circle, and thereby led to attempt suicide in the month of November; or, what is more melancholy, to invite the ancient and neighbouring families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—having also observed the facility with which job-horses and the books of a circulating-library are supplied from London to any distance—has opened an office, in Spring-garden, for the purpose of



furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses with company and guests, on the most moderate terms. An annual subscriber of thirty guineas will be entitled to receive four guests, chargeable weekly, at the will of the country gentleman. An annual subscriber of fifteen guineas will be entitled to receive two guests, changeable once a fortnight. It will appear, from the catalogue, that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to set off at a moment's warning, to any country gentleman at any country-house; among whom will be found three Scotch peers, seven ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals on half-pay (who narrate the whole of the Peninsular war), twenty-seven fuzzing dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. Deaf and dumb people, sportsmen, and gentlemen who describe tours to Paris and Fonthill at half-price. All the above play at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentlemen to allow the guests four feeds a-day, as in the case of jobs, and to produce claret if a Scotch or Irish peer be present. Should any guest be disappointed of, the country gentleman is desired to write the word "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back as he leaves the country-house, and his place shall be immediately filled up by the return of the stage-coach.—*Joseph Jekyll. Society Office, Spring Garden. October 26th, 1822.*

**THE BATTLE OF THE HARVEST FIELD.**—A brilliant victory has just been achieved by the troops of General Concord, Commander-in-Sheaf over a formidable field, not, however, of artillery, but of wheat. The enemy, *i. e.* the wheat, was very thickly planted on the ground, there being hardly room, indeed, amongst the heads, for the insertion of another ear; and upon the approach of General Concord and his forces, immediate measures were taken for the attack. The Commander-in-Sheaf drew up his army in three lines: the first consisting of several brigades of the gallant Sickle-eers, supported by flanking parties of the Reaping-hook Light Bobs, and a strong detachment of regular

and irregular Rakers. Behind, and designed to support this division, were the two celebrated brigades of Light and Heavy Binders. In the rear were disposed a powerful body of the Royal Horse Harvest Wagoneers. Scattered bodies of Foot Gleaners were dispersed here and there, and the refreshment of the forces was amply provided for by a perfect battalion of sutlers and vivandières, who, with the most cool and heroic courage, penetrated into those parts of the field where the enemy was falling fastest, with eatables and drinkables for the forces. So certain, also, was the Commander-in-Sheaf of victory, that he caused hospital accommodation, in the shape of barns and granaries, to be erected for the cut-down masses of the enemy, who were conveyed thither by the gallant Wagoneers. The battle commenced at sunrise, by a combined attack from the Sickle-eers and Reaping-hook Light Bobs. The effect was tremendous. The enemy could not stand a moment before the sweep of our forces, who penetrated slowly but surely into their dense ranks, mowing them down by thousands. All this time the Light and Heavy Binders supported their comrades with the greatest efficiency and effect; and the Rakers, regular and irregular, performed prodigies of valour. Indeed, the coolness of the troops, in one sense, was as remarkable as their heat in another. Every movement was performed with unflinching steadiness, and not a man fell (by tripping over a rake) but his comrade stepped into his place (until he got up again). The Binders also distinguished themselves by their discipline; and the order, "Form Sheafs! Prepare to receive Harvest Carts!" was regularly obeyed with splendid promptitude. The fate of the day became speedily evident. The Corn made no resistance worth mentioning, but it certainly stood up with great pluck to be cut down; and by the direction of the Commander-in-Sheaf, was carried to the receptacles provided for the disposal of a brave enemy, with all the honours of the harvest-field. By sun-down the victory was complete. Not an individual of the enemy held his head erect. On our side there was a terrible effusion of perspiration, and a great quantity of provisions and drink were reported missing; but on the whole the Battle of the Harvest Field may be considered as one of the most advantageous victories ever won.—*The Comic Almanack.*

## NEW BOOKS.

SCENE.—*A Parlour. Mrs. SMITH and her Country Cousin, at Breakfast.*

*Mrs. Smith.* And so, Fanny, you think one of the most delightful things in London is the facility with which we procure new books.

*Fanny.* Indeed I do. At home, though we subscribe to a London library and a provincial book-club, I often have to wait weeks and months for the books I am longing to see. Now, when a new work by a favourite author is

announced, is it not charming to have it in your hands within a few hours, before the first eager desire to possess it has tamed down to a common-place calm wish?

*Mrs. Smith.* I don't think time alone would calm one's desire; but hearing a book disparagingly discussed, though perhaps by people quite incompetent to judge of its merit; or criticised by the press in the cold, unsympathetic manner of ordinary reviewers, quite as often



satisfies curiosity as piques it. Now, though I acknowledge the great service rendered to literature by reviews and notices, I must confess there is something particularly delightful in being allowed to form one's own unbiassed judgment, by getting hold of a new great book before one has seen a review of it—as I did last week with Longfellow's new poem.\*

*Fanny.* Oh, do tell me about it; you know I dote upon Longfellow, and can never thank you enough for your last New Year's present, the exquisite "ÉVANGELINE." Do you know I have taught at least half-a-dozen people to read hexameters—Mamma among the number—and this is a great triumph, wedded as she was to the sing-song of some of the "standard poets," venerable shades, whom, when I am in a very pert mood, I call old fogfrums.

*Mrs. Smith.* Which particularly elegant term I suppose you have caught from Walter. Well, I am too grateful for anything that is really poetry to call the giver bad names, but I grant you that our few greatest living poets—and the American Longfellow, since he writes English, I insist on calling "ours"—for subtlety of thought, for purity of diction, for spirituality of purpose, and for melody of rhythm, transcend all the past poets put together, with the exception of some half-dozen, which belong to all time, and stand aloft the land-marks of Literature.

*Fanny.* And no wonder; for are we not "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time?"

*Mrs. Smith.* Exactly so. But if I tell you what I think of *THE GOLDEN LEGEND*, shall I pique curiosity or satisfy it?

*Fanny.* Not satisfy, I am sure; because I know you are full of enthusiasm about it; and enthusiasm is infectious. It is the very quality professed reviewers always lack—eschewing it out of principle I suppose.

*Mrs. Smith.* With all due deference to their highnesses, I think they are profoundly wrong in so doing. There are certain books that can only be properly appreciated by sympathetic enthusiasm; and books of real poetry decidedly belong to that class. It is the law of the land, I believe, that people should be judged by their peers; but where can you find the "peer" of a Great Poet to sit in judgment on him? Now, despairing of the Utopia in which we might find such perfect judicial machinery, I think the next best thing for little people who talk and write about poetry to do is to content themselves with describing and extracting true poetry with all the grateful admiration they may feel.

*Fanny.* But what would you do with mere verses—stupid would-be poetry.

*Mrs. Smith.* Do and say nothing. Foolish books, like other things of feeble constitution, die out of existence if you only leave them alone. If we chance to make a mistake now and then, and neglect a good thing for a while, the latent

stamina will make itself acknowledged sooner or later. But we were talking of Longfellow's new poem. You know the form of it, I suppose?

*Fanny.* A sort of drama is it not?

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes, of the class to which "Faust" and "Festus" belong. A drama having for chief subject the conflict of a human soul with the Evil One. The scene is laid in the Middle Ages; and once receiving as a fact that Lucifer could incarnate himself in the form of a monk or a physician, the wonderful reality with which the work impresses the reader is among its evidences of skilful and accomplished art. Even the self-devotion of Elsie—remembering the age of feudalism and superstition to which it belongs—however romantic, is scarcely improbable; and the Easter festivities, with the imitation of an old Miracle Play, are in the most exquisite keeping.

*Fanny.* But the myth—the moral of the poem?

*Mrs. Smith.* Is never lost sight of—from the opening lines of the prologue, in which the evil powers are baffled—to these closing lines of the epilogue, when the recording angel, speaking of Lucifer, says—

"Since God suffers him to be  
He too is God's minister,  
And labours for some good  
By us not understood."

We feel the omnipotence of good—its certain triumph over evil. In the compass of poetry do you remember many things more beautiful than the following lines, which are put into the mouth of Elsie—

"When Christ ascended  
Triumphantly from star to star  
He left the gates of heaven ajar."

*Fanny.* Exquisite! A Gospel and an Epic in less than twenty words. Oh, give me some more extracts.

*Mrs. Smith.* What do you think of the following, taken at random?—

"Time has laid his hand  
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

\* \* \* \* \*

"O noble poet! thou whose heart  
Is like a nest of singing birds  
Rocked on the topmost bough of life."

*Fanny.* Beautiful images, alike true and suggestive. I must buy the book directly.

*Mrs. Smith.* I have lent my copy, but I think I can remember one other favourite passage—a piece of exquisite picture painting.

"The day is done; and slowly from the scene  
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts  
And puts them back into his golden quiver!  
Below me in the valley, deep and green  
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts  
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river

\* *THE GOLDEN LEGEND*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (*Bogue*).



Flows on triumphant through those lovely regions  
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent  
And soft reflected clouds of gold and argent!  
Yes, there it flows, for ever broad and still,  
As when the vanguards of the Roman legions  
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Fanny.* Americans may well be proud of Longfellow.

*Mrs. Smith.* Ay, and of Hawthorne—

*Fanny.* The author of "The Scarlet Letter," and of the House with the "Seven Gables?"

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes; two works that, different as they are, alike stand out as among the most remarkable works of fiction of this or any other age. For sustained power, for elaborate finish, for that truth to nature, which, just lifted out of the real into the ideal, is *more true* than any matter of fact, and for high tone and purpose, I know no story that surpasses them, and right few that are worthy to be placed on the same shelf. There is a new edition of "Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales."\* You may remember we read these stories some time ago, and agreed that they were full of the promise which the author's maturity has so nobly fulfilled.

*Fanny.* And yet, if I remember rightly, they were published many, many years before they attracted much attention.

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes, and this new edition is accompanied by a mournfully pathetic preface, in which, though in no spirit of complaining, the author speaks of himself as for ten or twelve years the "obscurest man of letters in America." When one thinks of what he *has* done, and what he might have done under circumstances of generous encouragement, we feel how deeply the world has been punished for its neglect. There is something very touching in the following words, which could never have been penned but by one who had felt the "chill" and the "numbness"—

"Throughout the time above-specified, he had no incitement to literary effort in a reasonable prospect of reputation or profit; nothing but the pleasure itself of composition—an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand, but which in the long run will hardly keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers."

*Fanny.* Have you read the new novel by the author of *Emilie Wyndham*?

*Mrs. Smith.* You mean *RAVENSCLIFFE*.† Yes, and think it worthy of the author, who is assuredly one of our greatest female novelists. The story is intensely and tragically interesting, full of dramatic situations, and the style throughout is vigorous and lofty: moreover, the lessons that "*Ravenscliffe*" teaches are those that cannot be too often inculcated. Most powerfully it shows the miseries which must result from deception of any sort in the holy relations of

married life, and the gnawing cankerworm that dwells in an unforgiving heart. I cannot but wish, however, that the prejudice in favour of three-volume novels were somewhat relaxed. Few, I believe, have ever been written, that would not have been better if condensed; and this striking work is scarcely an exception to the rule. The necessity for this prescribed quantity always seems to me to compel a diffuseness and elaboration which at times weaken the interest. Even the gifted author of "*Ravenscliffe*" began, if you remember, with shorter stories, and won her first fresh laurels by them.

*Fanny.* Talking of short stories, reminds me of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's charming Shakspeare stories.\* I have not seen the recent ones: are they as good as the *Desdemona*, *Ophelia*, and others that I remember?

*Mrs. Smith.* Quite, I think. Certainly this notion of representing the antecedents of "Shakspeare's women" was a very happy one; but could only have been carried out by an author who, like Mrs. Cowden Clarke, combines a rich and original imagination of her own with a mental saturation of Shakspeare. The last "*Girlhoods*" I have seen are *Juliet*, *Rosalind* and *Celia*, and *Beatrice* and *Hero*; and these are as interesting and as curiously clever as the former ones.

*Fanny.* I have heard some people object to any additions being made to Shakspeare.

*Mrs. Smith.* I deny that these stories, strictly speaking, are additions. They are only the carrying out of hints afforded by the Great Poet himself; and herein is their great charm.

*Fanny.* I think so too. Do you know I fancy Mrs. Cowden Clarke would write a first-rate historical novel.

*Mrs. Smith.* I am sure she would; for she has undoubtedly the literary capacity to do so, while her thorough knowledge of the old writers and the olden time has attuned her mind to the right key. Moreover, it would be an historical novel, written from the woman's point of view—a thing which I believe we have never had.

*Fanny.* What are those books on the What-not?

*Mrs. Smith.* Let us look. "*The Family Economist*."† An excellent work, and marvellously cheap. It contains such good writing on so many subjects, that it would be harder to say what is not included in it than what is. "*The Economic Housekeeping Book for Fifty-two Weeks*,"‡ Not to be dispensed with by any good manager. "*Rural Economy; a Treasury of Information for Cottage Farmers and Gardeners*,"§ fully bears out its title. I think I could manage a farm-yard myself by its help.

*Fanny.* And here are some pretty little books for the children; probably, however, the

\* *THE GIRLHOOD OF SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES.* By Mary Cowden Clarke. Nos. 9, 10, 11. (*Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.*)

† *Groombridge & Sons.*

‡ *Groombridge & Sons.*

§ *Groombridge and Sons.*

\* *Nathaniel Hawthorne's TWICE-TOLD TALES* (*Bohn's cheap series*).

† *RAVENSCLIFFE*; by the author of "*Emilie Wyndham*," &c., &c. 3 vols. (*Colburn & Co.*)



"Oracles from the British Poets"\* will be approved by us children of a larger growth.

Mrs. Smith. It will be just the thing for our semi-juvenile Twelfth-Night party. What is the other.

Fanny. "Little Henry's Holiday at the Great Exhibition."† It seems a remarkably nice little work, equally instructive and amusing; and the engravings, though on so small a scale, recall the glories of the Exhibition to one's mind very vividly. The next is "A Sacred Offering."‡ Does it deserve its name?

Mrs. Smith. Indeed yes; it is a little volume of prose and verse, written with earnest Christian zeal, and some considerable literary taste.

Fanny. And here, I declare, is a medical book; Why, cousin! do you read such things?

Mrs. Smith. Occasionally, when they are of a character fit for the general unprofessional reader. If you look at the title of the one in your hand, you will see it is especially intended for our perusal.

Fanny. "On the preservation of the Health of Women," &c., &c.; by E. J. Tilt, M.D.§

Mrs. Smith. Do you not perceive that it is addressed particularly to women, and by a physician of eminence and experience? It has fallen to my lot to see several publications ostensibly of this description; but never one so lucid, and in my opinion so valuable, as this. I am in hopes the days of *cant* have passed away—days in which it was thought very charming that women should be profoundly ignorant of their own organization—not know, in fact, that they had lungs capable of being compressed by tight lacing, or other organs subject to injury from ignorance or folly. The preservation of our health to the utmost of our ability I hold to

be a high moral duty; but we cannot successfully carry out this intention without the enlightenment of science. This work of Dr. Tilt's is precisely the one a sensible woman requires to direct her. I do not say it is the thing to put into a child's hands, but many a passage from it might be read with advantage by a judicious mother even to the very young. It has also a charm generally found wanting in its class. While combating the yielding to mere foolish nervous fancies, it is at the same time most sympathetic in its tone with that precarious condition of health which leads to nervous disorders. The true physician knows that those sufferings which the coarse-minded rail at as fanciful, are for poor humanity the most real of all. Then he connects with his subject—so wisely—education and mental emotion.

Fanny. I am sure I shall be interested in the book, if only on account of the Dedication. Let me read it to you:

"To whom can I so appropriately inscribe a little work on the 'Preservation of the Health of Women,' as to her whose health is to me dearer than all earthly blessings? Still I have an additional motive for doing so, in the pleasure of acknowledging that to her sound judgment and maternal solicitude I owe much of the wholesome advice offered in its pages relative to the education of the female sex.

"Accept, then, my dear Wife, the Dedication of this little volume, as a token of that regard which, plighted early in life, has stood the test of years, and is fearless of diminution."

Mrs. Smith. It is quite touching; there is so much manly tenderness tersely expressed in it. But come, we must take a walk this fine morning, if we are to carry into practice the whole some theory of health preservation.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HAYMARKET.

The style of acting now-a-days, as well as our dramatic literature, has very perceptibly felt the refining influence of an advancing civilization. Acting has become more subtle, more natural, and more cultivated than in years gone by; less decided, less noisy, and less extravagant it may be, but not less marked by a keen intelligence, and certainly far more characterised by ease and grace of manner. This development we are inclined to attribute to the influence of the French,

\* ORACLES FROM THE BRITISH POETS; A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE-BOOK AND PLEASANT COMPANION FOR A ROUND PARTY. By James Smith; author of "Rural Records," &c. (Washbourne, New Bridge-street.)

† By the Editor of "Pleasant Pages. (Houlston & Stoneman.)

‡ By Eliza Maskell; author of "Poetical Musings," &c. (Houlston & Stoneman.)

§ Senior Physician to the Farringdon General Dispensary and Lying-in Charity, and to the Paddington Free Dispensary for the Diseases of Women and Children. (Churchill, Princes-street.)

who are so successful in dramatic construction that they seem desirous of converting their national government into one continued theatrical display. We have had sense enough to profit by their skill, and to take warning from their ultra ambition. Let us accept their comedies, and avoid importing their constitutions. The Haymarket theatre may take credit to itself for possessing at present three of the most eminent actors of the improved modern school; we mean Mr. Webster, Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Leigh Murray, who are, in every sense of the term, true artists. In a play entitled "The Man of Law," adapted by himself from the French, Mr. Webster has not only shown the ability of an original author, but given us such a display of subtle and expressive acting as must be reckoned among the masterpieces of the stage. Look at him as the intriguing and unscrupulous lawyer! Every fibre of the man is instinct with self-possession; every lineament is rife with unprincipled coolness, every gesture with hypocritical significance. Here is no straining after effect; no striking exaggeration; no clap-trap:



the character lives before you, as a real creation, in all its practised and cunning dexterity—its artifices seem like a genuine second-nature. In the “Ladies’ Battle”—another adaptation from the French, and one of the most perfectly constructed plays we ever remember to have seen—Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Murray fill the chief characters with rare completeness and success. The former represents a wary, intriguing, but loving and earnest woman, of the mature and plotting age of thirty; and the latter is her devoted, submissive admirer, who is unfortunately daringly heroic in theory, but dreadfully pusillanimous in practice; and the struggle between these two opposites in his nature is kept up with such true spirit and delicate tact as to verge at last upon pathetic interest. Mrs. Stirling is very successful in her representation of the first-rate woman of the world: wherever there is selfishness in educated and accomplished women, a delicate *soupeçon* of vulgarity will manifest itself; and this trait of character Mrs. Stirling seizes, and portrays to the life. We are almost ashamed to hint at a fault in company with such high excellence, but we cannot help thinking that she occasionally indulges in a little ultra parade of manner and vocal curvetting which expose art rather than conceal it.

The brothers Brough have, as usual, prepared a Christmas extravaganza for this theatre; but *we* are going to press just as it is produced, and can therefore only speak from report; but the *on dit* among those in the secret is that it is to rival the best of its predecessors. It is taken from one of Count Hamilton’s fairy-tales, called the “Story of Mayflower”; is full of absurdities, of course, the main incident resting on the fact of a Princess having eyes so wondrously brilliant that they kill or blind whosoever dares to look at her. Mrs. L. S. Buckingham is to appear as the *Princess Radiant*, and the clever Mrs. Fitzwilliam is to sustain an important part. May it draw crowded houses, we say; making merry the audiences and glad the management!

N. C.

## ADELPHI.

“The Forest Rose and the Yankee Plough-boy,” with “Paul Pry,” “Bloomerism,” and other favourite pieces, supported by the racy comic talent concentrated at this theatre, have made it one of the most favourite resorts during the past month. When one thinks of the inimitable Wright—the veteran Paul Bedford—O. Smith, the prince of demons—the American Silsbee—the charming Miss Woolgar, and the long list of welcome names that accompanies theirs, we cease to wonder at the throng who nightly banish care, and enjoy the heartiest of laughs, within the walls of the Adelphi.

## SADLER’S WELLS.

Mr. Phelps has been distinguishing himself in Macklin’s play of “The Man of the World.” The following is from the *Musical World*:—

“This comedy, which long enjoyed the esteem of the public, has been but little heard of since the time of the famous George Cooke. It was revived

many years ago at Covent Garden for Charles Young, who was only partially successful in it. The character of *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, although it belongs to a large class of *dramatis personæ*, has some peculiar and striking features. Sordid and self-seeking parasite as he is, *Sir Pertinax* is at least no unconscious and self-deceived hypocrite; for he is not only ready to proclaim his enormities to all from whom he has no interest in hiding them, but ever glories in the avowal, and herein consists the strength as well as originality of the author’s sketch. Mr. Phelps’s delineation is unquestionably one of his happiest efforts. He gave his son the history of his fortunes, and enforced his *principles* on him, with a *gusto* that elicited incessant laughter and applause. After the paternal denunciation of his refractory pupil, at the end of the fourth act, Mr. Phelps was compelled to step forward and bow his acknowledgments. Miss Fitzpatrick played with the graceful vivacity which seems natural to her. The comedy is splendidly appointed. The scene of *Sir Pertinax’s* drawing-room is almost *unique* for taste and elegance, without gaudiness.”

## RICHMOND THEATRE.

A young actress—Miss Edith Heraud—has recently appeared at this theatre. We may take some future occasion to speak more fully of her merits; meanwhile, we are anxious not to be behind-hand in recognizing a *débutante* of the highest promise. Though barely seventeen, she already essays *Juliet* and *Pauline*, and that in a manner which shows not only that she has great natural tragic power, but that her genius has been cultivated and led in the direction of the stage.

## PANORAMA OF NIMROUD.

The public are indebted to Mr. Burford’s skill and enterprise for a new Panorama, and one of the most valuable that has ever been presented. The wonderful discoveries and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Layard have made his name famous and honoured throughout Europe, and this vivid representation of the scene of his toils forms not only an interesting and instructive exhibition, but is something that stirs one’s feelings of pride and enthusiasm. We learn that Mr. Layard has partly superintended, and entirely approves the work; its accuracy may therefore be depended on. It shows the progress of the excavations; the throng of Arabs dragging by main force at the gigantic human-headed bull, with Mr. Layard on horseback directing operations; his own and the Arab encampments, the river Tigris, and the expanse of country; the atmospheric effects of light and shade being managed with great artistic skill. The following is the description of the North West Palace, now in process of excavation:—

“This magnificent abode of the ancient monarchs is the oldest building yet discovered in Assyria; the precise period of its erection cannot, of course, be determined. Mr. Layard supposes it to date eleven or twelve centuries before Christ, or probably to be much older. If, as it may be reasonably assumed, it was founded by the immediate descendants of



Nimrod, or even by the dynasty that succeeded him, which was contemporary with Abraham and the shepherd-kings of Egypt, the date would be at least twenty-one or twenty-two centuries before the Christian era, and it would, consequently, be at the present time nearly 4,000 years old.

"The excavations made here disclosed a perfect labyrinth of halls and chambers, all lined with slabs of alabaster ten or twelve feet in height, sculptured with figures, or bearing inscriptions in the cuneiform character, unfolding a vivid chronicle of the annals of those who conquered and possessed, at that early period, so large a portion of the earth. Their deeds in peace and war, audiences, battles, sieges, lion-hunts, &c., and the deities they worshipped under strange forms, all forcibly depicted; the numerous figures delineated with peculiar accuracy, the muscles and bones faithfully, although somewhat too strongly marked, and the grouping throughout displaying a great knowledge of art. Kings, princes, and warriors were there in all their oriental pomp; their richly-embroidered robes, fringes, tassels, bracelets, armlets, and other ornaments, elaborately and delicately finished, the precise curling of the hair, and the artistic arrangement of beard, all truly rendered, the whole having the freshness of recent work, many portions—especially the hair, the eyes, and the sandals—having portions of the paint remaining with which they had been coloured.

"The only side of the edifice that can be regarded as an external façade is that on the north, or towards the spectator; it here presents two large portals, each decorated with a pair of colossal human-headed winged lions, about fifteen feet in height, on either side of which are seen some of the large sculptured slabs of alabaster; but whether these formed part of the external decorations, or two small ante-chambers, has not been correctly ascertained. The figures, which are eight feet in height, represent a king armed with bow and arrows, attended by an eunuch bearing other arms, and two viziers with attendants, heading a line of figures, apparently, from their different costume, captives, bearing tribute or spoil, consisting of ear-rings, bracelets, two monkeys, &c., the same subject being continued on both sides. At right angles with these, against the central wall, are two colossal figures, sixteen and a half feet in height, having wings, and three-horned caps, bearing fir cones and square vessels in their hands. The central wall, from its great thickness, bears evidence of having sustained either upper apartments, or a tabsar, or gallery. The loss of the tops of the walls and roof is much to be regretted; still, we may rest satisfied that all that was most valuable remains; for although, from the fragments found in all directions, they appear to have been decorated with coloured flowers and ornamental borders, profusely silvered and gilt, there is little doubt that the grand effect was intended to be produced by the sculptures below.

"These two portals gave entrance to a vast hall, 154 feet in length by 33 in breadth, ornamented with sculpture of far more elaborate richness and varied character than any found elsewhere, and having at one end an immense slab of alabaster, slightly elevated, on which it is supposed stood the altar of the deity, or the throne of the king. Beyond, and parallel with this hall, was a second of smaller dimensions, principally decorated with religious figures, and this opened by a single doorway into the central court, probably that of the harem or private apartments. On the eastern side of this court ten apartments were discovered, two of which

were of very large size; five of the smaller *en suite*, with only one entrance, were conjectured, from their peculiar decorations, to have been the private apartments of the king; in one was found a vast quantity of iron and copper scale armour, helmets, glass, and earthen vessels, and other remains. On the south side of the great court were several other apartments, one of which, from the circumstance of a number of vessels of copper and bronze being found in it, was judged to have been the kitchen or feasting-hall; and in the two innermost rooms, towards the west, the carved ivory ornaments, evidently of Egyptian workmanship—now in the British museum—were discovered. In an adjacent room the name of the Khorsabad king was added to the inscriptions on the older sculptures, but differing in many of the characters, leading to the conclusion that the palace had not been destroyed at the time of the Egyptian invasion, but had been inhabited by some viceroy or leader, and that when they were compelled to retire the king had his name engraved on these portals to commemorate the recovery of the abode of his forefathers. Many other chambers surrounded the palace on at least two of its sides; but having been formed only of sun-dried bricks, painted, they were in a very ruinous state."

The interesting panoramas of Jerusalem, and the Falls of Niagara, are also open, and are well worthy of a visit at this holiday season.

## MUSIC.

SONGS OF ZION. The words by James Montgomery; the music by Francis Hartwell Henslowe. Nos. 3 and 4.—(*Shepherds, Moor-gate Street*).—The Songs of Zion are a very agreeable addition to the sacred music of the chamber. Mr. Hartwell Henslowe has evidently studied in the best school, and has adapted his compositions very admirably to the spirit of the veteran poet's verses.

MY HOME IN THE VALLEY BELOW. Tyrolienne. Composed by Alexander Lee.—(*Duff and Hodgson*).—This is a lively sparkling ballad, in A flat, worthy of the composer's former fame; the accompaniment is showy and effective, without being difficult; and the words, by a rising young poet, Frederick Enoch, are far above the ordinary song-writing of the day, being characteristic, flowing, and graceful.

## FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS KOSSUTH. Engraved in Lithograph by Thomas Fairland, after a painting by Thomas Skaife. (*Gladwell, Gracechurch-street*.)

This is an engraving destined, we expect, to be treasured in many a household. It is very ably executed from the original picture, which was exhibited in Guildhall on the night of the Polish and Hungarian Ball; and which represents the illustrious Exile as he appeared at the conclusion of his reply to the address presented to him by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London at Guildhall, on October 30. It is rather more than half life size, and therefore











there is ample scope for the finish and expression which smaller lithographs often want. The face is full front, and while the ample brow and firmly cut chin reveal the man of action, a mingled expression of mind and of suffering which we recognize in the eyes, completes the character by showing high directing power and great tenacity of purpose and endurance. This

portrait is esteemed an excellent likeness of the hero; but independent of this chief merit, it has a value even were it an ideal picture. It is good for us, amid the hurry and turmoil of busy life, to turn, if it be only to our own walls, and contemplate a noble human countenance, receiving thence the spirit-stirring lessons it is capable of teaching.

## THE TOILET.

### COSTUME FOR JANUARY.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVY, 73, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

The *gilet*, or waistcoat, is decidedly established in high favour; it had to sustain a struggle, it is true, some little time since; nor can we wonder at this, for as first introduced it had a masculine effect foreign to the general taste of Englishwomen. Now, however, deprived of the objectionable pockets, and not so widely and glaringly displayed as heretofore, it has settled into a most elegant, becoming—semi-equestrian, perhaps—but still quite feminine garment. It is obviously particularly well-suited to the present season, not only on account of its warmth, but because, by a judicious arrangement of colours and materials, the sombre effect of winter costume may be relieved, and a pleasant variety produced with very few dresses. Indeed, so comfortable and convenient are the *gilets*, that they are not confined to morning dress, but in the country especially are often worn at dinner.

A black velvet dress and jacket, with a pink-watered silk *gilet* embroidered in the same colour, form a very rich costume; or if the dress be of coloured velvet, the *gilet* should be of white, either embroidered the colour of the dress, or in some shade that contrasts well with it. A coloured skirt, with a *gilet* either to correspond or judiciously contrast with it may be worn with a black velvet jacket. Or a *gilet* of the same colour as the dress, embroidered with black bugles, and fastened with black studs, has a very rich effect; or if the dress be trimmed with velvet, the waistcoat should be of velvet. They are always more or less embroidered, either in the *soutache*, the richer silk embroidery, or bugles. A lavender *gilet*, embroidered in black, is very suitable for half-mourning. Studs are of course always requisite, and are of gold, pearl, jet, turquois, &c., according to the dress. Some ladies have had old fashioned, obsolete articles of jewellery reset for studs, with very good effect, emeralds, rubies, or amethysts being shown to great advantage on the white watered silk *gilets*. The variety to be produced, however, is nearly endless, many ladies having two or three *gilets* provided for each dress. Those worn for dinner are generally rather open, to display a lace frill or *chemisette*. Morning ones are closed higher up, and are often of the white *piqué* or marcella, which corresponds so well with the thick muslin embroidery. But whichever style is adopted, the great point is to have the waistcoat well made; or that which in its perfection has an air of distinction about it, may be degraded to something approaching vulgarity.

Bonnets are chiefly of velvet, being more generally intermixed with silk than satin. The transparent edge is quite gone out; and though flowers continue to be used inside the brim, they are not at all worn

outside. Feathers and lace are chiefly used for exterior trimming—and the caps are still very full and fanciful. The shapes are less open than they were last season.

One bonnet is of *groselle* velvet, the crown being composed of black lace and thick plaits of velvet arranged in a new and very elegant style. The brim is of drawn velvet covered with black lace; the cap of white blonde intermixed with laurel-shaped leaves composed of stamped *groselle* velvet.

Another is of drawn black velvet brim with helmet-shaped crown composed of pink satin covered with a fall of black lace; cap of white blonde with long ends of black velvet and pink roses. This shape may be made for half-mourning with lavender satin crown and lavender flowers in the cap.

There is a bonnet appropriate for bright weather made of pink terry velvet and pink silk, and with either white or black blonde lappets, and large wild roses inside.

Mantles are large and rich. One is of black velvet ornamented with a new trimming of gimp, bugles, and lace, and has a hood to correspond. It is lined with pink silk.

A less costly one is of stone-coloured cloth trimmed with four rows of purple velvet—the hood has a rich tassel, and the whole is lined with purple silk. The shape and mode of fastening this mantle are very elegant.

There is a dinner-jacket made of black cashmere, ornamented with rows of gold ribbon; it is lined with pink, the inside being trimmed with silver ribbon.

*Coiffures* present a great variety. Some are formed of the coloured blondes with rich ribbons to correspond. One is of black velvet and roses; another of white blonde and pink and silver ribbon; black lace and black bugles are also much in request. But whatever the materials or precise style, the *coiffures* are invariably very full at the sides; and generally are pointed towards the forehead.

Cashmeres and other dresses of woollen material are worn for morning; being almost always embroidered down the front. These are the dresses with which the marcella waistcoat and *broderie Anglaise* harmonise so well. Velvets—especially for married ladies—are much worn for dinner and evening. Plain silks have always flounces, which are frequently woven to a pattern or embroidered.

Our plate represents a dinner dress, *demi-toilette*. It is composed of rich brocaded silk, with *volants à disposition*. The *corsage* is that of the time of Louis Quinze; the sleeve, with ruffle of three frills, is in the style of Mademoiselle De Lavallière. The *coiffure* is also à Lavallière.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN N.B.—We regret to hear that our correspondent labours under the educational deficiency she mentions; but we have no doubt she possesses some compensating advantages of disposition and manner. Would it not be praiseworthy to acquire the accomplishment which she now slights? However, we are always glad to receive hints from our subscribers; a reform in the direction she points has been some time under contemplation, and we trust that our present number will more nearly approach her wishes.

A FELLOW OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY calls our attention to a remark made by our valuable contributor, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in her last article. He observes—"I think that 'sôté,' in Chaucerian language, does not mean 'sooty, or black,' but genteel, appropriate, fitting, or any similar epithet; thus—

'When that April with his showeres sôté,'

means, when the *seasonable* showers of April; or some such expression." Perhaps some of our readers may be interested in this learned discussion. We do not undertake to decide which authority is in the right. The following is Mrs. Clarke's rejoinder:—"Chaucer most frequently uses the word 'sôté' in the sense of 'sweet'; but I think in the instance in question (where he speaks of 'a sôté mantle' worn by the wife of Bath), it is used in the sense of sooty, or black—this being *one* of the meanings assigned to the word 'sôté' in Mr. Timothy Thomas's Glossary to Urry's Edition of the Poet.—M. C. C."

C. HUNT.—We regret that we cannot accept his verses, which are fluent enough, but too featureless for publication. We admire his patriotism, as expressed in the following verse; but we cannot see why his love for his country should restrain him from ever travelling out of it: this kind of bondage is very gratuitous and unnecessary:—

"Beautiful England! Land of the brave;  
Foe to the tyrant, and friend to the slave;  
Proud may I be to call thee my home—  
And ne'er from thy soil may I e'er wish to roam!"

EBORICA.—Anything that is worth returning shall be returned, if postage-stamps are sent to cover the expense; but pray do not trouble us with what is not meritorious.

ACCEPTED.—Fritz.

A SLEEPLESS ONE.—We do not know of any cure for "unaccountable sleeplessness." You say that your health is good, but are you sure that your mind is quite at ease? We have heard of very beneficial results from adjusting the bed due north and south, like the magnetic needle; as it is believed that electric currents travel in that direction, and influence the nervous system in an important manner. Others suggest the plan of fixing the mind (if you can) upon one monotonous subject of contemplation—such as the vibration of a pendulum, or an endless succession of numbers. Try another experiment—a kind of homeopathic remedy—endeavour to keep the eyes excessively *wide open*; the

effort will soon be insupportable, and the eyes will close in spite of your will.

DR. TOOGOOD DOWNING.—We have received from this eminent practitioner a valuable work on Neuralgia, being the Jacksonian prize-essay on the subject, which shall be noticed next month.

SUSAN.—The postage of our magazine is sixpence, which must be added to the remittance for the original cost. Compliance with this rule will save us much trouble.

SYLVESTER.—We believe the mode of discovering arsenic in the human body after death is as follows: the stomach, &c., are boiled for some time in distilled water, and the liquid is afterwards mixed with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), and put into a small glass syphon, in one arm of which is a plate or bar of zinc; the chemical action thus set up evolves hydrogen gas, which has an extraordinary affinity for arsenic. The gas bearing the poison ascends into a small pipe or jet, where it must be lighted; and above the flame is held a porcelain-plate. If there is the least possible quantity of arsenic in the gas it is immediately sublimed on the plate, and appears as a black spot. This is called Marsh's test, and it is considered infallible. The experiment may be worked in a more simple manner, in a common phial, with a piece of zinc in it; pour the liquid in, and cork up the phial; fix a piece of tobacco-pipe in the cork, through which the gas can escape to be lighted, and the same result will follow as with the more scientific apparatus.

SAPPHO.—We neither know nor care anything about the ages of actors and actresses; and we would recommend our correspondent not to trouble her head with such idle curiosity.

A YOUNG LADY FROM BRIGHTON.—It is most customary for *young* brides to wear white at the marriage-ceremony; plain watered silk, or *glacé*, is usually adopted. Velvet bonnets would not be considered suitable for the bridesmaids; but either pink or blue satin ones would look well. After all, however, these arrangements depend so much on circumstances, that it is very difficult to give advice. It is better to follow an instinct of good taste than an arbitrary rule on such an occasion.

FANNY T.—Another correspondent who questions us on a matter of dress and pin-money. Certainly it is not sufficient for the appearance you are expected to make. Though it *is* humiliating, show your accounts. Do not forget the proper estimate for necessaries of under-clothing, shoes, &c.; and on this point be firm. And though your brother—who you say will not allow you to earn money—thinks the sum you mention "quite enough for a girl," he will probably not choose to see you in shabby gowns and faded ribbons. Yet—since you ask our advice—prefer them always to rent petticoats or insufficient winter-clothing.

BESSIE.—We believe there is no work published of the description this correspondent desires; but if she will favour us with her address, we can put her in communication with the author of the articles on Hair Work, who will most likely be able to give her whatever information she may require.









Engraved by F. W. Topham.

*His Royal Highness Prince Albert.*

London, Published by Rogerson & Co. 246, Strand, 1852.



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 10.)

### CHAP. III.

—  
"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
It shall be waited on with jealousy—  
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love's pleasure shall not match its woe."  
SHAKSPERE.

—  
The enfeebled health of my poor mother could not long support the disgrace and distress of my brother's failure. Yet let me do her justice. Though she had been reared in luxury and wedded to wealth, it was the stained honour of her first-born which bore her to the grave; not the poverty into which his imprudence had plunged herself and her children. She died in less than three months, bemoaning, with her dying breath, the departed glory of her house; and the wail of that Ichabod is often in my ears. And now I was indeed a dependant. The small private dowry of my mother, when divided among her ten children, gave each but five hundred pounds; and what was that to support us in the station in which we had been reared? It was a grievous predicament; I was resolved to support myself, and, in utter despair, I commenced authoress—secretly, however; for I wished to succeed ere I braved the contempt of my proud family. Celia had been kindly taken by Adelia, who promised to educate her with her own girls, the difference of age preventing any maternal jealousies lest her radiant beauty might overshadow the young honourables, and interfere with their matrimonial chances. Adelia had imbibed all her mother's sanguine hopes of Celia making a high match; and the girl was so handsome and clever, she expected some credit as her chaperone.

Millicent entreated me to come to her. My proud heart refused to be a hanger-on of the rich; but I was at length persuaded to pay her a sisterly visit till I had arranged my plans. All places were alike to me; my heart was

suffering acutely from the bitter—bitter—disappointment of its young ardent affections. Had I loved blindly, rashly, unworthily, I might have called pride to my rescue—I might have levelled the rough places smooth with the stony roller of self-contempt; but there was no escape for me. Ernest had given up his own affections to his duties towards his tender impoverished mother. I gathered this from a letter addressed to me by that mother. After condoling delicately yet sympathisingly on my own heavy trials, she adverted to hers, which had been so closely involved with mine.

"Yet I cannot help gratitude being now predominant," she added, "when I reflect on the blessing God has left me in my age—a self-devoted and uncomplaining child. For some time we dimly foresaw the thunder-cloud that was being charged for us; and my son gradually gained strength to abandon his dearest hopes, and to lay aside all idea for the future but to support and comfort his mother."

Yes, it became her to glory in the filial perfection of her son; but the proof of his love to her only strengthened my love and esteem for him. Yet his own hand had severed us; he had given up all aspirations for the future; he had then no hope of brighter times. His mother concluded by saying he had been obliged, by the exigencies of their poverty, to accept of temporary employment as a contributor to a country newspaper.

For many weeks after receiving this letter, I seemed in a state of stupor, and ate, drank, moved, all mechanically. I was stunned by the entire hopelessness of every part of my future.

Millicent was very kind; she saw I was unhappy, and she concluded the loss of fortune was the cause; she therefore set about finding a remedy for my depression according to her ideas of the malady and the cure. Is it not extraordinary that women, however unhappily they themselves may be mated, never lose the desire of making matches for others? Though experience has proved to them the falsity of the universal dogma in the female world—"Marry,



happily if you can; but you *must* marry"—yet still these wretched creatures pursue as blindly as ever, for those they love, the imaginary bliss which has proved their bane already. We see this daily, and Millicent, though a disappointed wife, was as arrant a match-maker as the plump matron who wedded at sixteen the object of her first love, and has six interesting "pledges of affection," all ready to make their *debut*, in ball-dresses of blue and silver.

Sir Harriman was quite generous with regard to her equipage and establishment; and though she felt they had long ceased to give her pleasure, she could not imagine a higher success for me than the attainment of a similar position in society.

Millicent was not vain nor frivolous, like Adelia. With a better fate, she might have been a nobler woman; but as it was, she had many negative virtues. She never contradicted her husband; she never scolded her servants; she never was heard backbiting her friends (*this is a very rare negative virtue, the positive vice having the rule of society*); and she was very willing to help any one to her notions of happiness—which, Heaven help her! were dreary enough. Accordingly, she took me down to their country seat, and filled it with gentlemen, taking care each of them had a sufficient rent-roll. But my undisguised nausea at her manœuvring, which I believe I showed ungraciously enough, nullified all her well-laid schemes; and the gentlemen found themselves so tamely attacked that they made good their retreat without discomfiture.

Lord Petrie and his younger brother St. George Elphinstone were the last of our visitors. The Baron enjoyed my cool contempt amazingly; it stimulated him so far that, one day, to my infinite astonishment, he blurted out the following declaration:—

"'Pon my soul, Miss Studlegh, you've no idea what a racy thing it is to see a girl, now-a-days, look haughty. To speak candidly, a lord, with twelve thousand a-year, like myself, slides among marriageable women on the slipperiest ice. All compliments, smiles, flattery—flummery! Don't think me vain; I know very well that it is not my worthy self that creates the sensation; gift my groom, yonder, with my title and fortune, and the three Misses Neckorn nothing would fasten on him like hungry hounds. Now you are a very honest girl: you see me a very so so, portly, plump personage, of forty-five, and you have never yet pretended to mistake me for thirty; nor to suppose that the articles in such and such magazines marked 'P.' are mine; nor to hint, meaningly, that I have something to do with the authorship of 'Waverley'; nor to praise my horses; nor to fondle my dogs; nor, in short, to lower yourself the least from the dignity of a free, independent-minded woman. Therefore, Miss Studlegh, I think you all the better fitted to support the dignity of Lady Petrie, which, with the owner of the corresponding name, is heartily at your service."

I could not help laughing; and my bluff, frank suitor laughed also.

"I like a merry acceptance," he said; "so that's all settled."

I interrupted him, in some consternation:—

"By no means, my Lord. I laughed at your amusing sketch of the title-hunters; *not* at the good opinion you have kindly expressed of me. Believe me, we are unsuited for each other. I am not desirous of marrying; and I do not feel myself qualified to make you happy."

"Nonsense; any sensible woman, that knows how to hold her tongue sometimes, can make any reasonable man happy. I don't want a phoenix, and I do not expect you to go into the hysterics of vehement passion for a man of my age. No, no, do be reasonable, my dear Miss Studlegh; I want a wife, and you wouldn't be the worse of a husband; and I do not see why I should not suit you as well as any beardless boy, writing love-sonnets to your eyebrows—which, by-the-bye, are very straight and marked, and that they say shows determination of character."

I did not laugh now. My own ideas of marriage were so sacred—so scrupulously pure. The integrity of the heart had always been to me so heavy a responsibility that I sickened at the light careless way in which it was regarded by those around me.

I replied, firmly and gravely; and his Lordship—like all good-natured men when unexpectedly thwarted—flung from me in a violent passion, and soon after quitted the place.

He was too angry at his failure to publish it; and I never admired the way in which some young ladies reveal their triumphs, as "invulnerable secrets," to half a hundred intimate friends. Consequently, Millicent was very much vexed at his departure, but never guessed the real cause. She never could have reached it by her own unaided wit, for the miracle of a penniless girl refusing a rich lord had never been known before, either among the Studleghs or the Effinghams.

Mr. Elphinstone did not leave us with his brother. On the contrary, he remained more of a fixture than ever, and accompanied us in all our walks and drives. He was a well-made, gentlemanly man, of thirty-three, or thereabouts. His abilities were rather solid than showy; his conversation betrayed strong, deep feelings, difficult to rouse, but lasting in their effects. He was a civilian in the East India Company's service, and at home on leave. His manner to ladies was distinguished by a respectful deference which I have noticed to belong to Anglo-Indian gentlemen. It was not that he flattered, or was effeminately overflowing with *petits soins*; it was the ready interest displayed when a lady spoke; the considerate handling of female opinions, even when most sillily expressed; the silent and unobtrusive attention to the comfort of every single woman in company. It was delightful to observe his gentle politeness to two withered old sisters of Sir Harriman's—women who had not an idea beyond their netting, their



dress, and their dinner. They seemed to be sacred in Mr. Elphinstone's eyes as part of a grand whole; as sharing, however slightly, in the beautiful attributes of woman.

Say what you please, this sort of general deference to the sex is always taken by each lady as a particular tribute to herself. Millicent grew much interested in Mr. Elphinstone; nor did I wonder at it—regarding, as I did, the dull inanity of the family to which she had bound herself. Without children, with an old sickly husband, whose mind was wholly bound up in the "Military Manual," Millicent stood in a perilous position for susceptibility. Mr. Elphinstone's mind neither took a wide nor a lofty range; it was graceful, and highly cultivated—not unlike a small, choice conservatory. The hardy, free growth of forest trees could not have found room there; the magnificent imaginations of Ernest Marchmont would have dwarfed themselves in their uprising. Such as he was, he exactly suited Millicent. She could not have comprehended the wild sallies or deep reflections which had so attracted me in Ernest; but the delicate fancies, the lively turns, and elegant descriptions of the Anglo-Indian amused and interested her in a high degree. I did not like to see her so excited by one not her husband; I did not suspect Millicent's integrity, but I feared for her peace, and I resolved to give the pair the restraint of my company.

The cordial way in which this was accepted by both set me quite at ease with regard to Millicent's heart; and it did not require many days of this constant companionship to convince me that she was not the object of Mr. Elphinstone's regard. I believe the style of courtship prevalent in India is very downright and off-hand, which may account for Mr. Elphinstone growing alarmingly demonstrative before I had collected my scattered senses. I would have given anything to retire back to my usual solitude; but Millicent, in whom Mr. Elphinstone confided, took up his cause so warmly, and found so many pretexts for throwing us together, that to keep much out of his way was impossible. My only remedy was to ignore his evident intention; to wilfully misunderstand his expressions; to throw ice and vinegar into my aspect. But Mr. Elphinstone was not easily to be dissuaded from his suit. His feelings had really become engaged, and he was remarkably tenacious in retaining a resolution.

About this time we had a letter from my brothers in India, mentioning how kind Mr. Elphinstone had been to him in a dreary journey to join his regiment; how he had lent Horace his "buggy," and Frank his horses. And Horace concluded by saying—

..... "He has gone home, on furlough, to look out for an English wife. Devilish lucky girl whoever gets hold of him; he has capital interest in high places, and is in the most lucrative of all—the revenue department."

This account fired both Millicent and Adelia, who had come to pay us a visit. "Really this

would be too good luck for Laura, who has always been the 'bête noire' of the family. If she does not accept Mr. Elphinstone, she never will have another offer, and we shall have to support her."

Little did my sisters know me. Their undisguised encouragement, and my listlessness, one day, and embarrassment the next, prevented Mr. Elphinstone from abandoning the chase. I was very unhappy; every one had deserted me, even my own self-reliance had given way—no news from Ernest Marchmont! Day after day I read that letter of his mother's, and told myself he had relinquished me; in vain I recalled the past, and tried to fix on one distinct expression of his love—no, it had been shown in look, manner, action, but never in explicit terms. My head grew dizzy; I began to doubt everything; I loathed society; I tried to escape into utter solitude; my sisters followed me, made me captive, and led me back to be beset by Mr. Elphinstone's attentions. I seemed to feel a strong cord of destiny tightening round my throat. I often compared myself to the Laocoon. At length, from chafing wildly with my troubles, I became sullen and apathetic. I said to myself, all joy is over for me in this world: never again can the ecstatic throb of love stir my breast. I am deserted by him I made my idol, and I can never trust again! No one around me marries for love. Esteem is the highest and purest motive ever prompting worldly unions. Why do I look for the impossible? Let me sink down to the level of my fellow-women, and marry for a home and a protector! I laughed bitterly at myself when I first said this; yet in time I came to act upon it. I could not but feel a difference between the apparent forgetfulness of Ernest, and the disinterested, ardent perseverance of my new lover. The one had given me up when all my looks and words had been encouraging; the other would not be repelled by the coldest and most ungracious manner.

We were about to return to London; Mr. Elphinstone grew desperate; he found me, one unguarded day, alone, and seizing my hand gently, but effectually, detained me to hear him. How I trembled! how I grew sick and cold, and called in my agony on Ernest, the far-off, the unsympathizing! I called, I say; but I mean only the silent vehemence of my mental longing. Silly is the man who makes love by letter! It requires little self-command to write a polite expression of pain and sympathy, and hope that no unconscious manner of yours has given encouragement to such unfortunate choice. This it is easy to do, and if the woman be not very strongly impressed with regard for the writer, ten to one but this she will do, and without a sigh. But how harrowing to the feelings to repel a spoken suit! To see the depths of a heart laid bare before you—to hear the voice, husky with emotion, the strong man shaking with agitation, and to know that *you* are the cause—that you, with one word, can give joy or sorrow, can clear that cloudy brow, or dim those kindling eyes with disappointment. I



never suffered more than when Mr. Elphinstone, with all the perturbation of real feeling, pleaded his cause. I dreaded saying what I wished to say, and felt for the moment as if I *must* have given encouragement ere passion could rise so high. I said nothing, because I knew not what to say; and again he pleaded only for a *conditional* assent—any conditions! He would be most happy to give me time—only let him hope. And I, weak, overborne, despairing, I gave him at last the conditional assent.

We parted: he went rejoicing to London, I ran home to my bed-room, locked myself in, and went into a paroxysm of hysterics. I was very ill for some days, and then we removed to London as soon as I could bear the journey. To my distress and displeasure I found Mr. Elphinstone had bruited about our engagement. He made many excuses for himself; he really could not think that I would lead a man on so far, and then throw him aside! It was so unlike my character, such disingenuous coquetry!

I felt this to be true, and I also learned a lesson to be remembered by all young girls. Never flatter yourselves that a conditional engagement possesses any advantage over a definite one. It is a running knot, made tighter by every step you advance. Give a man once the *inch* of a conditional engagement, and he will soon make it the *ell* of a binding one! But I learned by experience. I tried to reconcile myself to fate: I reflected on the mental improvement I might acquire from visiting India—a land where many of my young dreams had strayed. I got a grammar and a master, and began to study Sanscrit. I set before me the life of Sir William Jones, and I said, why should not I climb up a few paces where he ascended miles? The endeavours I took to stimulate myself into interest were unceasing. Lord Petrie, when he heard of my engagement, good-naturedly sent me a diamond brooch, with a few words, that he always thought me a disinterested, honest girl, and he liked me all the better for choosing a younger son; but as he did not intend to marry, I might be Lady Petrie after all!

There were great dinner parties between my relatives and the Petrie family, and presents, and congratulations, and caresses. I felt bewildered by it all, and could hardly comprehend that all this fuss was made about poor me. My brothers and sisters petted me, and discovered merits which I had never dreamed of, in everything I did. Mr. Elphinstone raved about my poetry, and took great pride in having it printed at his own expense, and he also superintended my Sanscrit studies. But intellect was to bow its supremacy before feeling. I had braved love, and love rose up again from his sleep and braved me in his turn, and I quailed before him when he came. I was sitting alone one morning, at my favourite amusement of improvising words to familiar tunes: my imagination was highly excited at the prospect of visiting the East, and wild fancies were running through my head, of the jungles, and mighty trees, and swarthy faces,

and strange, picturesque boats. All at once there came back on me, with a distinctness for which I could not account, a certain strain belonging to the past.

I must relate the circumstance which gave it birth. Menie Fraser was fond of collecting the national airs of different countries, for she was a very skilful musician. Previous to her marriage, while we were all at Inverness, a friend had sent her a very singular German melody. It did not, like most English and Scottish ballads, repeat the music of the first verse in the succeeding ones. It ran on through five or six, with a delicate variation in each, the first half of the verse repeating the burden, the second melting into a different measure. No words had been written to it. Mr. Anson gave it to Ernest, and asked him to add language to its peculiar sweetness. We were all present, and a discussion arose which passion was more clearly expressed by the musical meaning.

"Melancholy, decidedly," said Menie.

"Yes, but what kind of melancholy?" asked Ernest. "I think there is a touch of remonstrance, of reproach in its sadness; and the last verse, indeed, is like an ebullition of passionate horror! See how the minor returns again to the major key," I said.

Ernest looked at me with great interest. "You have exactly expressed my own impressions of this melody: how is it our ideas should have such sympathies?" His tone was very low, yet I did not lose a word.

A few hours afterwards he brought Menie the following, in which he had tried to work out my meaning:—

#### THE LATE REMONSTRANCE.

"Why wert thou silent when the Truth

Was innocent, and I was free?

Why, then, make shipwreck of my youth—

My very life, in doubting thee?

"Why did the artificial word

War with the passionate glance and tone?

Why did thy lips sound every chord

Save Love's alone?

"Was I so sordid in my soul,

That by my speech thou mightst conclude

Love's purer aim—Life's higher goal

Were both misunderstood?

"Why now return, and by thy sighs

Force back conviction on my breast—

That deep and quenchless sympathies

Unite us, unconfest?

"Then thou couldst let them clasp my chain,

Nor break thy spell of silent sadness:

But now the thought of thee is stain—

The love of thee is madness!"

Menie sat down and sang it. We were all much affected. "Her voice had tears in it," as some heard a clever woman remark of some singer. I could not, however, help saying, "I would add another verse did the music permit it, which it does not."

"Where?" said Menie.



"After the line, 'Save Love's alone!' I would go on—

'How could I sound it? Woman has scant choice. Her yea or nay is all that she must speak; To the heart's death-pangs she must give no voice: Abandoned oft, because forbid to seek!'"

"Rather severe," said Mr. Anson. "It shows the difference between a man's and a woman's treatment of the same subject. Ernest expressed the wrongs of an individual; you throw down the gauntlet for your sex."

"Well," I continued, a little confused, yet anxious to prove my argument, "and is not the occasion exactly one on which a spirited woman would feel the impotence of her sex? Is it not true that in love affairs women seem enjoined to follow that scriptural precept—'Let your communication be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil?'"

"Laura, my love," interrupted my aunt, "I do not like to hear scripture lightly quoted; and moreover, you seem too knowing on such a subject for your age."

"I did not use the words lightly, dear aunt. Does not your very answer prove the truth of my remark? Because in a general argument I have gone beyond the 'yea, nay,' you consider me too conversant with a subject I never thought about till Mr. Marchmont's verses put it into my head just now."

I shall never forget Ernest's start and flush at this *naïve* candour, which was really true; and that he might interpret it differently never struck my in consequence. But here am I, dragging up old stories, instead of going on straightforward with my own. Yet all these recollections ran through me as I sang this song of Ernest's on that memorable morning, as I sat alone. Half-stifled feelings awoke again in me: my own situation was too similar to that supposed in the poetry, and involuntarily my whole soul went with the passionate reproaches. The door opened slowly behind me, but I did not hear it; nor did I pause till, finishing with a long-drawn sigh, I turned my head, and saw Ernest himself before me. He advanced with unusual gaiety. "How glad I am to see you again, Miss Studleggh, and to learn that you have not forgotten me—that my poetry is more fortunate than myself; it goes often where I am banished by fate. How long it is since we met!"

He paused, for I was much agitated: he apparently attributed it to the troubles I had lately undergone; but he guessed not how agonizing it was to me to see him now. He changed the subject, and began to talk of himself.

"The long postponed appointment is again extending a hand of promise. This time I have really some hope; and oh, Miss Studleggh, if you knew the style of my late occupations, you would fervently congratulate me. None of 'Apollo's venal sons' have suffered worse martyrdom. Fancy, if you can, the delights of being a country editor. The solemn congratulations offered to Lord and Lady C., on returning

to their 'Baronial Hall,' the ever-recurring munificent landlords and bountiful patronesses; the equally stolid lamentations when the Marquis of D. took flight 'from these sublimary spheres;' the raking up of his defunct virtues, which had long been buried under the turf—oh! that was a difficult paragraph! Then the bickering between the country justices and the country constables, the loathsome assizes, the corrupted witnesses, and to me, worse than all, the garbled and distorted reports of speeches in Parliament. The mercenary praise of the Duke of K.'s speech, because he is lord lieutenant of the county, and must be propitiated; the equally unprincipled abuse of Mr. N. and Mr. S., because they are in *mauvaise* odour with the shire magnates. My dear friend, nothing but the direst penury has kept me for an hour among such sordid associates!"

His deep voice shook with virtuous indignation, his face crimsoned with the excitement of a lofty scorn. As for me, led on like himself from gay jest to earnest reprobation, I forgot for the moment that I was promised to another. His sentiments found so perfect an echo in my own heart, that my whole spirit threw off at once the petrifying mask which had grown over it through apathy. The sonorous yet melodious tones of that dear well-known voice acted on me like a trumpet sound. It brought back old aspirations, old hopes, old delights; and when Adelia came in on a morning visit, and recalled me to the real world, she seemed indeed to stab me with her first word.

"Mr. Elphinstone will be here at one; he wants to go to the British Museum with us—be sure you are ready in time, Laura. Where is Millicent? I wonder if she has heard of a governess for the girls—I shall go and find her."

She went—but she left me unable to articulate another word. Ernest looked surprised at my sudden constraint, and at the paleness which had come over my face—a paleness I *felt* myself. I had grown quite cold, and shivered unconsciously. I did not dare to look at him: he began to speak of his mother, and how happy she was at the idea of his promised appointment. I recovered sufficiently to express interest and pleasure in his success, but both words and manner were not like my own. He looked hurt, glanced at the pendule on the mantelpiece, and rather abruptly bade me adieu. His voice faltered as he said, "I hope I shall soon see you again, dear Miss Studleggh—I need not now deny myself that pleasure."

Ah! had I been free, what rapturous hopes those few words would have aroused! As it was, my heart bounded, but then sunk more sadly than before.

I could not go to the Museum with my betrothed. I felt guilty towards him—I had acted with wicked falseness. Ernest's visit had set everything in a clear light before me: I saw how vanity, despair, and a certain easy weakness and persuasion, had led me on to consent to be Mr. Elphinstone's wife. I saw my duty,



but how difficult it was! I knew my own character too well to hope that I could *make* myself love my husband. I knew that the chain would gall the worse for its being self-riveted, and "till death." But to break an engagement! to become a *jilt*! that byword of fickleness and heartlessness! to announce to the world that I was unstable as water—to recall my promised word—to destroy all Mr. Elphinstone's generous and affectionate hopes. This long array of difficulties arose before me, and I could only wring my hands and weep!

I was ill that evening and next day, and Millicent was very much astonished. "It is so *very* odd how suddenly your attack came on: you were quite well before that Mr. Marchmont called."

Her casual remark stung me; I resolved not to be a subject of discussion. Ah, I was yet a coward to the world! I dressed that evening and came down to dinner. Mr. Elphinstone was so taken up about my health, so afraid of my fatiguing myself, that I found I had little to do but sit quiet and listen to all his conversation. After dinner he had insisted on my taking a large reclining chair, and went across the room to fetch a footstool. Adelia, who was present, said, "What a delightful cavalier you do make! I am sure you are a fortunate girl, Laura, as I was saying to-day to your friend Mr. Marchmont. I met him at Storr and Mortimer's, of all places; he seemed exchanging old plate, or perhaps selling it. He asked for you, and said his mother knew you very well; and so I told him you had been ill ever since he called, and that you were going to be married, and how pleased we all were, and what a phoenix of a man Mr. Elphinstone was, &c. &c. I thought he looked rather cross. You had better question her, Mr. Elphinstone, about her flirtations. Fancy Laura flirting! It is too good an idea." Her silly laughter suddenly stopped; Mr. Elphinstone gave a loud cry, and sprang to my side—I had fainted, and no wonder.

#### CHAP. IV.

"To the idea of life, strife and victory are necessary; as virtue consists not simply in the absence of vices, but in the conquering of them."

COLERIDGE.

Too late came self-knowledge, too late self-contempt. It was all over now. As accurately as if I had stood within his secret soul did I divine the emotions of Ernest Marchmont. Often had I heard him say, that the breath of suspicion tainted for ever the purity of love. Were I to kneel to him now, I could not pray back his faith. But for me there was no casting aside the association of years. The only idol my secluded girlhood had known could not be hurled down, though the temple lay in ruins. Like the gigantic images of Copau, it still stood imbedded among the wrecks. The spirit once

worshipped as a god lingered obstinately to fright me as a demon. Exorcise it, I could not; for my heart was sullied with vanity and selfishness, and evil spirits will not quit their fellows among humanity. I was haunted with memories of the lover of my youth, that youth which I had stained with falsehood; for I had done the irrevocable sin—I had acted a lie.

Every look, every word of my unconscious betrothed stabbed me with self-rebuke. Surely for a brief time I was a coward; I knew myself to be wrong, but I could not take the only honourable step yet remaining to me. I still dreaded the world's laugh. I had also excited my mind by dwelling on the thoughts of India. The voyage over pathless waters, the journeys among wild jungles, and ancient mythological cities of the past, were full of charms to an adventurous spirit like mine; and in all recent castle-building I had put my poor betrothed out of the question. I had overlooked the fact that he would be ever at my side, and so I had continued to chalk out for myself a most attractive and exciting future. Moreover, I had now to choose between a handsome fortune and sheer poverty; not that elegant poverty in a straw bonnet and white gown, which lays aside costliness for simplicity, and descends gracefully from gilt plate to Worcester ware. My small sum of five hundred pounds had already been infringed on for dress; the *trousseau* was actually in progress! I well knew my sisters' spirit. From them I had nothing to hope, were I imprudent enough to break my engagement.

Oh, mothers, who educate your girls for matrimony, who thrust forward their mercenary charms at every drawing-room, ye would verily have thought me mad! I was trying to break the chains of a rich, honourable, and earnestly attached suitor! But my mind was not yet braced enough for so bold an effort: I gave in for the time.

Things went on in a sort of hollow truce between me and my conscience. Mr. Elphinstone was always by my side, and the season coming on, we entered into a good deal of what is misnamed gaiety. We had gone to a promenade in some horticultural gardens near town. I had contrived to slip away from my party during some lively discussion, and was strolling into a more unfrequented part of the grounds. At the abrupt turning of a narrow path in a small rockery, I came full on Ernest Marchmont. He coloured, and bit his lip. I felt my frame shiver with an icy chill.

"Well met, Miss Studleggh!" he said. "This is an artificial scene, yet passing well does it counterfeit the wild grace of nature, and people are like places in that. London is a sad trimmer of redundant foliage: it would clip every free forest tree into a peacock hedge."

His tone was cold and ironical.

I did not attempt to answer. I bowed to hide my face, and was about to turn away, when up came all my party.

"Ah! so you've found out your old friend, Mr. Marchmont," said Adelia in her careless



and musical tones, continuing in the same way, "What a pretty place this is! I like it all the better that it is scenery *en petite*. I think I shall alter the glen at Horsely into a rockery."

"Oh, Adelia!" exclaimed Millicent, "you will ruin the *lion* of your country seat. No one will have an object for a walk if you take away that romantic spot."

"Nonsense; I appeal to Mr. Marchmont."

"Certainly, Madam; you could not do better than remove the unsightly, irregular cascade Nature has had the bad taste to leave there; the rocks she has left in unpardonable confusion; and the wild flowers do not grow by any means in the exact corners prescribed by the rules of landscape gardening. For these you will judiciously substitute a pond with trained water-lilies, heaps of vitrified refuse from the glass-houses, a Chinese bridge, and alternate tufts of saxifrage and Cape heath."

"Well," said Adelia, amused by his ironical tone, "I shall certainly take your advice. You cannot fancy how damp the place is after a shower; and there is only one flower at a time, which provokes me. First *all* primroses, then *all* periwinkles, then *all* wild roses, and so on during the year. I like a careful assortment of different flowers judiciously intermingled; and by altering the glen, Millicent, I shall drive away all the toads you dislike so much; they will not be so fond of walking over prickly cactuses and sharp stones."

"Yes, I do dislike toads," said Millicent, unaffectedly shuddering; "they always give me a cold shiver, with their slimy hideous forms, and shockingly bright eyes, like the glassy eyes of a dead face."

St. George laughed at her womanish antipathy, but confessed he had himself a horror of cockroaches. "Good people tell us it is very wrong to hate the creatures of Providence; but I always see every one has a pet dislike, a favourite aversion for some animal or other. Some have an unconquerable disgust at spiders, others recoil from earwigs; a black beetle will put some into hysterics, and a mouse has often to answer for a fainting fit. Napoleon, at sight of a cat, felt his skin bristle with horror, as much as the unlucky cat's back ever fretted with rage; and I know many brave men who cannot sit quietly in a cabin at sea when those loathsome brown cockroaches are crawling and flying about."

"For my part," exclaimed Ernest Marchmont, who had been digging the gravel with the heel of his boot (a most eloquent sign of impatience), "the only animal for which I have an irrepressible disgust is a woman that does not know her own mind, that veers from one opposite pole to another with more levity than a weather vane!" So saying, he turned round and marched off, leaving his hearers surprised, and many of them highly amused by his abrupt speech.

"Well, Laura," said Adelia suddenly, "you need not redden as if the cap fitted you. Look at her, St. George; the silly girl! Her blood has all ebbed now, and she is as white as that Narcissus."

Ah! I knew the application of Ernest Marchmont's contemptuous taunt!

Mr. Elphinstone did not now give me much time for self-examination: he pressed for the day to be fixed. There was nothing apparently to wait for but the approval of my own heart. Alas! that seemed indeed postponed *sine die*. I made excuses, but time was progressing, and fate stared me in the face. One evening he had been more importunate than usual. "Well, say this day fortnight, Laura; do not trifle with me any more. You can have nothing now to get ready but what can be done in that time—say the 27th."

The 27th! It came like a flash of light over me that the 27th was the birth-day of Ernest Marchmont. I do not know what I should have answered had not Millicent exclaimed, "Nine o'clock, Laura, and neither of us dressed for Almack's. Truly, St. George, you have the art of making us forget time."

I went to dress—I have never been at a ball since—and I well remember my attire, a gift from Millicent, who was lavishly generous in matters of finery.

I wore a white crape dress, made double and treble in its skirts, and folded simply over the breast. A wreath of blue-bells ran up the front, and a similar wreath crowned my hair, which was very dark. The diamond brooch given me by Lord Petrie completed my adornments. St. George was charmed with the effect of my dress; I really believe he thought me pretty. "These blue-bells seem to have been dyed in your eyes," he said gaily.

The ball-room was excessively crowded. I believe some foreign prince was present. Adelia and her party met us in the cloak-room; Adelia, as usual, *wild* for the new excitement of seeing the stranger potentate. She was very pretty, and her manner carried off a great deal of her real silliness of mind. She was a great favourite with gentlemen, and St. George seemed always happy to comply with her caprices. He therefore allowed himself to be entrapped into her train to escort her to the principal room to get a peep of the lion of the night. I refused to go with them, as I detested pushing through a crowd, and I remained beside Sir Harriman in the dancing-room. The good old baronet was very attentive to me for a few minutes, but an old brother-in-arms soon approached him, and they were lost in recollections of battles and despatches.

Did you ever sit alone in a ball-room, listening to the gay music of the dance? It is the most saddening of all strains when the spirits are not in tune. Mine were in a minor key that night, and the lively valse jarred on them very painfully. The press before me was very thick, the stream of the dance continually forcing the bystanders to recede. In one of these sudden ebbs a man was pushed against me; he turned to apologize—it was Ernest. The music was playing an exciting valse. I do not know what he meant to have said; but what he did say, and what I answered, may be in-



ferred from the fact that in a few seconds I was whirled round the circle, and Ernest's arm was my support in that intoxicating measure. I had often valed with my brothers, never before with any one else. Nothing but that sudden impulse and confused emotion could have brought this about—that I, an affianced woman, should be swept round a ball-room in the encircling arms of one whom I still loved too fondly for my duty in life. The clasp of Ernest's hands, one of which held mine, the pressure of his arm as we spun round, agitated me beyond words to describe. The expression of his eyes, which had forgotten the bold scorn they had lately emitted, now wore the earnest love which had thrilled me so passionately of yore. The buzz of many voices, the whirring of the dresses through the air, changed in my bewildered hearing into the deep, hollow roar of the far-off Falls of Kilmorack; and in a moment arose before me, aye, even in that brilliant crowded assembly, the quiet evening in the solemn ravine, in which I had first leaned over the torrent and dreamed I was beloved. Again I glanced at my partner, again his fervent eyes burned into my soul: principles, duties, feelings, all were at chaos within me; my head swam, my frame tottered. Ernest threw his arm more firmly round me. "Take me away," I murmured gaspingly; "I shall faint—I shall die!" He drew me tenderly into a small card-room, which happened to be empty; I sank upon a seat and covered my face. I did not dare to look at him, for I had no right to the emotions which then unnerved me. I had never been *his* betrothed, and I was now another's. I was startled by his voice—it was again calm, cold, and ironical.

"I am sorry for your indisposition, Miss Studleggh; you seem to have become delicate since you became fashionable—changed in all since I knew you. Brides are generally nervous, are they not? You used to be an exception to the weaknesses of your sex; at least I thought so, fool that I was. Fool, indeed!" And again his voice changed to stern emotion: "Oh, Laura! that I loved you, that I hoped in silence while poverty held an iron hand over my lips! From you I expected such noble things—such grandeur of soul in adversity; and I find you a frivolous idler among dissipated fashionables, and betrothed to one you have known scarce three months. May you be happy, clay idol, that I thought gold! May you be happy in your own way—I was mad when I thought I might make you happy in mine!" He caught my hand with a sudden impetuosity, flung it from him scornfully, and was gone. Adelia and St. George came up at the same moment.

"My dear girl," cried my sister, "what is the matter?—you shudder! have you got a chill? is there a draught here?" No, it was hot and close as a greenhouse.

I tried to command myself, for my teeth were chattering as if with ague. "I am not well—pray let me go home."

"Well, now, St. George, I should be jealous, were I you. Laura's ailments seem mysteriously connected with that Mr. Marchmont. He has just brushed by me, looking as black as thunder—a most portentous face, I assure you."

St. George's brows looked in their turn a little thundery. "Laura," he whispered, "confide in me, dearest; has that fellow been annoying or molesting you?"

"No, no," I said.

"Then why this illness and depression? Indeed you ought to have no mystery from me; my beloved girl, I implore you to be candid with me."

"I will tell you all to-morrow," I said, with sudden energy. "Yes, I will be candid with you—you deserve it; but take me home now."

His face brightened immediately. "Well, I will wait till to-morrow, but I promise you to be very impatient, so do not prolong suspense. I hate concealment—I have none from you; and I think I deserve the same openness from you. Good bye, my dearest one."

By this time I was in the carriage. He would have followed me, but I begged him to return with Adelia, who had lost her own escort, and was not inclined to leave the ball so early. He drew back upon the steps as the carriage drove away. The light of a neighbouring lamp fell upon his manly, generous-looking face. I remember in all my distress a strange impression that he was very handsome. How I had wronged him! Never could I forget the sensations of that night. Had Ernest said a word of love, I could have fled with him, so violently had the old dormant passion rushed back upon me. And was this a frame of mind for a plighted bride? False, false that I had been! I had deceived myself, my betrothed, and I had deceived Ernest; and now I writhed under his contempt, which even the excitement of that dance had only displaced for a moment.

I never lay down all that night. I paced incessantly in my locked chamber. At length the clouds cleared away: I saw once more the distinct line of duty. I took my pen and wrote to St. George Elphinstone. I wrote with shame—with penitence—with sorrow; but the exertion calmed and strengthened me. Very early in the morning I slipped out to the post-office, in the next street, and put in the letter. I returned home, thoroughly tired by sleeplessness and agitation, and, after ineffectual efforts to arrange my plans for the future, my harassed frame gave way, and I fell into a heavy, feverish, unrefreshing slumber—such a sleep as is often the prelude to dangerous illness.

*(To be continued.)*



## A CHAPTER ON WATCHES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We have no means of telling how long a period elapsed from that primal time when the "evening and the morning made the first day," ere man's ingenuity devised a means of calculating the passing by of those precious moments of which his duration is composed, in order to economize them to the purposes of life.

Shadows by day and stars at night appear to have indexed the flight of time for the ancient Hebrews; though it is very evident that long before the sun-dial of Ahaz was made memorable by the prophet Isaiah, the Chaldeans accustomed to calculate eclipses, and other astronomical phenomena, must have been in possession of some much more accurate instrument for its computation.

Days, months, and years are constantly referred to in the books of the Old Testament, but nothing is said of more minute divisions of time, save that of the day into the natural ones of morning, noon, eventide, and night, until Judea became tributary to Rome, when three of the Evangelists, in describing the crucifixion, and the supernatural darkness subsequent to that event, remark that it lasted from the sixth hour to the ninth; and it is on record, that the Clepsydra, or water-clock (said by Vitruvius to have been invented by one Ctesibius of Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes), was introduced at Rome by P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the 595th year of the city, and consequently many years before the birth of Christ.

This simple time-keeper was so constructed, that the water issued drop by drop through a hole in the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by this means the time that had elapsed.

These instruments, we are told, were set full of water in the courts of judicature, and by them the lawyers pleaded; in order, as Phavorinus tells us, to prevent babbling, and cause those who spoke to be brief in their speeches.

Hour, or sand-glasses, are also said to have originated at Alexandria, and to have been introduced into domestic use amongst the Romans eight years afterwards, or 158 years before the Christian era.

The earliest attempt at measuring time in this country appears to have been on the part of Alfred the Great by means of waxen tapers. The exact period when those direct ancestors of our subject, clocks, or, as they were primitively called, horologes, came into use, is one of those things over which time has cast so thick a veil, that not even the researches of the encyclopædists can penetrate it. By some, the invention of clocks with wheels is ascribed to Pacificus, archdeacon of Verona, as early as the ninth century. And though we read that clocks

(without water) were set up in churches toward the end of the twelfth, the author of the "Divine Comedia" is the first writer on record who distinctly applies the term horologium to a clock that struck the hours; and he was born 1265, and died 1321.

In 1288, during the reign of the 1st Edward, the *English Justinian*, as he has been called, it is said that a fine levied on a lord, chief justice was applied to the purpose of furnishing the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with an horologe, which it is farther stated was the work of an English artist.

Mention is also made of the setting up of a clock in Canterbury Cathedral about the same period, and in that of Wells in 1325. So that those three Dutch horologiers from Delft, who came over (as Rymer tells us) at the invitation of Edward III. in 1368, were not, as some imagined, the introducers of the art, though they very possibly helped us to improve it. Up to the time when Henry de Wic astonished the Emperor Charles V. with those seemingly living toys with which he was wont to surround himself after dinner, and watch the beating and revolving of their curious machinery, those rude prototypes of our subject, which are said to have resembled small table clocks rather than watches, and yet were true specimens we imagine, since they continued going in an horizontal position, which is the only mechanical distinction between a watch and clock—up to this period, we were about to say, clocks appear to have endured a very ascetic existence, living in tall houses built on purpose for them, or shut up in church towers and monastic buildings—

"Fell sickerer\* was his crowning in his loge,  
As is a clock, or any abbey orloge,"

wrote Chaucer in the fourteenth century. And it is not until nearly the end of the fifteenth that we find them domesticated in houses.

From a description of some, which appear in an inventory of articles in the king's palaces of Westminster and Hampton Court, copied by Strutt, the pendules of the period must have been equally ornate with those in modern drawing-rooms, and much more curious.

Thus one, we are told, not only showed the course of the planets, and the days of the year, but was richly gilt, and enamelled and ornamented with the king's (Henry the Eighth's) coat of arms; it also possessed a chime.

Speaking of this monarch reminds us that previous to the scattering of the treasures of Strawberry Hill, there was preserved in the library there a little clock, of silver gilt, the gift

\* Sickness—steady, secure.



of Henry on the morning of his marriage to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It was elaborately chased and engraved, and adorned with fleurs-de-lys, and other heraldic devices, and had on the top a lion supporting the arms of England.

The gilded weights represented *true-lovers-knots*, enclosing the initials of Henry and Anne; and one bore the inscription, "The most happye," the other the royal motto.

Though more than three hundred years had passed since the tragic ending of time with its original possessor, it was still going when the ivory hammer of the famous Robins struck it down to another new and more fortunate owner.

About this period watches are said to have been in use; and in the Holbein chamber of the collection just mentioned, a bust of the royal *wife-slayer*, carved in box-wood, represented him with a dial suspended on his breast. The earliest watch known was one in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, which bore date 1541; but from various imperfections in the workmanship they were not very generally used till towards the end of Elizabeth's reign.

Shakspeare frequently mentions the clock, and in "Twelfth Night" he makes Malvolio exclaim, in his babblings of fancied greatness—"While I, perchance, *wind up my watch*, or play with some rich jewel," an expression that would lead us to suppose that they were even then regarded rather as toys or ornaments than things of necessary use.

Archbishop Parker, in 1575, left by will to the Bishop of Ely his staff of Indian cane, with a *watch* in the top of it; a position that savours more of whim than utility. Yet the excellence of some of these ancient time-keepers is remarkable, for Derham, in his "Artificial Clock-maker," mentions a watch of Henry VIII., which was in order in 1714, and of which Dr. Demanbray had often heard Sir Isaac Newton and Demolivre speak; and the old wooden-framed clock of Peterborough Cathedral, which, instead of the usual key or winch, is wound up by long handles or spikes—a sufficient proof of its antiquity—still strikes, says Denison, upon a bell of considerable size.

Guy Fawkes carried a watch in a more practical spirit than Malvolio or Archbishop Parker; Stowe tells us, one was found upon him which he and Percy had bought the day before, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touch-wood with which he had prepared to give fire to the train of powder;" a proof that even in the third year of the reign of James I. watches were not commonly worn, or the circumstance would not have been mentioned.

In the next reign, however, we find the London "Clock-Makers' Company," incorporated 1631—a sign of the increased use of these instruments, and the growing importance of their manufacture; and as this charter prohibits the importation of clocks, watches, and alarms, it proves that we had even then artists sufficiently skilful in the various manipulations requisite in

the construction of these articles, to render us independent of foreign workmanship.

It is a singular feature in the history of this branch of art, that it has remained until very lately concentrated in the metropolis; besides which, Liverpool and Coventry are said to be the only places in England where a complete watch can be manufactured. At the latter place the business has only been introduced since the commencement of the present century, but the number of persons employed are said to equal the number in London.

But before passing from this event in the history of our subject (the incorporation of a company for the protection of their manufacture in the reign of Charles I.), we may as well describe a watch of the period, which a few years before the publication of the "Encyclopædia Londinensis" (in 1811) had been in the possession of the proprietor. It was dug up but a few years previously, near the site of the ancient castle of Winchester, where it had probably lain from the time of Cromwell, who it is well known destroyed that edifice. It was of an octagon form, and had no minute hand; a piece of catgut supplied the place of a chain; it required winding up every twelve hours, had no balance spring, and appeared never to have had one; and it shut like a hunting-watch without any glass.

But to compensate for this interior rudeness in its construction, the lid and bottom of the case, as well as the dial-plate, were of silver, very neatly engraved, with pieces of scripture history in the centre, and in the compartments the four Evangelists, and St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. Jude: it had no date.

The reign of Charles II., who (like his namesake the emperor, in whose time they first appeared), is said to have been very partial to these instruments, was remarkable for the improvements made in them. Spring pocket-watches were invented by Hooke, 1658; and repeaters were introduced, one of the first of which Charles sent as a present to Louis XIV. of France.

According to some authorities, *reproduced* would be the juster phrase here, for it is stated in "Memoirs of Literature," that some of the most ancient watches were strikers, and that such having been stolen both from Charles V. and Louis XI. whilst they were in a crowd, the thief was detected by their striking the hour!

Perhaps the most remarkable repeating watch extant, is that in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and which, like the old Nuremberg watches, is about the size of an egg: within is represented the holy sepulchre, with the sentinels, and the stone at the mouth; and while the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the women enter the tomb, and the same chaunt is heard which is performed in the Greek Church on Easter Eve.

Germany, by the way, has always been famous for the manufacture of clocks and watches, these latter claiming Nuremberg for their birth-place; and from this circumstance, and their



oval shape, Dopplemayer tells us they were originally known as Nuremburg *animated eggs*.

At present this branch of horometry is chiefly to be found on the other side of the Alps, at or near Geneva, and at Chaux de Fond, in the principality of Neuchâtel, where vast numbers of watches are manufactured. But the wooden clocks, which tick on every cottage wall, and which are erroneously called Dutch, are in fact German, and are nearly all made in the Black Forest, the village of Freyburg being the centre of the manufacture, whence it is said 180,000 wooden clocks on an average are yearly exported.

The Swiss, or *Geneva* watches, as they are commonly called, owing to the poverty of the workmen, the employment of women, and the subdivision of labour, which is carried to even a greater extent than with us, sell at a much lower price than those made in England; but an English watch has hitherto been a desideratum in every part of the world.

Here, at present, the term watch-maker is no longer applicable, every portion of the instrument being the work of a different artisan, and the separate parts are often sent hundreds of miles, to meet in the metropolis, and make a whole of excellent workmanship.

There are innumerable places in which some branch or other of the manufacture is carried on; but the best movements are made at Prescott, in Lancashire, while the town of Whitchurch, in Hampshire, is employed wholly in making hands.

In London, Clerkenwell Green has long been the resort of artificers employed in the various nice and delicate manipulations requisite in the construction of our subject: here, slide-makers, jewellers, motion-makers, wheel-cutters, cap-makers, dial-plate-makers, the painter, the case-maker, the joint-finisher, the pendent-maker, the engraver, the piercer, the escapement-maker, the spring-maker, the chain-maker, the finisher, the gilder, the fusee-cutter, the hand-maker, the glass-maker, and pendulum spring wire-drawer, are all located; for, owing to the minute division of labour, which tends greatly to facilitate its execution after the movements (which have previously passed through thirteen workmen's hands in the provinces) are received in town, the watch progresses through those of these other twenty-one artificers before it comes forth complete.

Owing to this delicate and varied workmanship, materials originally not worth sixpence are frequently converted into watches worth a hundred pounds and more, so costly may their appendages be made. But in all these different branches of a business which maintains thousands of families, the only part of it which falls to women in this country is the polishing of the cases, which the case-makers' wives are sometimes employed to do.

Perhaps no object of man's ingenuity has been made the exponent of so many grave morals as the *watch*. Poets and philosophers have managed that its beatings should be only a little

less gloomy to the imagination than the associations of a passing bell; but Paley has thrown a glory round this gloom, and aggrandized it from a peevish reminder of passing time into a fair argument of a Creator's presence, in the delicate and wonderful machinery of nature, which could no more come by chance (as men blinded by folly have occasionally asserted), than could this little instrument have been formed without a contriver.

What the author of the "Old Church Clock" has said of that branch of our subject, may be equally applied to this—"there is no dead thing so like a living one." Day by day, year by year, its iron heart throbs on, some of them surviving, as we have seen, for centuries, though they are said to beat 17,160 times in an hour. Well would it be for us if the time-keeper in our bosoms, beating momentarily the escape of our allotted term, acted as lightly on the frame; but all its emotions help to wear this out.

In the dawn of its appearance, in an age when every science that set men wondering was in some degree regarded as the work of magic, what a sensation must these "animated eggs" have occasioned, and how suggestive! unless the fanciful belief of some of the early fathers of the church, who averred that gems and precious metals were first made known to mortals by fallen angels, who also inspired the desire to profit by, and be adorned with them, had anything to do with the tabooing of evil by holy signatures—how suggestive are the quaint gravings of saints and scriptural subjects on the cover of the watch dug up at Winchester, of the antique custom of inscribing trinkets with sacred symbols, and so converting them into amulets; a custom which the Greeks and Romans borrowed from the Egyptians, and which the early Christians perpetuated after them.

We have seen the watch, originally oval, take an octagon form; after which it appears to have subsided into its present shape, the only variation being in size, and different degrees of roundness.

At present watches are frequently made not thicker than a crown piece, and yet perform their functions with exactness; nay, there are some with perfect works, compressed into a smaller compass than a shilling! A friend of the writer's saw one, not long since, set in a ring, the hands and figures being composed of brilliants, upon a dial of blue enamel; and at the recent Exhibition one filled the place usually occupied by a seal at the end of a pencil-case, and another appeared as an appendage to a lady's bracelet. There was also a large silver watch, such as mariners are fond of wearing, immersed in a vase of water, and yet impervious to any ill effects.

Our subject is one which grows under our hands, and we might go on *ad libitum* describing their different idiosyncracies; for watches, like individuals, have their several temperaments and ways of going. We have all met with *fast watches* and slow ones, and some (a disposition they are apt to contract from their



wearers) are very irregular—varieties of character, which so puzzled their first owner, the Emperor Charles V., who amused himself on his retirement to the monastery of St. John, by endeavouring to keep in order these by-gone

companions of his dinner-table, that they produced a reflection on the absurdity of his attempts to keep together the powers of Europe, when even these little pieces of mechanism baffled him.

## TO THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

BY ALICIA JANE O'NEILL.

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops  
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
And one alone, to make her sweet amends  
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend."

YOUNG.

"Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss."

COWPER.

Five years! And can it five years be  
Since we set forth together,  
To sail o'er life's uncertain sea,  
Through life's uncertain weather?

How bright, how brief, how beautiful,  
Those fond five years appear;  
As back through all their homes I glance—  
Back with a smile and tear!

A smile of grateful tenderness,  
That I have found in thee  
All that my early dreams believ'd  
A fond heart-friend should be;

A smile of joy, that worldly cares  
Have cast no blighting chill  
Upon this heart—so glad of old,  
So glad and ardent still!

A tear, lest coming years should bring  
Their changes on my lot,  
And I for treasures now possess'd  
Should seek, and find them not!

But down, distrustful, trembling heart!  
Down with thy doubts and fears!  
The God who bless'd thy joys to thee  
Can likewise kiss thy tears!

Then let me sing serenely on  
Of precious years gone by—  
Those beautiful, fond years I've spent  
Beneath *thy loving eye*.

Yes, beautiful! though tempests met  
Our shatter'd bark, and we  
Were driv'n by adverse gales across  
A bleak and troubled sea!

But thou hadst me, and I had thee;  
And leaning on thy breast,  
I prayed away my cares and fears,  
And bless'd my place of rest!

Oh, blessed be the God who gave  
That place of rest to me,  
And kept us strong in faith and hope  
When tempests swept the sea!

Who never left us nor forsook,  
But led us safe to land—  
Poor shipwrecked mariners forlorn,  
But brave in heart and hand!

Strong in the faith "that looks above,"  
Our perils sank us not.  
Brave in the strength of mutual love,  
We bless our happy lot!

## EROS AND ANTEROS.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Said a light little Fay to a Dew-drop that lay  
On the breast of an opening flower,  
"Would thy soft couch were mine for a slumber  
divine

But for only one short merry hour!  
Oh! what dreams of delight, through the calm of  
the night,

O'er this tremulous bosom would steal!"  
"Silly trifter, away!" said the Dew to the Fay,  
This is folly, not true love you feel."

"Not for joy of my own, on this bud newly blown  
Through the calm of the night-time I lie,  
But to add to the store of her beauties yet more  
With my life—for at noontide I die.  
And the love that would give, and the love would  
receive,

May be known for the False and the True—  
'Tis the True that, as I, for its object would die:  
'Tis the False that self-seeketh, like you."

## STARS ON A FROSTY NIGHT.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Come, watch with me for one little night  
Beside yon glimmering casement white;  
The day hath joined the shadowy Past,  
And the earnest stars are waking fast:  
They are twinkling o'er the heights afar,  
They are shedding gleams from each icy spar,  
They are smiling in beauty above the sea—  
Come, watch them a few calm hours with me.

Oh! it is lovely to see them shine  
At the summer sunset's calm decline,  
When the silver chime of the vesper bell  
Is borne on the air like day's parting knell,  
And the leaves are furl'd, and the winds are mute,  
And bliss is soft as a lover's lute;  
But clearer yet beam their radiant host  
When the cold, grey sky is lined with frost.



Look, look in the realms of space on high—  
The free, wide fields which above us lie—  
How their orbs of splendour by myriads come  
From the hidden depths of the purpling gloom !  
How they wreath the dusky brow of night  
Like a swarm of flashing fire-flies bright,  
And seem to rejoice in the glory sent  
To the farthest wall of the firmament !

And see where the frost decks bough and spray  
With gems which scatter a silvery day,  
And fetters the flow of the leaping rills  
As they bound in glee down the tameless hi is.  
What a glittering, ethereal blaze  
Is shed by their thousand thousand rays !  
One might deem that an angel's veil of sheen  
Was floating the heavens and earth between.

The glorious stars—and the sparkling frost—  
How calm seems the world when day's cares are  
lost !

Could we yield to the present, which charms around  
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,

We should think the creation's wide domain  
An Eden, undimmed by one dark stain ;  
But we know that grief hath its chastening part  
In each earthly home, and each human heart.

Yet shall we sorrow, dear friend, for this ?  
Life hath enough of yet purer bliss  
Than the cloudless joys which pass away  
With the light of our childhood's fleeting day !  
Ours be that portion ! the bliss to feel  
The meanings which Nature's high charms reveal,  
In the flowers which bloom or the stars which shine  
To trace the power of a love divine.

But lo ! the far voice of the waking main  
With its changeful murmurs of joy and pain,  
And the sighing sweep of the early breeze  
'Mong the jewelled boughs of the cold, bright trees,  
And the first faint tinge of the rising morn  
Afar o'er the snowy mountains born ;  
Oh, ye that have been as a holy spell  
Through the hours of the winter night !—Farewell !

*Ramsgate, Dec. 10, 1851.*

## TAKING BOARDERS.

*(An American Story.)*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*(Concluded from page 27.)*

### CHAP. VI.

Three months more elapsed. Mrs. Marion was still an inmate of the family. Up to this time, not a word had come from her husband, and she had not been able to pay Mrs. Darlington a single dollar. Painfully did she feel her dependent situation, although she was treated with the utmost delicacy and consideration. But all the widow's means were now exhausted in the payment of the second quarter's rent, and she found her weekly income reduced to thirty-five dollars—scarcely sufficient to meet the weekly expense for supplying the table, paying the servants, &c., leaving nothing for future rent-bills, the cost of clothing, and education for the younger children. With all this, Mrs. Darlington's duties had been growing daily more and more severe. Nothing could be trusted to servants that was not, in some way, defectively done, causing repeated complaints from the boarders. What proved most annoying was the bad cooking, to remedy which, Mrs. Darlington strove in vain. One day the coffee was not fit to drink, and on the next day the steak would be burnt or broiled to a chip, or the sirloin roasted until every particle of juice had evaporated. If hot cakes were ordered for breakfast, ten chances to one that they were not sour ; or, if rolls were baked, they would, most likely, be as heavy as lead.

Such mishaps were so frequent that the guests of Mrs. Darlington became impatient, and Mr. Scragg, in particular, never let an occasion for

grumbling or insolence pass without fully improving it.

"Is your coal out?" said he, one morning, about this time, as he sat at the breakfast-table.

Mrs. Darlington understood, by the man's tone and manner, that he meant to be rude, though she did not comprehend the meaning of his question.

"No, sir," she replied, with some dignity of manner. "Why do you ask?"

"It struck me," he answered, "that such might be the case. But, perhaps, cook is too lazy to bring it out of the cellar. If she'll send for me to-morrow morning, I'll bring her up an extra scuttleful, as I particularly like a good cup of hot coffee."

His meaning was now plain. Quick as thought, the blood rushed to the face of Mrs. Darlington. She had borne so much from this man, and felt towards him such utter disgust, that she could forbear no longer.

"Mr. Scragg," said she, with marked indignation, "when a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman."

"Madam!" exclaimed Scragg, with a threat in his voice, while his coarse face became red with anger.

"When a gentleman has any complaint to make, he does it as a gentleman," repeated Mrs. Darlington, with a more particular emphasis than at first.

"I'd thank you to explain yourself," said Scragg, dropping his hands from the table, and elevating his person.



"My words convey my meaning plain enough. But, if you cannot understand, I will try to make them clearer. Your conduct is not that of a gentleman."

Of course, Mr. Scragg asked for no further explanation. Starting from the table, he said, looking at Mrs. Scragg—

"Come!"

And Mrs. Scragg arose, and followed her indignant spouse.

"Served him right," remarked Burton, in a low voice, bending a little towards Miriam, who sat near him. "I hope we shall now be rid of the low-bred fellow."

Miriam was too much disturbed to make a reply. All at the table felt more or less uncomfortable, and soon retired. Ere dinner-time, Mr. and Mrs. Scragg, with their whole brood, had left the house, thus reducing the income of Mrs. Darlington from thirty-five to twenty-three dollars a week.

At dinner-time, Mrs. Darlington was in bed. The reaction which followed the excitement of the morning, accompanied as it was with the conviction that, in parting with the Scraggs, insufferable as they were, she had parted with the very means of sustaining herself, completely prostrated her. During the afternoon she was better, and was able to confer with Edith on the desperate nature of their affairs.

"What are we to do?" said she to her daughter, breaking thus abruptly a silence which had continued for many minutes. "We have an income of only twenty-three dollars a week, and that will scarcely supply the table."

Edith sighed, but did not answer.

"Twenty-three dollars a week," repeated Mrs. Darlington. "What are we to do?"

"Our rooms will not remain vacant long, I hope," said Edith.

"There is little prospect of filling them that I can see," murmured Mrs. Darlington. "If all our rooms were taken, we might get along."

"I don't know," returned Edith to this, speaking thoughtfully. "I sometimes think that our expenses are too great for us to make anything, even if our rooms were filled. Six hundred dollars is a large rent for us to pay."

"We've sunk three hundred dollars in six months. That is certain," said Mrs. Darlington.

"And our furniture has suffered to an extent almost equivalent," added her daughter.

"Oh, do not speak of that! The thought makes me sick. Our handsome French china dinner-set, which cost us a hundred and fifty dollars, is completely ruined. Half of the plates are broken, and there is scarcely a piece of it not injured or defaced. My heart aches to see the destruction going on around us."

"I was in Mrs. Scragg's room to-day," said Edith.

"Well, what of it?" asked her mother.

"It would make you sick in earnest to look in there. You know the beautiful bowl and pitcher that were in her chamber?"

"Yes."

"Both handle and spout are off the pitcher." "Edith!"

"And the bowl is cracked from the rim to the centre. Then the elegant rosewood wash-stand is completely ruined. Two knobs are off of the dressing-bureau, the veneering stripped from the edge of one of the drawers, and the whole surface marked over in a thousand lines. It looks as if the children had amused themselves by the hour in scratching it with pins. Three chairs are broken. And the new carpet we put on the floor looks as if it had been used for ten years. Moreover, everything is in a most filthy condition. It is shocking."

Mrs. Darlington fairly groaned at this intelligence.

"But where is it all to lead, Edith?" she asked, arousing herself from a kind of stupor into which her mind had fallen. "We cannot go on as we are now going."

"We must reduce our expenses, if possible."

"But how are we to reduce them? We cannot send away the cook."

"No. Of course not."

"Nor our chambermaid."

"No. But cannot we dispense with the waiter?"

"Who will attend the table, go to market, and do the dozen other things now required of him?"

"We can get our marketing sent home."

"But the waiting on the table. Who will do that?"

"Half a dollar a week extra to the chambermaid will secure that service from her."

"But she has enough to do besides waiting on the table," objected Mrs. Darlington.

"Miriam and I will help more through the house than we have yet done. Three dollars a week and the waiter's board will be saving a good deal."

Mrs. Darlington sighed heavily, and then said—

"To think what I have borne from that Scragg and his family—ignorant, low-bred, vulgar people, with whom we have no social affinity whatever—who occupy a level far below us, and who yet put on airs and treated us as if we were only their servants! I could bear his insolence no longer. Ah, to what mortifications are we not subjected in our present position! How little dreamed I of all this, when I decided to open a boarding-house! But, Edith, to come back to what we were conversing about, it would be something to save the expense of our waiter; but what are three or four dollars a week, when we are going behind-hand at the rate of twenty?"

"If Mrs. Marion"—

Edith checked herself, and did not say what was in her mind. Mrs. Darlington was silent, sighed again heavily, and then said—

"Yes; if it wasn't for the expense of keeping Mrs. Marion. And she has no claim upon us."

"None but the claim of humanity," said Edith.

"If we were able to pay that claim," remarked Mrs. Darlington.



"True."

"But we are not. Such being the case, are we justified in any longer offering her a home?"

"Where will she go? What will she do?" said Edith.

"Where will we go? What will we do, unless there is a change in our favour?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"Alas, I cannot tell! When we are weak, small things are felt as a burden. The expense of keeping Mrs. Marion and her two children is not very great. Still, it is an expense that we are unable to meet. But how can we tell her to go?"

"I cannot take my children's bread and distribute it to others," replied Mrs. Darlington, with much feeling. "My first duty is to them."

"Poor woman! My heart aches for her," said Edith. "She looks so pale and heart-broken, feels so keenly her state of dependence, and tries so in every possible way to make the pressure of her presence in our family as light as possible, that the very thought of turning her from our door seems to involve cruelty."

"All that, Edith, I feel most sensibly. Ah me! into what a strait are we driven!"

"How many times have I wished that we had never commenced this business!" said Edith. "It has brought us nothing but trouble from the beginning; and, unless my fears are idle, some worse troubles are yet before us."

"Of what kind?"

"Henry did not come home until after two o'clock this morning."

"What!" exclaimed the mother, in painful surprise.

"I sat up for him. Knowing that he had gone out with Mr. Barling, and finding that he had not returned by eleven o'clock, I could not go to bed. I said nothing to Miriam, but sat up alone. It was nearly half-past two when he came home in company with Barling. Both, I am sorry to say, were so much intoxicated that they could scarcely make their way up stairs."

"Oh, Edith!" exclaimed the stricken mother, hiding her face in her hands, and weeping aloud.

Miriam entered the room at this moment, and seeing her mother in tears, and Edith looking the very image of distress, begged to know the cause of their trouble. Little was said to her then; but Edith, when she was alone with her soon after, fully explained the desperate condition of their affairs. Hitherto they had, out of regard for Miriam, concealed from her the nature of the difficulties that were closing around them.

"I dreamed not of this," said Miriam, in a voice of anguish. "My poor mother! What pain she must suffer! No wonder that her countenance is so often sad. But, Edith, cannot we do something?"

Ever thus, to the mind of the sweet girl, when the troubles of others were mentioned to her, came, first, the desire to afford relief.

"We can do nothing," replied Edith, "at present, unless it be to assist through the house,

so that the chambermaid can attend the door, wait on the table, and do other things now required of the waiter."

"And let him go?"

"Yes."

"I am willing to do all in my power, Edith," said Miriam. "But, if mother has lost so much already, will she not lose still more if she continue to go on as she is now going?"

"She hopes to fill all her rooms; then she thinks that she will be able to make something."

"This has been her hope from the first," replied Miriam.

"Yes; and thus far it has been a vain hope."

"Three hundred dollars lost already," sighed Miriam, "our beautiful furniture ruined, and all domestic happiness destroyed! Ah me! Where is all going to end? Uncle Hiram was right when he objected to mother's taking boarders, and said that it was the worst thing she could attempt to do. I wish we had taken his advice. Willingly would I give music-lessons, or work with my hands for an income, to save mother from the suffering and labour she has now to bear."

"The worst is," said Edith, following out her own thoughts rather than replying to her sister, "now that all our money is gone, debt will follow. How is the next quarter's rent to be paid?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes. How can we pay that?"

"Oh dear!" sighed Miriam. "What are we to do? How dark all looks!"

"If there is not some change," said Edith, "by the close of another six months everything we have will be sold for debt!"

"Dreadful!" ejaculated Miriam, "dreadful!"

For a long time the sisters conferred together, but no gleam of light arose in their minds. All the future remained shrouded in darkness.

## CHAP. VII.

The man named Burton, to whom reference has been made as being particularly attentive to Miriam, was really charmed with the beautiful young girl; but the affection of a man such as he was, comes to its object as a blight instead of a blessing. Miriam, while she did not repel his attentions—for his manner towards her was ever polite and respectful—felt nevertheless an instinctive repugnance towards him; and when she could keep out of his way without seeming to avoid him, she generally did so.

A few evenings after the conversation held with Edith, as given in the last chapter, Burton, in passing from the dining-room, said to Miriam, "Come, I want you to play for me some of those beautiful airs in 'Don Giovanni.'"

"Indeed you must excuse me, Mr. Burton," replied Miriam. "I don't feel like playing to-night."

"Can't excuse you, indeed," said Burton, smiling pleasantly, and at the same time taking Miriam's hand, which she quickly withdrew from



his touch. The contact sent an unpleasant thrill along her nerves. "So come; I must have some music to-night."

Miriam yielded to the request, although she felt in no mood for touching the piano. After playing several pieces, she lifted her hands from the instrument, and turning away from it, said, "There, Mr. Burton, you must really excuse me. I cannot play to-night."

"Excuse you—certainly; and for the pleasure you have given me accept my thanks," replied Mr. Burton. There was a change in his tone of voice, which Miriam did not comprehend. "And now," he added, in a low voice, bending to her ear, "come and sit down with me on the sofa. I have something particular that I wish to say."

Miriam did as she was desired, not dreaming of what was in the mind of Burton.

"Miriam," said he, after a pause, "do not be startled nor surprised at what I am going to say." But his words and manner both startled her, and she was about rising, when he took her hand and gently detained her. "Nay, Miriam," said he, "you must hear what I wish to speak. From the day I entered this house, you have interested me deeply: admiration was followed quickly by profound respect; and to this succeeded a warmer sentiment." A deep crimson instantly mantled the face of Miriam, and her eye fell to the floor. "Can you, my dear young lady," continued Mr. Burton, "reciprocate the feeling I have expressed?"

"Oh, sir, excuse me!" said Miriam, so soon as she could recover her disordered thoughts. And she made another effort to rise, but was still detained by Burton.

"Stay! stay!" said he; "hear all that I wish to utter. I am rich!"—

But, ere he could speak another word, Miriam sprung from the sofa, and, bounding from the room, flew rather than walked up the stairs. The instant she entered her own room, she closed and locked the door, and then falling upon the bed, gave vent to a flood of tears. A long time passed before her spirit regained its former composure; and then, when her thought turned towards Mr. Burton, she experienced an inward shudder. Of what had occurred she breathed not a syllable to Edith when she joined her in the chamber to retire for the night.

"How my heart aches for mother!" sighed Edith, as she came in. "I have been trying to encourage her; but words are of no avail. 'Where is all to end?' she asks; and I cannot answer the question. Oh dear! What is to become of us? At the rate we are going on now, everything must soon be lost. To think of what we have sacrificed, and are still sacrificing, yet all to no purpose! Every comfort is gone! Strangers, who have no sympathy with us, have come into our house; and mother is compelled to bear all manner of indignities from people who are in every way inferior. Yet, for all, we are losing instead of gaining. Ah me! No wonder she is heart-

sick, and utterly discouraged: how could it be otherwise?"

Miriam heard and felt every word; but she made no answer. Thought, however, was busy, and remained busy long after sleep had brought back to the troubled heart of Edith its even pulsations. "I am rich." These words of Mr. Burton were constantly recurring to her mind. It was in vain that she turned from the idea presented with them; it grew more and more distinct each moment. Yes, there was a way of relief opened for her mother, of safety for the family; and Miriam saw it plainly, yet shuddered as she looked, and closed her eyes like one about to leap from a fearful height. Hour after hour Miriam lay awake, pondering the new aspect which things had assumed, and gazing down the fearful abyss into which, in a spirit of self-devotion, she was seeking to find the courage to leap. "I am rich!" Ever and anon these words sounded in her ears. As the wife of Burton, she could at once lift her mother out of her present unhappy situation. Thus, before the hour of midnight came and went, she thought. He had offered her his hand: she might accept the offer, on condition of his settling an income upon her mother. This the tempter whispered in her ears; and she hearkened, in exquisite pain, to the suggestion.

When Edith awoke on the next morning, Miriam slept soundly by her side; but Edith observed that her face was pale and troubled, and that tears were on her cheeks. At breakfast-time she did not appear at the table; and when her mother sent to her room, she returned for answer that she was not very well. The whole of the day she spent in her chamber, and during all the time was struggling against the instinctive repulsion felt towards the man who had made her an offer of marriage. At supper-time she reappeared at the table, with a calm, yet sad face. As she was passing from the dining-room, after tea, Burton came to her side and whispered, "Can I have a word with you in the parlour, Miriam?"

The young girl neither looked up nor spoke, but moved along by his side, and descended with him to the parlour, where they were alone.

"Miriam," said Burton, as he placed himself by her side on the sofa, "have you thought seriously of what I said last evening? Can you reciprocate the ardent sentiments I expressed?"

"Oh, sir!" returned Miriam, looking up artlessly in his face, "I am too young to listen to words like these."

"You are a woman, Miriam," replied Burton, earnestly—"a lovely woman, with a heart overflowing with pure affections. Deeply have you interested my feelings from the first; and now I ask you to be mine. As I was going to say last evening, I am rich, and will surround you with every comfort and elegance that money can obtain. Dearest Miriam, say that you will accept the hand I now offer you!"

"My mother will never consent," said the trembling girl, after a long pause.

"Your mother is in trouble: I have long seen



that," remarked Mr. Burton, "and have long wanted to advise and befriend her. Put it in my power to do so, and then ask for her what you will."

This was touching the right key, and Burton saw it in a moment.

"Yes, you have said truly," replied Miriam; "my mother is in great trouble. Ah! what would I not do for her relief?"

"Ask for your mother what you will, Miriam;" said Burton.

The maiden's eyes were upon the floor, and the rapid heaving of her bosom showed that her thoughts were busy in earnest debate; at length, looking up, she said, "Will you lift her out of her present embarrassed position, and settle upon her an income sufficient for herself and family?"

"I will," was the prompt answer: "and now, my dear Miriam, name the sum you wish her to receive."

Another long silence followed.

"Ah, sir!" at length said the maiden, "in what a strange, humiliating position am I placed!"

"Do not speak thus, Miriam. I understand all better than words can utter it. Will an income of two thousand dollars a-year suffice?"

"It is more than I could ask."

"Enough: the moment you are mine, that sum will be settled on your mother."

Miriam arose up quickly as Burton said this, murmuring—"Let me have a few days for reflection;" and, ere he could prevent her, glided from the room.

#### CHAP. VIII.

Two weeks more went by, and the pressure upon Mrs. Darlington was heavier and heavier. Her income was below her table expenses and servant-hire, and all her reserve fund being exhausted, she felt the extremity of her circumstances more than at any time before. To bear longer the extra weight of poor deserted Mrs. Marion and her two children was felt to be impossible. With painful reluctance did Mrs. Darlington slowly make up her mind to say to Mrs. Marion that she must seek another home; and for this purpose she one day waited upon her in her room: as tenderly and as delicately as possible did she approach the subject. A word or two only had she said, when Mrs. Marion, with tears upon her face, replied, "Pardon me that I have so long remained a burden upon you. Had I known where to go, or what to do, I would not have added my weight to the heavy ones you have had to bear. Daily have I lived in hope that my husband would return: but my heart is sick with hope deferred. It is time now that I began the work of self-dependence."

"Where can you go?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"I know not," sadly returned Mrs. Marion. "My only relative is a poor aunt, with scarcely the ability to support herself. But I will see

her to-day: perhaps she can advise me what to do."

When Mrs. Marion returned from this visit to her aunt she looked very sad. Mrs. Darlington was in the passage as she came in: but she passed her without speaking, and hurried up to her chamber. Neither at tea-time on that evening nor at breakfast-time on the next morning did she appear, though food for herself and children was sent to her room. Deeply did Mrs. Darlington and her daughter suffer on account of the step they were compelled to take; but stern necessity left them no alternative. During the day, Mrs. Marion went out again for an hour or two, and when she came back she announced that she would leave on the next day. She looked even sadder than before. Some inquiries as to where she was going were made, but she evaded them. On the day following a carriage came for her, and she parted with her kind friends, uttering the warmest expressions of gratitude.

"I have turned her from the house!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a tone of deep regret, as she closed the door upon the poor creature. "How would I like my own child treated thus?"

For the rest of the day she was so unhappy, owing to this circumstance, that she could scarcely attend to anything.

"Do you know where Mrs. Marion went when she left our house?" said Edith to her mother, about two weeks afterwards. There was a troubled look in Edith's face as she asked this question.

"No. Where is she?"

"At Blockley."

"What!"

"In the alms-house!"

"Edith!"

"It is too true. I have just learned that, when she left here, it was to take up her abode among paupers. She had no other home."

Mrs. Darlington clasped her hands together, and was about giving expression to her feelings, when a domestic came in and said that Mr. Ellis was in the parlour, and wished to see her immediately.

"Where is Miriam?" asked the brother, in a quick voice, the moment Mrs. Darlington entered the parlour, where he awaited her.

"She's in her room, I believe. Why do you ask?"

"Are you certain? Go up, Edith, quickly, and see."

The manner of Mr. Ellis was so excited that Edith did not pause to hear more, but flew up stairs. In a few moments she returned, saying that her sister was not there, and that, moreover, on looking into her drawers, she found them nearly empty.

"Then it was her!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis.

"Where is she? Where did you see her?" eagerly asked both mother and sister, their faces becoming as pale as ashes.

"I saw her in a carriage with a notorious gambler and scoundrel, named Burton. There was a trunk on behind, and they were driving



towards the wharf. It is ten minutes before the boat starts for New York, and I may save her yet!"

And, with these words, Mr. Ellis turned abruptly away, and hurried from the house. So paralyzed were both Mrs. Darlington and Edith by this dreadful announcement, that neither of them had for a time the power of utterance. Then both, as by a common impulse, arose and went up to the chamber where Miriam slept. Almost the first thing that met the eyes of Mrs. Darlington was a letter, partly concealed by a book on the mantel-piece. It was addressed to her. On breaking the seal, she read—

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: I shall be away from you only a little while; and, when I return, I will come with relief for all your present troubles. Do not blame me, dear mother! What I have done is for your sake. It almost broke my heart to see you so pressed down and miserable. And, then, there was no light ahead. Mr. Burton, who has great wealth, offered me his hand. Only on condition of a handsome settlement upon you would I accept of it. Forgive me, that I have acted without consultation. I deemed it best. In a little while, I will be back to throw myself into your arms, and then to lift you out of your many troubles. How purely and tenderly I love you, mother, dear mother! I need not say. It is from this love that I am now acting. Take courage, mother. Be comforted. We shall yet be happy. Farewell, for a little while. In a few days I will be with you again.

"MIRIAM."

As Mrs. Darlington read the last sentence of this letter, Henry, her son, who had not been home since he went out at breakfast-time, came hurriedly into the room and, in an excited manner, said—

"Mother, I want ten dollars!"

The face of the young man was flushed, and his eyes unsteady. It was plain, at a glance, that he had been drinking.

Mrs. Darlington looked at him for a moment, and then, before Edith had seen the contents of Miriam's letter, placed it in his hands.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed, after running his eyes over it hurriedly. "Miriam gone off with that Burton!"

The letter dropped upon the floor, and Henry clasped his hands together with a gesture of pain.

"Who is Mr. Burton? What do you know of him?" asked Edith.

"I know him to be a man of the vilest character, and a gambler into the bargain! Rich! Gracious heaven!"

And the young man struck his hands against his forehead, and glanced wildly from his pale-faced mother to his paler sister.

"And you knew the character of this man, Henry!" said Mrs. Darlington. There was a smiting rebuke in her tone. "You knew him, and did not make the first effort to protect your young, confiding, devoted sister! Henry Darlington, the blood of her murdered happiness will never be washed from the skirts of your garments!"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed the young

man, putting up his hands to enforce the depreciation in his voice, "do not speak so, or I will go beside myself! But where is she? When did she go? I will fly in pursuit. It may not yet be too late."

"Your Uncle Hiram saw her in a carriage with Mr. Burton, on their way, as he supposed, to the steamboat landing. He has gone to intercept them, if possible."

Henry drew his watch from his pocket, and, as he glanced at the time, sank into a chair, murmuring, in a low voice of anguish—

"It is too late!"

## CHAP. IX.

When Mr. Ellis left the house of his sister, he called a carriage that happened to be going by, and reached the wharf at Walnut-street in time to spring on board of the steam-boat just as the plank was drawn in at the gangway. He then passed along the boat until he came to the ladies' cabin, which he entered. Almost the first persons he saw were Burton and his niece. The eyes of Miriam rested upon him at the same moment, and she drew her veil quickly, hoping that she was not recognized. Hiram Ellis did not hesitate a moment, but walking up to where Miriam sat, stooped to her ear and said, in a low, anxious voice—

"Miriam, are you married yet?"

Miriam did not reply.

"Speak, child. Are you married?"

"No," came in a half audible murmur.

"Thank God! thank God!" fell in low accents from the lips of Mr. Ellis.

"Who are you, sir?" now spoke up Burton, whom surprise had till now kept silent. There was a fiery gleam in his eyes.

"The uncle of this dear girl, and one who knows you well," was answered, in a stern voice—"knows you to be unworthy to touch even the hem of her garment."

A dark scowl lowered upon the face of Burton; but Mr. Ellis returned his looks of anger glance for glance. Miriam was in terror at this unexpected scene, and trembled like an aspen. Instinctively she shrunk towards her uncle.

Two or three persons, who sat near, were attracted by the excitement visible in the manner of all three, although they heard nothing that was said. Burton saw that they were observed, and, bending towards Mr. Ellis, said—

"This, sir, is no place for a scene. A hundred eyes will soon be upon us."

"More than one pair of which," replied Mr. Ellis, promptly, "will recognize in you a noted gambler, who has at least one wife living, if no more."

As if stung by a serpent, Burton started to his feet and retired from the cabin.

"Oh, uncle! can what you say of this man be true?" asked Miriam, with a blanching face.

"Too true, my dear child! too true! He is one of the worst of men. Thank God that you have escaped the snare of the fowler!"



"Yes, thank God! thank God!" came trembling from the lips of the maiden.

Mr. Ellis then drew his niece to a part of the cabin where they could converse without being overheard by other passengers on board of the boat. To his inquiry into the reasons for so rash an act, Miriam gave her uncle an undisguised account of her mother's distressed condition, and touchingly portrayed the anguish of mind which had accompanied her reluctant assent to the offer of Burton.

"And all this great sacrifice was on your mother's account?" said Mr. Ellis.

"All! all! He agreed to settle upon her the sum of two thousand dollars a year, if I would become his wife. This would have made the family comfortable."

"And you most wretched. Better, a thousand times better, have gone down to your grave, Miriam, than become the wife of that man. But for the providential circumstance of my seeing you in the carriage with him, all would have been lost. Surely, you could not have felt for him the least affection."

"Oh, uncle! you can never know what a fearful trial I have passed through. Affection! It was, instead, an intense repugnance. But, for my mother's sake, I was prepared to make any sacrifice consistent with honour."

"Of all others, my dear child," said Mr. Ellis, with much feeling, "a sacrifice of this kind is the worst. It is full of evil consequences that cannot be enumerated, and scarcely imagined. You had no affection for this man, and yet, in the sight of heaven, you were going solemnly to vow that you would love and cherish him through life!"

A shudder ran through the frame of Miriam, which being perceived by Mr. Ellis, he said—

"Well may you shudder, as you stand looking down the awful abyss into which you were about plunging. You can see no bottom, and you would have found none. There is no condition in this life, Miriam, so intensely wretched as that of a pure-minded, true-hearted woman united to a man whom she not only cannot love, but from whom every instinct of her better nature turns with disgust. And this would have been your condition. Ah me! in what a fearful evil was this error of your mother, in opening a boarding-house, about involving her child. I begged her not to do so. I tried to show her the folly of such a step. But she would not hear me. And now she is in great trouble."

"Oh yes, uncle. All the money she had when she began is spent; and what she now receives from boarders but little more than half pays expenses."

"I knew it would be so. But my word was not regarded. Your mother is no more fitted to keep a boarding-house than a child ten years old. It takes a woman who has been raised in a different school, who has different habits, and a different character."

"But what can we do, uncle?" said Miriam.

"What are you willing to do?"

"I am willing to do anything that it is right for me to do."

"All employments, Miriam, are honourable so far as they are useful," said Mr. Ellis, seriously, "though false pride tries to make us think differently. And, strangely enough, this false pride drives too many, in the choice of employments, to the hardest, least honourable, and least profitable. Hundreds of women resort to keeping boarders as a means of supporting their families, when they might do it more easily, with less exposure, and greater certainty, in teaching, if qualified, fine needlework, or even in the keeping of a store for the sale of fancy and useful articles. But pursuits of the latter kind they reject as too far below them, and, in vainly attempting to keep up a certain appearance, exhaust what little means they have. A breaking up of the family, and a separation of its members, follow the error in too many cases."

Miriam listened to this in silence. Her uncle paused.

"What can I do to aid my mother?" the young girl asked.

"Could you not give music lessons?"

"I am too young, I fear, for that; too little skilled in the principles of music," replied Miriam.

"If competent, would you object to teach?"

"Oh, no. Most gladly would I enter upon the task, did it promise even a small return. How happy would it make me if I could lighten, by my own labour, the burdens that press so heavily upon our mother!"

"And Edith. How does she feel on this subject?"

"As I do. Willing for anything; ready for any change from our present condition."

"Take courage, then, my dear child, take courage," said the uncle, in a cheerful voice.

"There is light ahead."

"Oh, how distressed my mother will be when she finds I am gone!" sighed Miriam, after a brief silence, in which her thoughts reverted to the fact of her absence from home. "When can we get back again?"

"Not before ten o'clock to-night. We must go on as far as Bristol, and then return by the evening line from New York."

Another deep sigh heaved the troubled bosom of Miriam, as she uttered, in a low voice, speaking to herself—"My poor mother! Her heart will be broken!"

## CHAP. X.

Meanwhile the hours passed with the mother, sister, and brother in the most agonizing suspense. Henry, who had been drawn away into evil company by two young men who boarded in the house, was neglecting his studies and pressing on towards speedy ruin. To drinking and association with the vicious, he now added gaming. Little did his mother dream of the perilous ways his feet were treading. On this



occasion he had come in, as has been seen, with a demand for ten dollars. When he left home in the morning, it was in company with the young man named Barling. Instead of his going to the office where he was studying, or his companion to his place of business, they went to a certain public house in Chesnut-street, where they first drank at the bar.

"Shall we go up into the billiard-room?" said Barling, as they turned from the white marble counter at which they had been drinking.

"I don't care. Have you time to play a game?" replied Henry.

"Oh yes. We're not very busy at the store to-day."

So the two young men ascended to the billiard-room, and spent a couple of hours there. Both played very well, and were pretty equally matched. From the billiard-room they proceeded to another part of the house, more retired; and there, at the suggestion of Barling, tried a game at cards for a small stake. Young Darlington was loser at first; but, after a time, regained his losses and made some advance on his fellow player. Hours passed in playing and drinking; and finally, Darlington, whose good fortune did not continue, parted with every sixpence.

"Lend me a dollar," said he, as the last game went against him.

The dollar was lent and the playing renewed.

Thus it went on, hour after hour, neither of the young men stopping to eat anything, though both drank too frequently. At last, Darlington was ten dollars in debt to Barling, who, on being asked for another loan, declined any farther advances. Stung by the refusal, Henry said to him, rising as he spoke—

"Do you mean by this that you are afraid I will never return the money?"

"Oh no," replied Barling. "But I don't want to play against you any longer. Your luck is bad."

"I can beat you," said Darlington.

"You haven't done it to-day certainly," answered Barling.

"Will you wait here a quarter of an hour?" asked Henry.

"For what?"

"I want to pay you off and begin again. I am going for some money."

"Yes, I'll wait," replied the young man.

"Very well. I'll be back in a few minutes."

It was for this work and for this purpose that Henry Darlington came to his mother just at the moment the absence of Miriam, and her purpose in leaving, had been discovered. The effect of the painful news on the young man has already been described. From the time he became aware of the fact that Miriam had gone away with Burton for the purpose of becoming his wife, until ten o'clock at night, he was in an agony of suspense. As the uncle could not be found at the office where he wrote, nor at the house where he boarded, it was concluded that he had reached the boat before its departure, and gone on with the fugitives in the train to

New York. Nothing was therefore left for the distressed family but to await his return.

How anxiously passed the hours! At tea-time, Edith only made her appearance. Henry and his mother remained in the chamber of the latter. As for the young man, he was cast down and distressed beyond measure, vexing his spirit with self-accusations that were but too well founded.

"Oh, mother!" said he, while they were alone, starting up from where he had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, "oh, mother! what evils have come through this opening of our house for strangers to enter! Miriam, our sweet, gentle, pure-hearted Miriam, has been lured away by one of the worst of men; and I," the young man checked himself a moment or two, and then continued, "and I have been drawn away from right paths into those that lead to sure destruction. Mother, I have been in great danger. Until Barling and Mason came into our family, I was guiltless of any act that could awaken a blush of shame upon my cheek. Oh, that I had never met them!"

"Henry! Henry! what do you mean by this?" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, in a voice full of anguish.

"I have been standing on the brink of a precipice," replied the young man, with more calmness. "But a hand has suddenly drawn me away, and I am trembling at the danger I have escaped. Oh, mother, will you not give up this mode of life? We have none of us been happy. I have never felt as if I had a home since it began. And you, what a slave you have been; and how unhappy. Can nothing be done except keeping boarders? Oh, what would I not give for the dear seclusion of a home where no stranger's foot could enter!"

"Some other mode of living must be sought, my son," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Added to all the evils attendant on the present mode, is that of a positive loss instead of a profit. Several hundred dollars have been wasted already, and daily am I going in debt."

"Then, mother, let us change at once," replied the young man. "It would be better to shrink together in a single room than to continue as we are. I will seek a clerkship in a store, and earn what I can to help support the family."

"I can think of nothing now but Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington. "Oh, if she were back again, safe from the toils that have been thrown around her, I think I would be the most thankful of mortals. Oh, my child! my child!"

What could Henry say to comfort his mother? Nothing. And he remained silent.

Long after this, Mrs. Darlington, with Henry and Edith, were sitting together in painful suspense. No word had been spoken by either for the space of nearly an hour. The clock struck ten.

"I would give worlds to see my dear, dear child!" murmured Mrs. Darlington.

Just then a carriage drove up to the door,



and stopped. Henry sprang down stairs; but neither Edith nor her mother could move from where they sat. As the former opened the street door, Miriam stood with her uncle on the threshold. Henry looked at her earnestly and tenderly for an instant, and then staggering back, leaned against the wall for support.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"In her own room," said Henry, in a voice scarcely audible.

Miriam sprang up the stairs with the fleetness of an antelope, and, in a few moments, was sobbing on her mother's bosom.

"Miriam! Miriam!" said Mrs. Darlington, in a thrilling voice, "do you return the same as when you left?"

"Yes, thank God!" came from the maiden's lips.

"Thank God! thank God!" responded the mother, wildly. "Oh, my child, what a fearful misery you have escaped!"

In a few minutes the mother and sisters were joined by Henry.

"Where is your uncle?" asked Mrs. Darlington.

"He has gone away; but says that he will see you to-morrow."

Over the remainder of that evening we will here draw a veil.

## CHAP. XI.

On the next morning, only Mrs. Darlington met her boarders at the breakfast-table, when she announced to them that she had concluded to close her present business, and seek some new mode of sustaining her family; at the same time desiring each one to find another home as early as possible.

At the close of the third day after this, Mrs. Darlington sat down to her evening meal with only her children gathered at the table. A subdued and tranquil spirit pervaded each bosom, even though a dark veil was drawn against the future. To a long and troubled excitement there had succeeded a calm. It was good to be once more alone, and they felt this.

"Through what a scene of trial, disorder, and suffering have we passed!" said Edith. "It seems as if I had just awakened from a dream."

"And such a dream!" sighed Miriam.

"Would that it were but a dream!" said Mrs. Darlington. "But, alas! the wrecks that are around us too surely testify the presence of a devastating storm."

"The storm has passed away, mother," said Edith; "and we will look for calmer and brighter skies."

"No bright skies for us, I fear, my children," returned the mother, with a deeper tinge of sadness in her voice.

"They are bright this hour to what they were a few days since," said Edith; "and I am sure they will grow brighter. I feel much encouraged. Where the heart is willing, the way is

sure to open. Both Miriam and I are willing to do all in our power; and I am sure we can do much. We have ability to teach others; and the exercise of that ability will bring a sure reward. I like Uncle Hiram's suggestion very much."

"But the humiliation of soliciting scholars," said the mother.

"To do right is not humiliating," quickly replied Edith.

"It is easy to say this, my child; but can you go to Mrs. Lionel, for instance, with whose family we were so intimate, and solicit her to send Emma and Cordelia to the school you propose to open, without a smarting sense of humiliation? I am sure you cannot."

Edith communed with her own thoughts for some moments, and then answered, "If I gave way to false pride, mother, this might be so; but I must overcome what is false and evil. This is as necessary for my happiness as the external good we seek—nay, far more so. Too many who have moved in the circle where we have been moving for years, strangely enough connect an idea of degradation with the office of teaching children. But is there on the earth a higher or more important use than instructing the mind and training the heart of young immortals? It has been beautifully and truly said, that 'earth is the nursery of heaven.' The teacher, then, is a worker in God's own garden. Is it not so, mother?"

"You think wisely, my child. God grant that your true thoughts may sustain you in the trials to come!" replied Mrs. Darlington.

The door-bell rang as the family were rising from the tea-table. The visitor was Mr. Ellis. He had come to advise with and assist the distressed mother and her children; and his words were listened to with far more deference than was the case a year before. Nine or ten months' experience in keeping a boarding-house had corrected many of the false views of Mrs. Darlington, and she was now prepared to make an effort for her family in a different spirit from that exhibited in the beginning. The plan proposed by her brother—a matter-of-fact kind of person—was the taking of a house at a more moderate rent, and opening a school for young children. Many objections and doubts were urged; but he overruled them all, and obtained, in the end, the cordial consent of every member of the family. During the argument which preceded the final decision of the matter, Mrs. Darlington said, "Suppose the girls should not be able to get scholars?"

"Let them see to this beforehand."

"Many may promise to send, and afterwards change their minds."

"Let them," replied the brother. "If, at the end of the first, second, and third years you have not made your expenses, I will supply the deficiency."

"You!"

"Yes. The fact is, sister, if you will be guided in some respects by my judgment, I will stand by you and see you safely over every diffi-



culty. Your boarding-house experiment I did not approve. I saw from the beginning how it would end, and I wished to see the end as quickly as possible. It has come, and I am glad of it; and, still further, thankful that the disaster has not been greater. If you only had now the five or six hundred dollars wasted in a vain experiment during the past year, how much the sum might do for you! But we will not sigh over this. As just said, I will stand by you in the new experiment, and see that you do not fall again into embarrassment."

Henry was present at this interview, but remained silent during the whole time. Since the day of Miriam's departure with Burton, and safe return, a great change had taken place in the young man. He was like one starting up from sleep on the brink of a fearful precipice, and standing appalled at the danger he had escaped almost by a miracle. The way in which he had begun to walk he saw to be the way to sure destruction, and his heart shrunk with shame, and trembled in dismay.

"Henry," said the uncle, after an hour's conversation with his sister and Edith, "I would like to talk with you alone."

Mrs. Darlington and her daughters left the room.

"Henry," said Mr. Ellis, as soon as the rest had withdrawn, "you are old enough to do something to help on. All the burden ought not to come on Edith and Miriam."

"Only show me what I can do, uncle, and I am ready to put my hands to the work," was Henry's prompt reply.

"It will be years before you can expect an income from your profession."

"I know, I know. That is what discourages me."

"I can get you the place of clerk in an insurance office, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year: will you accept it?"

"Gladly!" The face of the young man brightened as if the sun had shone upon it suddenly.

"You will have several hours each day, in which to continue your law reading, and will get admitted to the bar early enough. Keep your mother and sisters for two or three years, and then they will be in a condition to sustain you until you make a practice in your profession."

But to this the mother and sisters, when it was mentioned to them, objected. They were not willing to have Henry's professional studies interrupted. That would be a great wrong to him.

"Not a great wrong, but a great good," answered Mr. Ellis. "And I will make this plain to you. Henry, as I learn from yourself, has made some dangerous associations; and some important change is needed to help him break away from them. No sphere of life is so safe for a young man as that which surrounds profitable industry pursued for an end. Temptation rarely finds its way within this sphere. Two or three years devoted to the duties of a

clerk, with the end of aiding in the support of his mother and sisters, will do more to give a right direction to Henry's character—more to make success in after life certain—than anything else possible now to be done. The office in which I can get him the situation I speak of adjoins the one to which I am attached, and I will, therefore, have him mostly under my own eye. In this new school, the ardency of his young feelings will be duly chastened, and his thoughts turned more into elements of usefulness. In a word, sister, it will give him self-dependence, and, in the end, make a man of him."

The force of all this, and more by this suggested, was not only seen, but felt, by Mrs. Darlington; and when she found her son ready to accept the offer made to him, she withdrew all opposition.

Steps preliminary to the contemplated change were immediately taken. First of all, Edith waited upon a number of their old friends, who had young children, and informed them that she was, in connection with her sister, about opening a school. Some were surprised, some pleased, and some indifferent at the announcement; but a goodly number expressed pleasure at the opportunity it afforded them of placing their younger children under the care of teachers in whose ability and character they had so much confidence. Thus was the way made plain before them.

## CHAP. XII.

A few weeks later, and the contemplated change was made. The family removed into a moderate-sized house, at a lower rent, and prepared to test the new mode of obtaining a livelihood. A good portion of their furniture had been sold, besides three gold watches and some valuable jewellery belonging to Mrs. Darlington and her two eldest daughters, in order to make up a sum sufficient to pay off the debt contracted during the last few months of the boarding-house experiment. The real loss sustained by the widow in this experiment fell little short of a thousand dollars.

"How many scholars have you now?" asked Mrs. Darlington of Edith, two months after the school was opened, as they sat at tea one evening, each member of the family wearing a cheerful face.

"Twenty," replied Edith. "We received two new ones to-day. Mrs. Wilmot came and entered two of her children; and she said that Mrs. Armond was going to send her Florence so soon as her quarter expired in the school she is now attending."

"How much will you receive from your present number of scholars?" inquired Henry.

"I made the estimate to-day," returned Edith, "and find that the bills will come to something like a hundred and twenty-five dollars a quarter."

"Five hundred dollars a-year," said Henry; "and my five hundred added to that will make



a thousand. Can't we live on a thousand dollars, mother?"

"We may, by the closest economy."

"Our school will increase," remarked Edith; "and every increase will add to our income. Oh! it looks so much brighter ahead! and we have so much real comfort in the present! What a scene of trial have we passed through!"

"How I ever bore up under it is more than I can now tell," said Mrs. Darlington, with an involuntary shudder. "And the toil, and suffering, and danger through which we have come! I cannot be sufficiently thankful that we are safe from the dreadful ordeal, and with so few marks of the fire upon us."

A silence followed this, in which two hearts, at least, were humbled, yet thankful, in their self-communion—the hearts of Henry and Miriam. Through what perilous ways had they come! How near had they been to shipwreck!

"Poor Mrs. Marion!" said Edith, breaking the silence, at length. "How often I think of her! And the thought brings a feeling of condemnation. Was it right for us to thrust her forth as we did?"

"Can she still be in —?"

"O no, no!" spoke up Henry, interrupting his mother. "I forgot to tell you that I met her and her husband on the street to-day."

"Are you certain?"

"O yes."

"Did you speak to them?"

"No. They saw me, but instantly averted their faces. Mrs. Marion looked very pale, as if she had been ill."

"Poor woman! She has had heart-sickness enough," said Mrs. Darlington. "I shall never forgive myself for turning her out of the house. If I had known where she was going!"

"But we did not know that, mother," said Edith.

"We knew that she had neither friends nor a home," replied the mother. "Ah me! when our own troubles press heavily upon us, we lose our sympathy for others!"

"It was not so in this case," remarked Edith. "Deeply did we sympathize with Mrs. Marion. But we could not bear the weight without going under ourselves."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mrs. Darlington, half to herself. "We might have kept up with her a little longer. But I am glad from my heart that her husband has come back. If he will be kind to his wife, I will forgive all his indebtedness to me."

A few weeks subsequent to this time, as Miriam sat reading the morning paper, she came upon a brief account of the arrest, in New Orleans, of a noted gambler, as it said, named Burton, on the charge of bigamy. The paper dropped to the floor, and Miriam, with clasped hands, and eyes instantly overflowing with tears,

looked upward and murmured her thanks to heaven.

"What an escape!" fell tremblingly from her lips, as she arose and went to her room to hold communion with her own thoughts.

Three years have passed, and what has been the result of the widow's new experiment? The school prospered from the beginning. The spirit with which Edith and Miriam went to work made success certain. Parents who sent their children were so much pleased with the progress they made, that they spoke of the new school to their friends, and thus gave it a reputation that, ere a year had elapsed, crowded the rooms of the sisters. Mrs. Darlington was a woman who had herself received a superior education. Seeing that the number of scholars increased rapidly, and made the pressure on her daughters too great, she gave a portion of her time each day to the instruction of certain classes, and soon became much interested in the work. From that time she associated herself in the school with Edith and Miriam.

Three years, as we said, have passed, and now the profits on the school are more than sufficient to meet all expenses. Henry has left his clerkship, and is a member of the bar. Of course, he has little or no practice—only a few months having elapsed since his admission; but his mother and sisters are fully able to sustain him until he can sustain himself.

"How much better this is than keeping boarders!" said Edith, as she sat conversing with her mother and uncle about the prospects of the school.

"And how much more useful and honourable!" remarked Mr. Ellis. "In the one case, you fed only the body; but now you are dispensing food to the immortal mind. You are, moreover, independent in your own house. When the day's work is done, you come together as one family, and shut out the intruding world."

"Yes, it is better, far better," replied Mrs. Darlington. "Ah! that first mistake of mine was a sad one."

"Yet out of it has come good," said Mr. Ellis. "That painful experience corrected many false views, and gave to all your characters a new and higher impulse. It is through disappointment, trial, and suffering, that we grow wise here; and true wisdom is worth the highest price we are ever called upon to pay for it."

Yes, it is so. Through fiery trials are we purified. At times, in our suffering, we feel as if every good thing in us was about being consumed. But this never happens. No good in our characters is ever lost in affliction or trouble; and we come out of these states of pain wiser and better than when we entered them, and more fitted and more willing to act usefully our part in the world.



## THE WOMAN OF THE WRITERS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

## No. III.—SPENSER.

Spenser's women are all ideal women. His descriptions of them are so mixed up with allegory, that they are rather embodiments of certain womanly qualities than women themselves—rather impersonations of feminine attributes than actual mortal creatures. He portrays them so figuratively, he deals so in generals, that they present rather semblances of womanhood in the abstract, than portraits of genuine, *bonâ fide* women. They possess no individuality, no character. We are *told* indeed, that they are eminently distinguished for such and such virtue, or merit, or qualification; but we never find them giving evidence of any characteristic of the kind. For instance, the gentle Amoret is, by her name, and by express intimation, meant

"To be th' ensample of true love alone,  
And loadstar of all chaste affection  
To all fair ladies that do live on ground."

Yet she gives no striking instance of passion or devotion. She is brought up by Venus, it is true; but of *herself*, and in the development of her character and story, we find nothing that distinguishes her from any other love-heroine. The amazon Britomart, the impersonation of Chastity, gives much more active token of loving capacity. She rescues her lover from an ignominious thralldom, and proves herself capable of a heroic preference for his renown and honour, to the indulgence of her own secret wish of retaining him by her side. Even Florimell evinces a far more energetic preference for the sea-nymph's son Marinell, than Amoret for her lover. With the exception of the incidents of their several stories, there is nothing to denote the difference between Spenser's women. For aught of distinctive feature in their native dispositions, Amoret might be Serena, Florimell Pastorella, or Belphebe Una. We know them apart by their several adventures, not by their personal identity. We have exquisite pictures of them all; but they are too much alike in complexion, moral, intellectual, and physical, for us to retain a close individual impression, far less a dominant preference for any one of them.

Pastorella's story is, in its main points, not unlike that of Shakspeare's "Perdita"—a founding princess, the child of royal parents, brought up as a shepherd's daughter. But where, in the former, are the characteristic touches, the subtle points of conduct and speech, which betray at every turn the maiden of high birth and inherited nobility of thought and sentiment in the latter? Pastorella, for aught she discovers of exaltation in word or deed, might be the low-born lass she seems; and for aught of simplicity, or artlessness, or rustic breeding, she

might be a damsel of rank. We have a beautiful sketch of her as she first appears in the poem, crowned with flowers, clad in home-made green, and seated on a little hillock, surrounded by a troop of lasses and shepherd swains; but it merely presents her to our eyes; we learn nothing of herself, of her disposition, her conduct, either there or afterwards. She differs in nothing, save in story, from Amoret, Florimell, and the rest. They are all heroines of certain narratives, and nothing more. We sometimes wonder how their lovers distinguish them one from another, mingled up as they are in a labyrinthine maze of cross-adventure. We scarcely marvel that the witch's creation, the false Florimell, the "snow-maid," formed in counterfeit of the true maiden, should pass current for herself with her lovers. There is hardly more vitality, more individuality of substance in the one than the other. They are both exceedingly fair, passing lovely, exquisite shows of womanhood: but for living, breathing, recognizable touches of womanly worth, the real Florimell possesses hardly one which can help us to distinguish her from her snow-rival. We are *informed* that when they were brought together, it was "like the true saint beside the image set:" but we cannot help feeling that the poet has missed the opportunity of making us acquainted with the real Florimell, by some unmistakeable points of womanly nature which make a great writer's feminine characters individually known and endeared to us. At the same time, it must be owned that the picture he presents to us is perfect as a piece of delicate painting:—

"So forth the noble lady was ybrought,  
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:  
Whereto her bashful shamefastness ywrought  
A great increase in her fair blushing face;  
As roses did with lilies interlace."

But it is a mere picture—it is no portrait. It might do as well for any other noble and modest lady as for Florimell; for Una, or for Serena, or for Amoret.

The most condensed picture of womanly beauty that Spenser has given us, is his celebrated one of Una, in the wood:—

"Her angel's face  
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place:  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

His most highly-finished and elaborate one is the description of Belphebe, too long to indulge ourselves in quoting entire; but these few lines from it are not to be resisted, as they contain more of identity, besides being some of the finest this poet has penned on the subject:—



"Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,  
Like a broad table did itself dispread,  
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,  
And write the battles of his great godhead :  
All good and honour might therein be read ;  
For there their dwelling was. And when she  
spake,  
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed,  
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake  
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to  
make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sat,  
Under the shadow of her even brows."

These two last lines, especially, are so lustrous, as to rebuke us with their gentle perfection for anything seemingly ungracious that we may have dared to advance in derogation of Spenser's power of describing womanhood ; all, however, that we would wish to be understood to say, is, that he seems to us rather to succeed in describing appearance than qualities ; female beauty than female excellence. But against our own argument, we will cite a passage in honour of Gloriana (in whom is typified Queen Elizabeth), which is certainly instinct with true dignity and nobleness, as well as with imperial beauty :—

"In widest ocean she her throne does rear,  
That over all the earth it may be seen ;  
As morning sun her beams dispredden clear ;  
And in her face fair peace and mercy doth appear.

In her the riches of all heavenly grace  
In chief degree are heaped up on high :  
And all, that else this world's enclosure base  
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye  
Adorns the person of her majesty :  
That men, beholding so great excellence,  
And rare perfection in mortality,  
Do her adore with sacred reverence,  
As th' idol of her Maker's great magnificence."

Of all Spenser's heroines, the one possessing the most marked features of moral purpose and peculiarity in character, is Britomart. But she is an amazon, and an embodiment of an especial virtue. As the latter, she is necessarily more of an allegorical figure than an actual woman ; and as the former, her martial merits detract unavoidably from her feminine qualities. The effect of a lady freeing her lover from captivity, finding him in woman's attire, feeling ashamed for him, and causing him to be fresh equipped in his proper guise, is not altogether pleasant. It puts the man into a wrong position, and adds nothing to the grace of the woman's. It sets her lover at a disadvantage, and can thus give no advantage to herself. The best things in the descriptions of Britomart, are precisely those passages where she appears least the amazon, and most the woman. For instance, the one in which she is represented cross-questioning the red-cross knight of her lover, Sir Arthegall ; feigning to disparage him, in order to have the delight of hearing herself contradicted :—

"Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,  
Yet list the same efforce with feign'd gainsay ;  
So discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay."

With the glowing beauty of her blush of emotion :—

"And ever and anon the rosy red  
Flash'd through her face, as it had been a flake  
Of lightning through bright heaven fulmin'd."

Again, in the instance before alluded to, where she exerts a womanly and noble fortitude in the hour of parting with her lover, repressing her own grief, that she may urge him to go forth in prosecution of a deed which concerns his honour. And, above all, the knightly lady shows to supremest advantage in that scene where she stands revealed in all her sex's beauty, unhelming :—

"With that her glist'ring helmet she unlaced ;  
Which doff'd, her golden locks that were up-  
bound  
Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,  
And like a silken veil in compass round  
About her back and all her body wound."

One of the womanly accomplishments with which Spenser endues his heroines, is skill in leechcraft—a valuable qualification for ladies possessing knight-lovers. Here is a tasteful image of Belphebe tending the wounded squire :—

"The sovereign weed betwixt two marbles plain  
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise,  
And then between her lily hands twain  
Into his wound the juice thereof did seruse ;  
And round about (as she could well it use)  
The flesh therewith she supplied and did steep,  
T' abate all spasm and soak the swelling bruise ;  
And after having search'd the intuse deep,  
She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to  
keep."

There is a gravity about Spenser that leaves no doubt of his being quite in earnest. He has not a spark of irony. He never indulges in a word that can be mistaken for a jest. He is always serious, always implicit. His great poem presents perhaps the only instance of so long a work without a single touch of comedy. Even Milton—though his subject was of so grave a nature,—has not wholly abstained from attempts at humour ; but in all Spenser's Faëry Queen no example can be cited of the most distant hint at humour, still less of jocularly. All is sober, unsmiling narration, as of the weightiest events. Nothing can be more steadily matter-of-fact and sedate than the way in which this highly ideal and poetical romance is told throughout. It is related with all the solemnity of a child, listening to, or telling, a ghost-story. There is none of the sly sarcasm of old Chaucer, occasionally peeping out, like the roguish twinkle of an eye, letting us into the secret that he is half in play. Spenser means all he says, and has, as it were, an underbreathed, impressive mode of uttering his marvels, as if he believed in them with an unmisgiving awe of faith, and called upon you to do the same. Thus, in his most florid hyperboles of the sex, in his most soaring flights to their honour, there is a certain reverential truth, that carries with it conviction of his own perfect credence, and that he is in nowise to be understood as conveying satire under the guise of overstrained praise, as so



many knavish wags of writers have chosen to do. He commences one of the cantos of his poem with a couple of stanzas asserting the power of women over men, that have all the sobriety and sedateness of a legislative enactment; and twice elsewhere, he takes occasion gravely to charge the men with *envy*, in suppressing the records of those glorious women who have achieved renown in deeds of arms, and "great exploits." There is such a genuine air of candour in his statement and delivery of such sentiments, that no suspicion can be entertained for an instant, that he is otherwise than in earnest. Here are two pretty lines of his, that carry with them this sort of quiet conviction as to his sincerity:—

"So easy is t' appease the stormy wind  
Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind."

As an example of his power of painting powerfully the horrible and loathly, no less than the gentle and lovely, we would point to his portrait of Envy in book v., canto xii.; but as it is pleasanter to cite beauteous than revolting images, we will recall to the reader that graceful one, from the same portion of the poem, of a woman's courage reviving. It is quite in Spenser's charming style:—

"Like as a tender rose in open plain,  
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,  
And hung the head, soon as few drops of rain  
Thereon distil and dew her dainty face,  
'Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace  
Dispreads the glory of her leavès gay;  
Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,  
When Arthegall she saw in that array,  
There waiting for the tyrant till it was far day."

Another passage, containing a womanly picture, we cannot refrain from quoting—if it were only for the sake of that one line in it. It is just one of those surpassingly beautiful ideas, which these divine old poets bequeath to us as immortal treasures of thought and imagination:—

"For she was fair as fair might ever be,  
And in the flower now of her freshest age;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,  
That even heaven rejoiced her sweet face to see.

In robe of lily white she was array'd,  
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught;  
The train whereof loose far behind her stray'd,  
Branched with gold and pearl, most richly wrought,  
And borne of two fair damsels, which were taught

That service well: her yellow golden hair  
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,  
No other tire she on her head did wear,  
But crownèd with a garland of sweet rosiere."

Lest it be said that the above passage confutes what has been stated respecting Spenser's want of character and individuality in his female portraiture, be it remembered that this is a description of Alma, or Temperance, and that therefore he necessarily impersonated the attributes of that virtue in limning her figure. It is in his heroines, his professedly mortal women, that we miss distinctive traits. It seemed a property of this poet's mind to utter itself figuratively, to typify and allegorize all things and all persons. Even in the twelve Eclogues that form the shepherd's calendar, he represents himself, his mistress, and friends, under the names of Colin Clout, Rosalind, &c., &c. Also in the "Prothalamion, a spousal verse in honour of the double marriage of two honourable and virtuous ladies, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catherine Somerset," he has figured the two brides under the form of a pair of snow-white swans.

The "Epithalamion," in commemoration of his own nuptials, has never been surpassed, perhaps not even equalled, by any poet of any age, for its intensity and holiness of passion, with radiant beauty of portraiture. The one of his bride before the altar, containing a passage reminding us of that which we have already cited as so ineffably beautiful, will form a not unworthy testimony of the poet's sincere homage to womanhood and womanly nature:

"Behold, while she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesses her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,  
Like crimson dy'd in grain;  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service, and about her fly,  
Of peeping in her face, that seems more fair  
The more they on it stare.  
But her sad\* eyes, still fastened on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one look to glance awry  
Which may let in a little thought unsound.  
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand—  
The pledge of all our band?  
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring."

## GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

No. 1.

The language and literature of Germany are becoming daily more and more familiarized among us. Within the last few years numerous translations from the first German authors have appeared from time to time, improving our acquaintance with the manners of their country, and enriching our domain of thought with new

ideas and new images borrowed from their abundant stores. Meanwhile, as a perhaps natural result—if not an exciting cause—a taste for the German language has been rapidly gaining ground upon us: in short, German is the

\* Sad—sedate.



fashion. Multitudes of German grammars, conversation-preceptors, Lesebücher, and self-teaching manuals of all possible and impossible kinds, have in succession issued from the press. Not to be behind-hand with the world, therefore, we found it necessary to refresh our memories with renewed draughts from the old Teutonic founts; and sometimes, as a relief to the more abstruse study of German metaphysics, to plunge into the mysterious depths of the Deutsche "Märchen."

Those who have looked most curiously into this lighter department of the literature of the country, can scarcely have failed to observe that the most striking characteristic of German legendary lore is its peculiar suggestiveness. With us a tale of mere local superstition imparts the immediate meaning intended to be conveyed by its words, and nothing more. With the German tale it is widely different: we may read the same legend again and again, and each time that we peruse it a livelier sense of horror lingers in the mind: the terror deepens; the internal suggestion of a something mystical and supernatural grows and strengthens; and we are long afterwards haunted by the recurring images, multiplied to our inward vision like the interminable line of the slain Banquo's issue—stretching out "to the crack o' doom."

As an instance of the kind of suggestiveness here indicated, a better legend can scarcely be selected than that of "Lord Allwin." Abrupt and startling in its sudden revelations, it is yet clear and concise—almost epic, in its developments. It is a tragedy in little. The unseen working of a moral witchcraft—the silent progress of an almost sublime retribution—the hand of a Fate—is in it. Brief yet complete, it satisfies with a sense of the fitness of its every part; while, at the same time, relations are suggested which have no distinct being save in the reader's mind.

Difficult as it is to convey anything of the singular impressiveness of the legend in a different language, we here give it as little as possible altered from the simplicity of the original; dividing it into separate sections, or acts, on which to comment as we proceed.

"Once on a time there lived a nobleman called Lord Allwin, who sang with so cunning and delightful a skill, that all who heard him became charmed with the melody, and were lured to his side as by a spell. Amongst the rest was a lovely princess, who, no sooner had she seen him and heard his sweet singing, than she went and stood before her father, saying, 'O, my father, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her father the king said, 'No, my daughter; whoever goes to him returns not again; already has many a one left their life with him.' Then she went and stood before her mother, saying, 'Lady mother, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her mother said, 'No, my daughter, whoever goes to him returns no more; many a maiden has left her life with him.' Then she went and stood before her sister, saying, 'Sister, let me go to Lord Allwin.' But her sister said, 'No; whoso goes to him returns not: of all the maidens that have gone to him, not one has ever been heard of more.' At last she went

and stood before her brother, saying, 'Brother, let me go to Lord Allwin.' And her brother said, 'Whither thou goest it moves not me, so that thou keepest thine honour unsullied.' Thereupon she went into her chamber, and clothed herself in garments so delicately fine that she appeared like an angel. This done, she mounted a royal steed and rode away to the forest."

Here we have the first indication of the working of the spell: the delicious music, the mysterious charm, entralling the ear that listens to its evil voice. Then follows the persistency of the infatuation—"Let me go to Lord Allwin." The fatal repetition sounds like an ominous and portentous burden of unholy sound. We know at once that the hearer of that voice *must* follow, perforce; there is no outlet, no escape. The invisible chain of evil draws her onward, enfolding her in its serpent coil; and we are convinced from the very first iteration of the petition—"Let me go to Lord Allwin"—that remonstrance and warning will be alike in vain. There is something fine in the noble but haughty reply of the brother, "Whither thou goest it moves not me, so long as thou keepest thine honour unsullied." Those words are the heralds of her departure. With a nice truthfulness to nature, she has been seen, though fixed in her own purpose, yet soliciting permission from father, from mother, from sister, and lastly from brother; till, eagerly catching at the slightest hint of a yielding to her request, she robes herself in such regal attire that she is "like to an angel;" and, mounting the "royal steed," is "away to the forest."

"In the middle of the forest she found Lord Allwin. 'Welcome, welcome, O loveliest maiden,' he said. 'Come, O come with me to my lordly castle; there will I load thee with gold and with treasures and with precious jewels.' So they rode along together, whiling the way with many tender words, till they came to a gallows-field. And lo! there hung many a lovely maid. At the sight a pang shot through the heart of the princess. Then said Lord Allwin to her, 'Because thou art so lovely a maiden, choose now whether thou wilt be hanged, or whether I shall strike off thy beautiful head with my sword.'—'Since you give me the choice,' said the princess, 'then choose I the sword, for that is an honourable death. But before you do this thing, draw off, I pray you, your splendid surcoat; for the blood of the young springs far, and it may be that it will spring over you.' Thereupon Lord Allwin was about to draw off his surcoat; but scarcely had he got one sleeve off, when his head rolled on to the ground at her feet! And the head spoke and said, 'Near the grave beneath the gallows there stands a pot of precious ointment; take the ointment, and therewith touch me lightly on the mouth.'—'No,' she answered, 'thou shalt die.' And she did it not; and he died in the self-same hour. But she took his head, and slung it across her saddle-bow; and she left Lord Allwin lying in his red blood."

Finding this male Syren, this supernatural Blue-beard, in the "middle of the forest," the works fully. The two pursue their way alone together, whiling the long and dreary forest



paths with the honey of sweet words. Then comes the dismal revelation. In place of the "lordly castle," with its gold and its treasures and its precious jewels, behold the "gallows-field!" Permitted (very gallantly) a choice in the manner of her death, the high-born maiden answers with a touch of her brother's pride, "I choose the sword, for that is an honourable death." And now dawns upon the mind of the reader for the first time a doubt as to whether this daughter of a regal line is not herself possessed of some knowledge of "glamour;" whether she has not all along been acting a part for the furtherance of that high mission on which it would seem that she has from the first been bound. Is not her hint that Lord Allwin should first remove his splendid surcoat, lest her blood should spring over it, something more than a mere trivial injunction? Does she not see further into the consequences of what she enjoins? It will be observed that she evinces no surprise when the head of her gallant executioner rolls on the ground at her feet! She uses the opportunity as if she had foreseen this result. His pleading for aid, she answers with an apparently predetermined "No, thou shalt die;" and, flinging his head across her saddle-bow, she leaves him lying in his "red blood."

"Now scarcely had she got half the way home, when she met Lord Allwin's father; and he asked, 'How is it with Lord Allwin?' And she answered, 'In yonder green field he sits, and sports with sixteen maidens.' A little further on she met his brother; and he asked, 'How goes it with Lord Allwin?' And she answered, 'He has taught me his art; I left him alone with sixteen young maidens.' And again a little further on she met his sister, who asked, 'How fares it with my brother?' And she answered, 'Your brother is a mighty hero: I have just left him in the midst of sixteen young maidens.' And still a little further on she met Lord Allwin's mother, who asked, 'How is it with my dear son?' And she answered, 'Your son I have robbed of his life: I carry his head here in my lap.' Thereupon his mother wept, and cried, 'Hadst thou but spoken that word sooner, we two should not be standing here together!' Then the maiden answered, 'Wretched woman, think yourself only

too fortunate that I spare your hateful life.' So saying, she passed on, and rode further and further away till she came to the palace of the king her father. There she was received with great delight and rejoicing; and every one praised her for her heroic deed."

There follows the thrilling conclusion. Even as she had stood in silent resolve, before each and all of her kindred in turn, craving a single word which should authorize her going forth on that eventful journey which was to end in the slaying of the slayer; so now, on her homeward journey, with that same reeking tell-tale head slung at her saddle-bow, one after another *his* kindred—father, mother, sister, and brother—stand before her in her path! Here, be it noted by the way, amidst all the horror of the scene, steals in a ruthless and tender touch of humanity. All, save alone the dead man's *mother*, ask of him coldly, though with sinister meaning, as "Lord Allwin," or "my brother;" and as coldly and as unmoved, though with a consciousness that her life hangs on her words, she answers them one and all. But the mother asks, "How is it with my *dear* son?" Thereupon, though loathing the "*hässlich Weib*," the mother of the slain, her blood warms up to human point again, and she replies, with fearless truth now at last, "Your son have I robbed of his life: I carry his head here in my lap!" With that touch of nature, that mother-love, all the hurtful magic seems at once to dissolve, but not before this deliverer of her sex has passed in safety through her terrible ordeal by the force of her own pure strength of purpose. Her work accomplished, her mission ended, she pursues her onward path unmolested, meeting her just award in the welcome and rejoicing that celebrate her unlooked-for return; while all join in praise of "*ihre Heldenthat*"—her heroic deed.

So ends Lord Allwin. In the hope that its suggestive power may prove as interesting a study to others as it has done to ourselves, we intend soon to return to our readings in German Legendary Lore.

## GOOD ALICE.

(A Tale in Rhyme.)

BY MARIA NORRIS.

I tell thee not its county—but there stands an ancient hall,  
Where ivy softens every line, and drapes each olden wall,  
And the shadow of a gloomy Past hangs o'er it like a pall.

The oaken tables years ago were laden with good cheer,  
And sturdy hunters with the dawn went out to slay the deer,  
And sounds of mirth and pleasantry resounded far and near.

'Tis all deserted now, but yonder were the Ladies' Bowers;  
There breathed sweet music, while white hands were tracing silken flowers,  
And by their scentless garlands growth they measured out the hours.

This hall hath sent forth warriors bold to conquer and to die,  
Thou may'st read their carven monuments in the old church hard by,  
And their name runs like a golden thread through England's History.

One of this race looked on to see the Black Prince made a Knight,  
One fell, brave youth! at Agincourt, in the thickest of the fight,  
And one's life in the Roses' wars went out in sudden night.



One stood by the Eighth Henry's side, and pleaded  
for Queen Kate ;  
One, under Mary, sought to avert the sweet usurp-  
er's fate,  
And many did good service to the monarch and the  
state.

At last, in Charles the Second's days, no stalwart  
sons sat down—  
The noble, proud, old family had dwindled unto one,  
And she a maiden whose fair face like summer  
flowers shone.

Can I picture to thee Alice ? Saints are sometimes  
pictured fair,  
And oftimes very like her, with a cloud of golden  
hair,  
And a look of innocence and peace more than all  
beauty rare.

Her eyes had prisoned the violet's hue in their cool  
and earnest shine,  
About her mouth there lingered yet the touch of the  
divine ;  
On her cheek the lily reigned, o'erlaid with roses  
fair and fine.

The lily sat there ever, but the roses fled away,  
Unsettled as the heavens on an English morn in  
May :  
They waxed and waned with changeful thought a  
hundred times a day.

In fancy I have watched her up yon dark old oaken  
stair,  
In fancy seen her kneeling down to say her evening  
prayer,  
While the sunshine like a lover fondly casts his last  
look there.

So the orphan grew to woman, lady of these acres  
wide ;  
No earthly shore had she on which to vent her  
heart's full tide,  
Till a noble from King Charles's Court came here to  
seek a bride.

He wooed her in her innocence—he laid his follies by,  
They would not bear the crystal glance of her truth-  
beaming eye.  
She wedded him. Poor orphan maid ! she had no  
mother by.

\* \* \* \* \*

I've seen a picture hereabout—a dark and fiery  
face,  
With haughty curling lip, keen flashing glance, and  
little grace,  
Save that of the wild lioness all eager for the  
chase.

'Tis a miniature—my lord had worn it often next  
his heart ;  
But the altar—so he vowed—had put that face and  
him apart ;  
And all engrossed with a new love, he felt no fare-  
well smart.

And he had once been dear to her—oh nay, that was  
he yet !  
A woman's heart where love hath dwelt can never  
quite forget :  
The brightness lingers in the west although the sun  
be set.

At first she hungered for revenge, but memory con-  
quered pride ;  
They say she sought her native land, and laid the  
world aside—  
In some poor foreign convent the dark Spanish lady  
died.

She left behind a little son, commended to *his* care ;  
She prayed him with her dying breath to keep the  
child from snare,  
And to mete him some small portion where he ought  
to be the heir.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah ! greater victory than her sires had carved out  
with their sword,  
In the rude old days when might, not right, was  
the all-powerful word ;  
They say the pure wife's goodness won her weak and  
sinful lord.

How oft, when he had learned to pray, he prayed  
for children dear,  
Who, playing at their mother's feet, might grow in  
faith and fear,  
In whose young eyes her beauty might be mirrored  
calm and clear !

No ! no ! long years went by ; his chestnut hair was  
streaked with gray  
Before his soul would understand that Heaven had  
said him " nay !"  
And as he learned that lesson harsh—his Alice  
passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heir to his father's folly, and to his mother's  
shame !  
In his age there came to him the son who might  
not bear his name ;  
Rough quarrel followed quarrel, accusation followed  
blame.

See'st thou this dull red stain upon the turret's  
winding stair ?  
Alas ! it was a fearful crime that set that crimson  
there !  
Black Remorse drove forth the parricide, and left  
this palace bare.

Repentance does not always kill the seeds of long  
ago ;  
As days roll on, and seasons fly, they live, they  
thrive, they grow,  
And bear a bitter fruit at last, bitter and full of woe.

## THE SEASONS.

I love the Spring, the bright the joyous Spring ;  
Glad anniversary of nature's birth,  
When birds keep festival, and Mayflies wing  
Their merry dances o'er the flow'ry earth.

Those sunny days which lure one forth to rove  
In spots familiar, where bright cowslips flow ;  
And on wild banks, or hid in sheltered grove,  
The wood anemone and primrose grow.

I love the Summer, with its sunny skies,  
Beneath whose ether blue, in clusters rare,  
Ripe fruits hang gem-like, and gay butterflies  
'Mid countless flowers fan the balmy air.



And oh ! I love, in summer noontide bright,  
To seek the spreading forest, in whose shade  
The graceful fern unfolds, and day's full light  
Into a verdant atmosphere is made.

When o'er the lake the sun his last blush pours,  
I love to watch, tinged by the glowing sky,  
The rippled water wash, like fairy shores,  
White lilies which upon its bosom lie.

How pleasant, too, it is at summer time,  
With well-loved faces on the shady sward,  
Where grow the briar rose, and eglantine,  
To take the social meal at nature's board.

I love the Autumn, when the golden corn  
With rustic pageantry and merry song  
Is gathered, and in gay procession borne  
To winter storehouse 'mid the shouting throng.

At early morn, in Autumn, how I love,  
While lingering dewdrops gem the tender blade,  
The copse where rabbits gamble, and the dove,  
Unseen, coos softly from the hazel's shade.

I dream, when Autumn falls, of pleasures had  
In nutting rambles through the forest wild;  
Sweet recollection ! for it makes me glad  
To think that I was happy when a child.

When in a thoughtful mood I love to stray  
Where falls the yellow leaf, and 'neath my tread  
Dark pine-cones crackle, and the moss-grown way  
With the brown squirrel's pilfered nuts is spread.

I love the Winter, when the glist'ning snow  
Covers the earth, and pencilling the sky  
Frost clad, fine trellised boughs like silver glow,  
Shedding bright ice-drops slowly from on high.

I love to watch the skaters as they glide  
In graceful circles, and I love to see  
Each happy urchin taking turn to slide  
The well-trod ice-path in his boist'rous glee.

I love in Winter with old friends to take  
My place beside the cheerful fire at home,  
To talk of pleasant times gone by, and make  
Fresh plans for happy hours yet to come.

I love all Seasons, and the Power which made  
All things so loveable, which gave such bliss  
To human kind on earth, as when He laid  
Our destiny in such a world as this !

### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

When the religious lark to greet the dawn  
Pours forth its joyous hymn, and to the Spring  
Anemones their fragile blossoms bring;  
From whose recesses by the wind is drawn  
Their hidden scent—the wakeful hare, the fawn  
(Roused by its dam), and every hunted thing  
That hides from man, where bush or sedges cling  
Over a faithless lair, from slumber—grown  
Too light for day—awake; awake to care,  
And fear of him whose track is on their trail,  
Who scents their blood, who lives upon their life !  
Ah me ! how strange a thing this mortal strife  
'Twixt man and beast ! But stranger still it were,  
No more 'twixt man and man to find such strife  
prevail !

## AN ANECDOTE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Towards the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without passport, she replied that she had exposed herself to all these dangers for the purpose of visiting the château where the barbarous *Sieur de Fayel* had made *Gabrielle de Vergy* eat the heart of her lover. Such a declaration appeared so ridiculous to those who heard it that they were compelled to doubt either the sanity or the veracity of the strange being who ventured upon it. They chose to do the latter, and forwarded the stranger to Paris, with a strong escort, as an English spy. Upon her arrival there, she was safely deposited in the *Conciergerie*.

Public feeling just then ran very high against the English. The countrywoman of Pitt was loaded with ill usage; and her terrors, expressed in a singular jargon of English mingled with broken French, served but to augment the coarse amusement of her jailers. After exhaust-

ing every species of derision and insult upon their prisoner, they ended by throwing her into the dampest and most inconvenient dungeon they could find. The door of this den was not more than four feet high; and the light, that dimly revealed the dripping walls and earthen floor, came through a horizontal opening four inches in height by fifteen in width. The sole moveables of the place consisted of a rope pallet and a screen.

The bed served for both couch and chair; the screen was intended as a partial barrier between the inhabitant of the dungeon and the curious gaze of the jailers stationed in the adjoining apartment, who could scrutinize at will, through a narrow opening between the cells, the slightest movements of their prisoner.

The stranger recoiled with disgust, and asked whether they had not a less terrible place in which to confine a woman.

"You are very bad to please, Madame," replied her brutal jailor, mimicking her defective French. "You are in the palace of Madame Capet."

And shutting behind him the massive door, barricaded with plates of iron and secured by three or four rusty bolts, he left her to repeat



his joke to his companions, and enjoy with them the consternation of Madame Rosbif.

Meanwhile the prisoner fell upon her knees, and gazed around her with a species of pious emotion.

"What right have I," she cried, "to complain of being cast into this dungeon, once inhabited by the Queen of France—the beautiful, the noble Marie Antoinette? I sought food for my imagination; I undertook a journey to France to visit the most celebrated sojourns of the most celebrated individuals. Fortune has come to my aid. Here is what is better than the château of the Sieur de Fayel, and the terrible history of the bleeding heart. Never did a grander inspiration overflow my spirit. I will to work."

She drew from her pocket a small roll of paper, that had escaped the scrutiny of the jailers; and, passing her hand across her forehead, approached the horizontal opening, in order to make the most of the little remainder of daylight: then, taking out a pencil, she rapidly covered ten or twelve pages with microscopic characters in close lines. The increasing darkness at length compelled her to pause, and she was refolding the MS. to replace it in her pocket, when a rude hand snatched it from her grasp.

"Ah! ah! Madame Rosbif," cried the jailer triumphantly, "so you believe yourself at liberty to scribble away here, hatching plots against the Republic, and holding intelligence with the enemies of the nation. *Nous verrons cela!* These papers shall be remitted this very day to Monsieur Tallien, and we well know all about this new attack upon liberty. *Entendez-vous?* miserable agent of Pitt and Cobourg!"

The same evening Tallien received the stranger's manuscript. Being unacquainted with the English language, he rang for his secretary; but the latter was nowhere at hand, so the puzzled minister took the papers and proceeded to his wife's apartments.

Madame Tallien was just completing her toilet for a fancy ball. Leaning forward in a graceful attitude, she was in the act of twining round her slender ankle the fastenings of a purple buskin. Her Grecian tunic, simply clasped upon the shoulder with diamonds, and her hair, knotted like that of the Polyhymnia of the Louvre, harmonized admirably with the classical contour of her features. Monsieur Tallien, as he gazed upon her, half forgot his errand.

The lady uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Upon what grave errand has Monsieur deigned to favour me with a visit at this unaccustomed hour?"

"I have here some papers," replied the minister, "that have been seized upon the person of a female spy, and are said to contain proofs of a dangerous conspiracy. They are written in English; my secretary is absent; and I must ask you to do me the favour to translate them to me."

Madame Tallien took the MS., and looked it over.

"Shall I read aloud?" said she, in an amused tone of voice.

Her husband assented.

"The wind howls mournfully through the foliage, and the descending rain falls in torrents. The terrors of my prison become every instant more fearful. Phantoms arise on every side, and wave their snowy winding-sheets. Misfortune, with her cold and pitiless hand, weighs heavily on my youthful brow."

"Thus spoke the lovely prisoner, as she gazed with her trembling hands over the humid walls of the dungeon."

"Here is a singular conspiracy truly," said Madame Tallien, as she finished reading the above. "Let me see the envelope; 'Chapter xii., The Dungeon of the Château.' And the authoress' name. 'Anne Radcliffe.' *Vite, citoyen.* Set this woman at liberty, and bring her to me. Your spy is no other than the great English romance-writer, the celebrated authoress of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho!'"

Tallien now recalled the romantic intention of the stranger's hazardous journey, as confessed by herself; perceived the mistake of his agents, and laughed heartily. Going quickly out, he issued orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoner, and desired the messenger to bring her straight to the presence of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Frenchwoman, forgetting her toilet and the ball, paced the apartment with almost childish delight and impatience. She was about to make the acquaintance—in a manner the most piquant and unexpected—of the authoress of those romances which had so often filled her vivid imagination with ideas of apparitions, and prisoners dying of hunger in horrible dungeons. She consulted her watch perpetually, and counted the very seconds. At length there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the court-yard of the hotel. Madame Tallien rushed to the door; it opened, and the two celebrated females stood face to face.

The minister's wife could not avoid recoiling with surprise, and some degree of consternation, before the singular figure that paused in the open doorway; for Mrs. Radcliffe had stopped short, dazzled and bewildered by the lights of the saloon, which wounded eyes accustomed for some hours past to the humid obscurity of a dungeon. The English authoress presented a striking contrast to the radiant being before her. Dry, cold, and angular, her attire necessarily in some degree of disorder from her arrest, forced journey, and imprisonment, her whole aspect had in it something *bizarre* and fantastic, that added to her age at least ten years.

A little recovered from her first surprise, Madame Tallien advanced towards the stranger, gave her a cordial welcome in English, and told her how happy she esteemed herself in having been the means of setting at liberty so celebrated an authoress. The Englishwoman made a polite reply to this compliment, and then they seated themselves before the fire, whose clear flame and vivifying heat were very welcome to the liberated prisoner, and quickly re-



stored an activity of mind that appeared to have been benumbed by the coldness of her dungeon. The ensuing conversation was gay, piquant, full of charm and *abandon*, and was only interrupted by the orders given by Madame Tallien to her *femme de chambre* to send the carriage away, and deny her to all visitors.

Mrs. Radcliffe had travelled much, and related her adventures with grace and originality. Hours flew by unheeded, and the Englishwoman was in the very midst of some bold enterprise of her journey in Switzerland, when the timepiece struck twelve. She turned pale, and a visible shuddering seized her. Then pausing in her tale, she looked wildly and fearfully around, as if following the movements of some invisible being. Madame Tallien, struck with a species of vague terror, dared not address a single word to her visitor. The latter at length abruptly rose, opened the door, and with an imperative gesture ordered some one by the name of Henry to leave the room, after which she appeared to experience a sudden relief.

The lovely Frenchwoman, with the tact of real kindness, appeared not to notice this strange incident, and the new-made friends soon after separated, Madame Tallien herself conducting her guest to the apartment provided for her, where she took leave of her with an affectionate "*au revoir!*"

The following evening Mrs. Radcliffe appeared in her hostess's saloon, as soon as the latter had signified that she was ready to receive her. Calm and composed, habited *à la Française*, the English romancist appeared ten years younger than she had done the evening before, and was even not without a certain degree of beauty. She said not a word on the scene of the preceding evening; was gay, witty, amiable, and took an animated part in the conversation that followed. But as soon as the minute-hand of the time-piece pointed to half-past eleven, her colour fled, a shade of pensiveness replaced her former gaiety, and a few moments afterwards she took her leave of the company.

The same thing happened the next day, and every ensuing evening. Madame Tallien could not avoid a feeling of curiosity, but she had too much politeness to question the stranger confided to her hospitality. In this way a month elapsed, at the end of which time Mrs. Radcliffe could not avoid expressing, one evening when she found herself alone with her new friend, her disappointment at being detained a prisoner in France, without the power of returning to her own country. Upon this Madame Tallien rose, took a paper from a desk, and handed it to the Englishwoman. It was a passport, dated from the same evening that Mrs. Radcliffe had been liberated from her dungeon.

"Since you wish to leave your French friends," said her lovely hostess, smiling, "go, ingrate!"

"Oh no, not ungrateful!" replied the authoress, taking the beautiful hands of her friend, and carrying them to her lips; "but the year is fast waning, and a solemn duty recalls me to my native land. In the churchyard of a poor village near London are two tombs, which I visit each Christmas-day with flowers and prayers. If I return not before then, this will be the first time for five years that they have been neglected. You already know all my other secrets," she continued, lowering her voice; "it is my intention to confide this secret also to your friendly ears." Passing her hand across her brow, the Englishwoman then proceeded to relate a strange and tragic tale, for the particulars of which we have not space in our limited sketch. Suffice it to say, that it had left our authoress subject to a distressing and obstinate spectral illusion. In the reality of this appearance she firmly believed, not having sufficient knowledge of science to attribute her visitation to its true origin—a partial disarrangement of the nervous system. This visitation regularly recurred at midnight, and at once accounted for the singular behaviour that had so piqued the benevolent Frenchwoman's curiosity.

Mrs. Radcliffe now returned to London, where she shortly afterwards published "*The Italian*," or the Confessional of the Black Penitents."

We can, in our day, realize to ourselves very little of the effect produced by Anne Radcliffe's romances at the time of their appearance. All the contemporary critics agree in testifying to their immense success, only inferior to that of the *Waverley* novels in more recent times. Now they appear nothing more than the efflux of a morbid imagination, full of hallucinations and absurdities, and insufferably tedious to our modern tastes, accustomed to the condensed writing of the present day. Their unconnected plots are nevertheless not altogether devoid of a certain sort of interest, and are fraught with picturesque situations and melodramatic surprises. The living characters therein introduced present few natural features. We recognize everywhere the caprices of an unbridled fancy, and a prevailing vitiation of sense and taste.

Anne Radcliffe died near London, on the 7th February, 1823, at the age of 63. The "*New Monthly Magazine*," for May of that year, announces her decease, and affirms that her death was accompanied by singular visions, which had pursued her ever since a romantic event of her youth.

H. C.



# THE VOYAGE OF THE FANCIES.

(An Apology for the People's Poets.)

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

A crew of bright Fancies, one fair sunny day,  
In the bark of the Muses towards heaven sped their way.  
Love and Wit were on board, and a prosperous gale  
(A good gift of Apollo) set right in their sail.

Away through the air full of frolic they sped,  
Dreary earth left below, happy skies overhead;  
While the gay songs of mirth echoed blithe through  
the spheres,  
And they well nigh forgot the sad world and its tears.

They had spirits about them, for when travelled  
Love  
But the Angel of Sorrow sate brooding above?  
And the Guardian of Earth watched the bales that  
were stored  
Full of fair human interests for ballast on board.

Up away, up away, through the clear sunny blue,  
With the wind still in favour, the compass still true;  
Not a cloud to o'ershade them, or shut from their  
sight  
The blest haven they sought with its turrets of light,

They went bounding along, till impatient at length  
Of the ballast that curbed the wild force in its  
strength,  
And as eager as lightning to press to their mark,  
Ere the night should close in with its shrouding of  
dark,

"What are these," cried a Fancy, "retarding our  
sails?"

As he spurned 'neath his foot the poor earth-laden  
bales.

"We should speed twice as swift were these dead  
weights away—

Sordid clods of corruption, vile compounds of  
clay!"

To the clearance they went. Scarce a sand-grain  
had run  
In the glass of old Time ere their labour was done;  
And away 'gan the bark like an arrow to fly,  
But all aimless and vague, through the waste of the  
sky.

For the ballastless bark by a tempest was crossed,  
And the rudder was broken, the compass was lost;  
And a heaven-darted bolt of the lightning at last  
Those Fancies to earthward avengingly cast.

For think not that earthless the Fancy can soar  
To the realms of pure spirit, remembering no more  
The dull world and its creatures, but, glorious and  
bright,  
Hurry on its swift course to the regions of light.

But, if heavenward thou sail, take as ballast the woe  
And the sufferings and pains of thy fellows below;  
For the sole song of earth that to heaven may  
aspire,  
Is the song that is hallowed by sympathy's fire.  
1851.

## SONNET.

(From Calderon's Constant Prince.)

FLOWERS, PRESENTED BY THE CAPTIVE FER-  
DINAND TO THE MORRISH PRINCESS.

These flowers, that in their waking splendours met  
Delightedly the whiteness of the dawn,  
Within the cold embrace of night, forlorn  
Will sink, and leave us but a fond regret.  
These hues, where gold and snow and crimson met,  
May shame the iris of the sky to scorn,  
To shadow forth our mortal being, drawn  
Like theirs within a span, are duly set;  
For these bright Roses, that in haste to bloom  
Awoke with Day, and blooming still grow old,  
Will find alike their cradle and their tomb  
Closed in one bud; so Man's fleet fortunes told,  
Are closed from birth to death within a day—  
For ages are but hours when past away!

DORA GREENWELL.

## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

### THE NEW BABY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"What is the matter, Laura? Why are you  
lying on the floor here all by yourself, when  
everybody else is glad because a beautiful new  
little sister is born? Rise, and come with me.  
Your mamma wants to see you, and to shew you  
Baby."

But Laura did not move. She still continued  
to lie on the floor, all in a heap; with her head  
buried between her arms, under her long light  
hair. Her kind aunt, finding that she could  
not prevail upon her to rise, then endeavoured  
to lift her up, feeling somewhat alarmed at this  
unusual obstinacy. At length she succeeded in

raising the child from the floor, and gently re-  
moving her little hands from her face, she per-  
ceived that it was all swelled with crying.

"My darling," said she, tenderly, "what can  
be the matter with you? Why this excessive  
grief?"

Laura began to sob violently, and amidst her  
sobs Mrs. Roberts could distinguish the words  
"Nasty Baby! Not love poor Laura any longer.  
Nose out of joint."

"My dear child," said her aunt, upon whom  
the truth began to dawn, "who has been talking  
nonsense to you, and troubling your little heart  
by wicked falsehoods?"

"It was Harriet, aunt; it was Harriet,"  
sobbed the little girl. "Harriet says, that—  
O dear, O dear, what shall I do?"



Mrs. Roberts rang the bell. Harriet answered the summons.

"What is this that I hear?" inquired the lady, in a very grave voice. "You have been poisoning this child's mind, Harriet, against her baby-sister and her good mamma, who loves her too well ever to neglect her for any new comer. Tell me immediately all that you said to her."

"I only told her, ma'am," stammered Harriet, "that her mamma would love Baby now, and that she must learn to be a great girl, and not want petting so much, for Baby would put her nose out of joint. It's a common saying about here, ma'am."

"And a very silly saying. Harriet, you know how much my brother dislikes his little girl being talked to foolishly; and I did hope, when I engaged you, that I had met with a sensible person, who would teach the child no folly. If you ever are guilty of such imprudence again, I shall most certainly have you discharged."

Harriet sullenly left the room, muttering something about "two mistresses." Mrs. Roberts turned to the still weeping Laura, and gently reasoned with her about the confidence she ought to have in her dear mamma, who had never shown her anything but the most devoted affection. The good aunt spoke besides of the new baby—its soft, round face and dimpled hands—its touching helplessness, and the pleasure Laura would have in nursing it and soothing it to sleep. She succeeded at length in rousing the naturally tender feelings of the child; and then she led her, her eyes and cheeks still flushed with weeping, but now wearing a mild and serene expression, to the bedside of her mamma.

Mrs. Charlton spoke to her little girl in a weak, low voice; and, folding down the bed-clothes with her transparent white hands, shewed her the baby-sister, all wrapped in flannels, lying in its mother's arms. Its face was quite covered, and Laura feared that it could not breathe while so muffled up. But her mother assured her that babies required covering in this way from the cold, and then she lifted the flannel from its face, to give Laura one peep at its little unformed features. The child scarcely dared to kiss its velvet cheek, so fearful was she of injuring what appeared so delicate; so she took the tiny hand in hers, and admired the small curled-up finger, and little pink nails. But the baby awakened, and began to cry; and the nurse hastened to feed it. When it was satisfied, it fell asleep again; and Laura, being placed on a convenient foot-stool near the fire, was allowed the great delight of holding it in her arms for a short time.

The little girl grew day by day fonder of her infant sister, and yet her apprehensions were not entirely dispelled; she would often go privately to the glass to make herself sure that the most prominent feature of her face was still in its wonted position. Foolish little creature that she was, she would shrink when the wandering hands of the baby came too near her face, as if those tiny fingers possessed the power—even if

they had the intention—to do her any harm. Her mother had no idea of this lingering dread, or she would have had a very serious conversation with her about it; for she did not wish her children to fear anything save the reproaches of their own consciences. It was only known many years after, when Laura related her childish apprehensions to draw a lesson therefrom for the benefit of her own children, as I am now endeavouring to do for my little readers.

Notwithstanding these vague fears, matters went on very comfortably in the nursery, and a proud and happy day was it for Laura when she was first allowed to assist at Baby's toilet. With infinite pleasure she arranged the smart lined basket with its store of conveniences, and poured the warm water into the basin on the low table before the fire; and rubbed Baby's back, and warmed its dimpled feet, with the palms of her own rosy hands; and even was allowed to brush its short, fine black hair, and tie on its lace cap. Then she delighted to walk with nurse in the sunshine, on the days when Baby ventured into the air with a cambric handkerchief over its face; and she was even more skilful than nurse herself in untying the round knitted bonnet and long cloak of the finest kerseymer. And so affairs went on for some months, and Laura neither found herself in danger of a disjointed nose, nor of that far worse calamity for a child, the diminution of a mother's love.

The baby's christening was long passed, and it was beginning to show signs of intelligence, and especially to testify its partiality for the society of its sister, when its health began to fail, and it became subject to frequent fits. One day it continued in one so long, that Mrs. Charlton became almost frantic with despair, and Laura never afterwards forgot the tone in which her mother cried, as her father entered the room. "Oh, William, William! it will die! It will die!"

These dreadful fits necessarily made the little Alice—for so the baby had been named—the object of much solicitude; and now Laura began to fear, in her childish selfishness, that one at least of Harriet's predictions was about to be fulfilled. Her mother's time was almost entirely occupied in watching over the tender blossom so difficult to rear, so early blighted by the chill breeze of continual ailing. Laura's long fair locks now waved, untended by the gentle hands of her "darling mamma," as she was used to call her in her moments of greatest affection; for Mrs. Charlton could not often spare the nightly half-hour which she had hitherto preserved for her eldest child. When the mother, too, sat watching by the bedside of her sickly infant, fearful lest its soothing slumbers should be broken by the least sound, Laura was compelled to repeat her morning and evening prayers with Harriet, whom she had never cordially liked, though the girl artfully contrived to keep in favour with the heads of the family.

Mrs. Roberts had unfortunately departed to rejoin her husband, who had lately returned from one of his long voyages; and thus the little



girl was frequently, in the absence of her father, cast entirely upon her own resources; for she did not go to any school, her mamma intending to educate her herself. Poor Laura! She used to wander about the garden, those beautiful spring days, trying to invent plays to lessen her sense of desolation: but it would not do. She was by no means of an imaginative turn of mind, and could not live alone: naturally lively and formed for society, her mind and heart degenerated in solitude. From being listless and discontented, she became melancholy; and her melancholy merged by degrees into a feeling of almost dislike towards the innocent cause of her desertion—the poor little fretful baby, whose cries pierced to every heart. The latter, meanwhile, was growing worse and worse: there was little hope for it, the doctors said; and one morning, when it seemed rather better than usual, and was gladdening its mother's heart by sitting up in her arms, and faintly crowing as it stretched forth its hands towards its coral and bells, a change came over its wan countenance, and it died!

Laura was ascending the hall-steps when her mother's shriek met her ears; it rang through the long corridor and down the stairs—a mother's shriek of agony! The child's knees trembled beneath her, and she sank into one of the hall-chairs. "Harriet!" gasped she, as the woman hastily passed her on her way upstairs—"Harriet, that dreadful scream! It was mamma's voice; what is the matter?"

"Don't keep me, Miss; I am going to see: something has happened. Maybe the baby is dead!"

Laura trembled all over, and dared not follow Harriet, who was already half-way up-stairs; so she sat weeping and shivering until the girl returned to look for her. "It is all over, Miss!" she said, in a low voice: "Miss Alice is gone, and Missus looks enough to break one's heart. She does not cry, as is natural: she does nothing but moan, until it would melt a stone to hear her. Come to her, Miss, immediately: perhaps when she sees you the tears will flow and relieve her."

So Laura went up-stairs and threw her arms around her mother's neck, all insensible to aught save her new misery; and then the maternal heart was touched, and the healing drops gushed forth, and the tears of mother and child mingled in one sacred tide. But as she sat there, caressing and caressed, a bitter thought was in Laura's heart, a remorse that was fast becoming penitence: for she remembered how she had anticipated this hour—how she had said to herself, "If baby should die, my mother will love me again." And now that it had happened according to her latent wish, she would have given all that she possessed in the world—more, she would willingly have sunk back into her obscurity and temporary banishment, to have beheld that sweet baby pressed once again, even

in its fretfulness and its absorbing requirements to its mother's aching breast.

Three days of sorrow and mourning and darkness followed, during which little Alice lay still and silent in her small coffin, shrouded by blossoms whiter than herself, "pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers." It was a strange and solemn consolation for Laura to visit the chamber of death, and to pour out her childish penitence beside the bed whereon the coffin was placed; for a smile that lingered on those infant lips seemed to tell her of a happy world beyond the grave, where human blossoms, untimely gathered from this, bloomed towards a more glorious maturity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years passed on, and Laura was nurse, companion, and playfellow to a whole troop of little brothers and sisters. Gentle, judicious, and unselfish, she knew no greater pleasure than to administer to their wants and guide their sports, and was too busy and too useful to murmur at her increasing independence of her mother's cares and caresses, now continually needed by rapidly-succeeding infant claimants.

"Laura," said Mrs. Charlton one evening, as they sat sewing together, after all the little ones were safe in bed, "do you remember that foolish fancy of yours about your nose being put out of joint by poor little Alice?"

"Oh, mamma, did Aunt Roberts tell you of that?"

"Yes, my love; and I have often wondered why you never mentioned it to me yourself."

"Because, mamma, I was ashamed: but I really did believe it at the time. Mamma!"

"Well, my dear."

"I don't know whether to tell you or not; but yet I think I shall be happier when I have confessed—what I hope God has long since forgiven me for—my dislike to poor little Alice before she died, because I thought she took all your attention from me. Oh, mamma! when she was taken away, it seemed a judgment upon me for my wicked jealousy of her!" And Laura could not refrain from weeping at the remembrance.

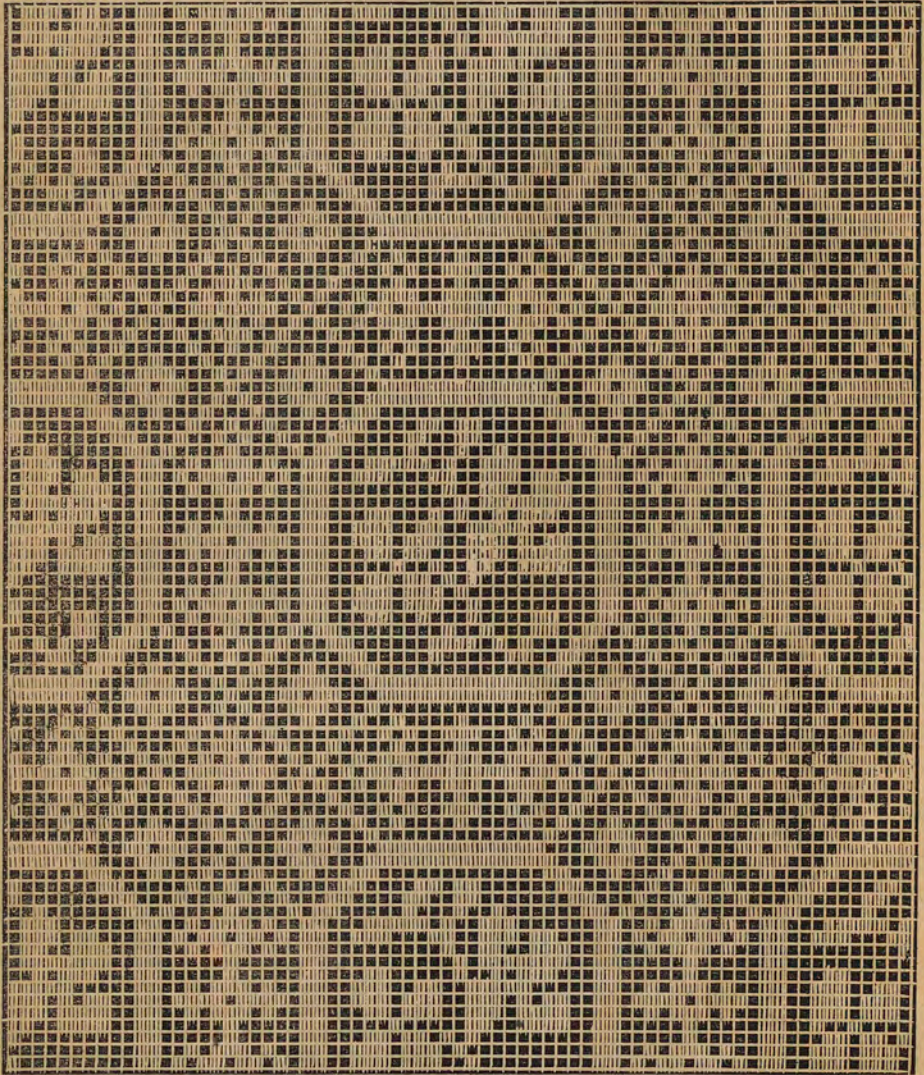
Her mother also was much affected, but recovering herself, she tenderly wiped her young daughter's tears away, and pressing her to her heart, told her to think no more of the past. "Surely, dearest Laura," said she, "that sin of childish selfishness has been amply atoned for by your true penitence, evidenced in your daily untiring care of the exacting little ones now around you; and in losing yourself in others, you gain a bright reward, do you not? These young ones will one day appreciate and repay your sisterly tenderness and interest; and meanwhile, delivered from all idle fear of being overlooked and undervalued, you grow daily in self-respect and self-control—two of the healthiest and happiest qualities of the human soul."



# THE WORK-TABLE.

## CROCHET CURTAINS.

MATERIALS:—Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 4; Bolton's tapered, indented Crochet-hook, No. 14. This pattern is also very suitable for Antimacassars; for this purpose, Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 12, with a proportionably fine Crochet-hook may be used. [Border and edging will be given next month.]



The curtains may be made of any size required, by beginning with a chain of sufficient length, as it will be seen from the engraving that the design consists of a constant series of repetitions. A single pattern requires 147 chain, and any number of times that amount can be made; in addition to which, 12 chain must be allowed for a border of two close squares at each edge, and 6 more chain, to permit the patterns at the edge to be complete. In making

the foundation chain, therefore, count the stitches by the patterns, namely, every 147; do as many times that number as you may think requisite for the breadth, and add 19.

Do two rows of dc; then begin the pattern at the top line of the octagon. Repeat for any length desired.

Work-in all the ends as you go on, the two close squares at the extremities of the row allowing this to be done invisibly.





These curtains would be very pretty for a bed, in which case the whole of the hangings should correspond, and the counterpane be made to match. A coat of arms looks extremely well for the centre of such a counterpane, and the same design might be at the head-board of Arabian bedsteads. The watch-pockets and other *et ceteras* might have the crest.

Certainly this is no trifling piece of labour, but many ladies are now indefatigable crochet workers; and those who have not inclination or time to do such things themselves would be conferring no slight boon on some of the many hundreds of reduced gentlewomen who are so anxious to obtain employment, and who, precluded by health or other circumstances from engaging in the more active occupations of life, seek in needlework a resource against some of its most bitter trials. To employ such candidates for occupation does more real good, and confers more happiness, than large donations to public charities ever can achieve. I trust our friends will not think I am stepping out of my path in making these observations. Could they peruse the applications made to me in any one single week, by the class to which I allude, they would learn something of the vast amount of silent suffering which this great metropolis contains; and I feel assured that those who have it in their power to do so, would respond to the cry of thousands whose only prayer is, "Give us leave to toil."

AIGUILLETTE.

#### ANTIQUE POINT COLLAR.

**MATERIALS:**—Evans's Point Lace Cottons; Evans's Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 80; and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of Italian Braid.

Having drawn the pattern on coloured paper, as highly glazed as possible, line it by tacking underneath a piece of merino or alpaca cloth. This I find to be an improvement whenever the outlines are to be done in either thread or Italian braid, as the material holds the needle better than calico, and allows it to return in the same place in the paper. Indeed the old mode of working point was on parchment, on which the outlines were perforated, as in a pounced pattern; the outlining was then done by laying on the coarse, outline thread, and tacking it down with another, the needle always being passed up and down through the same hole. However, parchment is so stiff, it is anything but pleasant to work on it; and good coloured paper, lined with merino, will be found to answer every purpose.

The neck and outer scallops of the collar are done in one continuous line of Italian braid.

The outer scallop of the flowers is also done in the same way, all these parts being marked *a*.

The outlines of the stems and lower parts of the flower, marked *b*, are done in outline, with Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 80; and are



filled in, closely, with the same Brussels stitch, worked on a bar, which I described in collar No. 2, in the October number of this Magazine. This stitch is to be done in Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 120.

c. The edges marked *c* in the alternate flowers, are ordinary Brussels edge, done with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

d. The calyx only of the other flowers, edged with Venetian, in the same cotton.

e. Mechlin lace. A single wheel of this fills

up the calyx of one flower, while the outer part of the other is done in the same stitch, with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 80.

f. English lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 90.

g. English rosette; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

h. The grounding; done entirely in Raleigh bars, with Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

AIGUILLETTE.

### EMBROIDERED BRACES.

**MATERIALS:**—Light brown Kid Leather, the length of one brace and the width of two; brown, and six shades of green embroidery silk; fine gold cord; and bright and dead gold bullion, of the finest size; fine yellow sewing silk. The green embroidery silk must be of a yellow tint.



Begin by drawing a pattern the full length of the brace, from the diagram given: prick it in outline, and mark the leather from it. Then line the leather with a strip of merino or alpaca, and stretch it in a frame for working.

The design consists of successive sprays of vine-leaves and grapes, with tendrils interspersed. The leaves are embroidered in long stitch, with the green silks, the variety of tinting being produced by using the darkest or the lightest shades, or, in the large leaf, all of them. The half-leaf has only the three darkest shades; the smaller perfect one, all but the lightest. Work the veining of this leaf in the brown silk, in half-polka stitch. The veinings of the others, and the stems, are in the gold cord, which is laid on, and sewed over, the ends only being drawn through the leather. The tendrils should be alternately in gold cord, and the darkest shade of green. If the latter, the half-polka stitch must be used.

The clusters of grapes are worked in gold bullion, the lower fruit in bright gold, while the upper part of each bunch is in the dead gold.

In order to give the raised appearance of the grapes, work them first in floss silk (yellow, if you have it); then lay on the bits of gold bullion close together.

Whenever gold bullion is used in embroidery, it is necessary to work first underneath it, unless a flat surface is intended to be produced, which is very rarely the case. The gold is then cut in bits of the proper length, and laid on evenly, and in close rows, with silk of the same colour, the needle passing through the bullion.

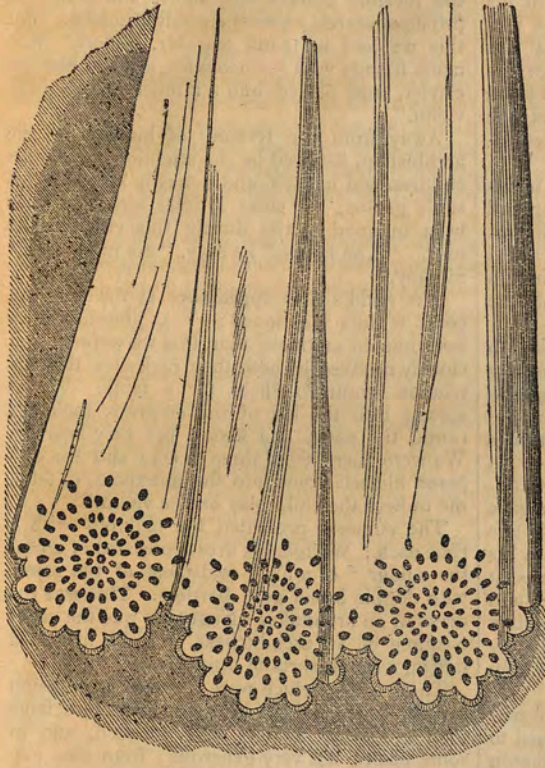
These braces should be made up at a good shop; the lining should be buckskin, and the fittings of a colour to correspond with the kid.

AIGUILLETTE.



## SLEEVE, IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

MATERIALS:—Muslin Sleeves, which are bought ready stamped; and Evans's Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.



This fashionable kind of work is one of the simplest known. The pattern is cut out with a machine, in small holes, which are sewed round with soft cotton, the thread passing on the wrong side, from one to another. The border is in small scallops, forming one large one, of which about five are sufficient for a Mandarin sleeve. It is marked in the usual manner of muslin work, with indigo; the scallops should be run several times, as in satin-stitch, before they are worked in the long button-hole stitch. This gives the edge a substance, and richness of appearance. The scallops are cut out with sharp scissors after they are worked. It is a great improvement, in sewing over the open parts of Broderie Anglaise, to hold in a thread, and work over it. It renders the work handsomer, and more durable. Evans's Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 24, is very suitable for this purpose.

AIGUILLETTE.

## PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF GENIUS.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

No. I.—MOZART.

"Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices  
That if I then had waked after long sleep  
Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked  
I cried to dream again."

*The Tempest.*

Whatever may be our peculiar tastes and prejudices in musical matters, it is impossible not to consider Mozart as one of the greatest masters of his art; his wonderful powers of expression and diversity of style, the marked originality of his melodies, and the satisfactory manner in which he works out ideas at once brilliant and uncommon, proving him to be alike a true genius and an accomplished artist. His

life, extending over, alas! little more than thirty-five years, was fruitful in adventure; he lived in interesting times: when he was a boy, travelling with his father and sister through the capital cities of Germany, the great French Revolution had not then begun, the monarchs of the old *régime* seemed to sit securely on their thrones; luxury was encouraged, and to amuse or to be amused was the whole business of



many a life. The home of Mozart was a safe and happy place of development for a genius so large, so enthusiastic as his. From his childhood the materials of his art were about him; he had no discouragements in the bosom of his family; his father was a man of virtue and talent, himself a musician, whose great aim seems to have been to do his very best for his two children; for Mozart had a sister, five years older than himself, who was considered the first female performer of her day on keyed instruments.

Leopold Mozart, the father of the great musician, held the appointment of "Composer and conductor of the orchestra" in the establishment of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who rewarded his services with a bare pittance, expecting in return the most unremitting attention and the most servile obedience.

The elder Mozart, with a wife whose health was not good, and a constantly increasing family—for he had, in addition to Wolfgang and Anna Maria, five children who died in infancy—was fettered in every way. He was not in a situation to have any source of certain income, however slender; and although besides attending to his duties as Vice Kapellmeister, he gave lessons on the violin and the clavier\*, and stole a month or two now and then to travel with his children, exhibiting their wonderful talents at the courts of the neighbouring princes; and even though he brought out an excellent system of learning the violin, his utmost labours barely sufficed, as he himself pathetically says, to keep him out of debt.

The great genius of Mozart was discovered almost by chance; the child was accustomed to be present while his sister received her lesson on the clavier; and as early as three years old amused himself by striking thirds, and by the discovery of other harmonious intervals. At four his father began, half in play, to instruct him in music; and from that moment his progress was so steady and uniform, that his family soon looked to his wonderful genius as a means of future support.

Musical precocity is common enough at the present day; but children, like exotics, when unnaturally forced into bloom, spend their strength, and their glory is soon over. Our "infant wonders" generally outlive their fame, and grow up very common-place people; but Mozart's early development was perfectly healthy, and resembled the rose-tints of the east which precede and prophesy the noon-tide glory. His first appearance as a public performer was most probably at Munich, whither his father took him in his seventh year; they were absent from Salzburg three weeks, during which time Wolfgang performed before the elector, and excited great admiration.

The tour to Munich was made in January, 1762; in September of the same year the whole family visited Vienna, where they met with

marked encouragement, but with little money. The father writes from Vienna to a friend at Salzburg—"At night we were at Stein, and arrived here on Wednesday. Our business with the revenue officers was short, and from the principal search we were entirely absolved. For this we had to thank one Mr. Wofel\*, who made friends with the *douanier*, showed him his clavier, and played him a minuet on his little violin."

Away from the tyranny of his master the archbishop, flattered by the attention paid to his children and himself, and honestly admiring his son's genius, the elder Mozart seems to have been in good spirits during this encouraging tour. "The ladies," he says, "are in love with my boy."

The child's first appearance at the Austrian court is thus mentioned:—"At present I have not time to say more than that we were so graciously received by both their majesties, that my relation would be held for a fable. Wofel sprang into the lap of the empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six; and the emperor himself came into the anteroom, to fetch me to hear the child play on the violin."

The empress presented the children with a robe each; Wolfgang's dress consisted of a coat the colour "of a lily," waistcoat of the same, with double broad gold borders. This was the dress of an archduke. Nannerl's was the court costume of an archduchess, "white brocaded taffeta, with all sorts of ornaments."

These tours, which were repeated as occasion served, seem to have brought them more fame than gold; the nobility were not rich, and in some places not very generous; from one city the father writes, "I should not be detained by the prince, but he is *waiting to see what the elector gives*." On another occasion he says, humorously, that if kisses had been louis-d'ors, they would have been well off. Presents were plentiful, such as swords, snuff-boxes, lace, &c., of which they had enough, the father writes, "to set up a shop," but money was scarce.

During a visit which they made to Paris in 1763, we are told that Madame de Pompadour had the young Mozart placed upon a table; and when, on his advancing to salute her, she turned away, the child cried, "Who is this that will not kiss me? The empress kissed me!"

Having succeeded in Paris, the family proceeded to England, where the children performed before the king and queen, and received marked approval. This was in the spring of 1764. They were lodged at the house of a Mr. Williamson, in Frith Street, Soho. During this visit the father writes: "I can send you no more particulars than you will find in the papers. It is sufficient to say that my girl is esteemed the first female performer in Europe, though only twelve years old; and that the high and mighty Wolfgang, though only eight, has the acquire-

\* A keyed instrument, the immediate precursor of the pianoforte.

\* Fond diminutive for Wolfgang.



ments of a man of forty. In short, those only who see and hear can believe; and even you in Salzburg know nothing about him, he is so changed."

During all these absences from home, the elder Mozart was teased by inquiries from the Archbishop as to when he would return? It may be readily supposed that his residence at Salzburg presented few attractions when contrasted with the gay and genial life which he and his family led while on their travels; at last, however, they returned, and for some months Mozart devoted his increasing talents to the study and practice of the works of Emanuel Bach, Handel, &c., &c.

Mozart's later tours were not always merely triumphal progresses; the boy very early became advanced in composition, and had a ready flow of ideas, some of which indeed he did not at first fully work out; and it is interesting to know that sometimes in later life, when his powers were expanded, he would return to a theme and complete the development of some beautiful fancy of his earlier years. This facility of production, and the style of his compositions, provoked the jealousy and dislike of many of his contemporaries who were wedded to the Italian style, and could not endure those full harmonies and the massive counterpoint of the young Mozart.

We may not linger to detail his efforts and his father's anxieties during the composition and attempted production of three operas; the spirits of the youth seem to have been all but unconquerable, and he wrote on, in spite of every sort of discouragement which envy or malice could inflict upon him.

A very striking feature in the character of Mozart is the sensitiveness of his affections. As a child, we are told, he would inquire of those around him, many times during the day, "Do you love me?" And if answered sportively in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears.

He finds time when on a tour with his father, receiving flattery and homage on the one hand, contempt and discouragement on the other, to write the most affectionate letters to his sister, for whom he seems to have had a warm regard; he inquires after his friends in the cathedral choir, after a boyish love—a Mademoiselle von Molk; even after a little bird, of whom he was at the time reminded by hearing another sing a "G sharp exactly like him." And all this at an age when grandeur and luxury are exceedingly apt to inflame and corrupt the mind. But Mozart, throughout his life, diligently cultivated the domestic affections, and it is doubtful whether any man was ever more entirely beloved in his family than he.

In the spring of the year 1772 a new archbishop of Salzburg entered upon his duties, but whatever hopes were at first kindled by this change were doomed to a rapid extinction; for the princely ecclesiastic had not the least taste for music, and was mean to penuriousness in rewarding the artists in his employ. Mozart, as a boy, received a guinea annually, which nominal

payment was looked upon rather as an earnest of future preferment and protection than as a remuneration for his young efforts. It will scarcely be believed, but it is nevertheless strictly true, that long after he had distinguished himself both in church and secular music, and while he was constantly bringing out something fresh at the archbishop's concerts, or in the cathedral, the same miserable dole was made!

Well might the Mozarts feel impatient at their serf-like condition. Well might the energetic, fiery, yet affectionate and loving Wolfgang, long to be out of the shadow of Salzburg Cathedral, long to be a free man, at work for a tangible reward, and able to pursue his own method without the prying interference of an ignorant and unsympathizing lord.

In 1777 therefore, Wolfgang, accompanied by his mother, quitted Salzburg with the intention of offering the young man's talents to the various neighbouring princes, in the hope of obtaining for him an appointment in some degree worthy of his extraordinary genius. We may readily imagine the eager anxiety and warm anticipations of young Mozart, the tender cautions of his good father, the parting between Madame Mozart and her husband, and Nannerl's affectionate care that her beloved Woferl should be protected from the cold. They cross the threshold, they enter the diligence, Nannerl rushes upstairs to shed a few natural tears, poor Leopold Mozart gazes after the coach, shakes his head, remembering how often during a long life his own hopes have been frustrated, yet little dreaming that he and the beloved wife of his bosom have parted for the last time.

We may fancy how the old man and the girl watch for the first letter. Mother and son arrived at Munich; nothing offering itself, they proceeded to Mannheim: it is the old story; Wolfgang gets plenty of flattery and watches, swords and jewellery, but little hard cash; so they go on to Paris.

At Paris, Madame Mozart, the faithful mother, the tender wife, was taken ill and died. "Great God!" writes the afflicted husband; "that I should have to search for my dear wife's grave in Paris!" The fatal news reached Leopold while in the midst of a letter of congratulation to his Anna on her approaching name-day. Nannerl was to have added her felicitations at the close; but the tidings of the mother's death arrive, and the poor girl is too distressed to write at all.

Every attention that can soothe in such a situation was paid by Wolfgang to his mother in her illness; yet we can conceive how her thoughts turned from Paris to Salzburg, to the dear husband and daughter at home; to the cathedral burial-ground where her five babes were laid, beside whom she had hoped one day to rest.

While at Mannheim, Mozart had formed a serious passion for a young singer, named Aloysia Weber, daughter of "an honest German, who has brought up his children well." The fair Aloysia, though only fifteen, had a splendid and well cultivated voice of great com-



pass, and interpreted the young composer's music with fire and enthusiasm. How natural for him to fall in love with her! At first she seemed pleased with his attentions; and even in his grief for his dear mother's death, he turns to her for comfort.

His father writes to him, advising him to cultivate the acquaintance of the great. Wolfgang replies thus:—

"You advise me to visit a great deal, in order to make new acquaintances, or to revive the old ones. That is, however, impossible. The distance is too great, and the ways too miry to go on foot; the muddy state of Paris being indescribable: and, to take a coach, one may soon drive away four or five livres, and all in vain, for the people merely pay you compliments, and then it is over. They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, 'O c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant.' And then—'Adieu!'"

His residence in Paris is, in the end, as disappointing as it proves expensive, and the archbishop, by the recommendation of his friends, invites Wolfgang back to Salzburg, the concerts having sadly declined in interest during his absence. The star of Gluck was then in the ascendant at Paris; Marie Antoinette having been his pupil; in short, the young Mozart found little prospect of success, and is already disposed to return to his father. The archbishop offers him a salary of five hundred florins as director of the concerts, and his father holds out an additional inducement for his return by telling him that he is not to play the violin at court, but simply to sit at the clavier and direct, adding slyly enough that there is the prospect of an opera at Salzburg, in which Mademoiselle Weber has half promised to assist.

This was, we may venture to say, the turning point; and young Mozart, disgusted with the heartlessness and vice of Paris, set out on his homeward journey, stopping awhile, however, to offer his services once more to the Elector at Munich, and also to give some concerts at Strasbourg.

In consequence of the union of the Electorates of Mannheim and Munich, the orchestra had been removed from the former place to the latter; and on reaching the city, Wolfgang hastened to Weber's house; but here he was doomed to disappointment. Aloysia, who had parted from him with tears, received him so coldly that he was effectually repulsed; and he finally devoted himself to her younger sister, Constance, who understood him better, and subsequently became his 'helpmeet' in the real sense of the word. Aloysia was singularly unhappy in her wedded life: she married an actor named Lange. She owned in after days that she saw Mozart only as "a little man;" and to his insignificant appearance, probably, Mozart was indebted for the cool reception which turned his thoughts to the amiable Constance, and eventually gave him perhaps the best wife a genius ever possessed.

At the commencement of the winter of 1780, Mozart was engaged by the Elector of Bavaria to compose an *opera seria* for the approaching

carnival. He accordingly proceeds to Munich; and his father, who was, as usual, eager for his success, wrote to him as follows:—

"Consider that for every dozen real connoisseurs, there are a hundred persons wholly ignorant; therefore do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, and forget to tickle the long ears."

Wolfgang replies—"Don't be apprehensive respecting the pleasure of the crowd; there will be music for all sorts of people in my opera, but *nothing for long ears.*"

This opera, "*Idomeneo*," was the triumph of Mozart's twenty-fifth year, although the work of only a few weeks; for, as we have seen, he went to Munich at the beginning of the winter 1780-81, and the opera was ready early in January. It has been regarded as a model of its kind; his new disposal of the instruments of the orchestra was speedily adopted by Haydon; and in fact the influence of this work on modern music can at the present day be scarcely calculated.

The success of "*Idomeneo*" was followed by a brief period of holiday festivity among Mozart and his friends, the members of the old orchestra at Mannheim. The archbishop renewed his leave of absence from weeks to months, and not until the 16th March, 1781, was he summoned back to his duties, not at Salzburg, but at Vienna, where the archbishop and his court were staying.

To Mozart, who had mixed on familiar and almost equal terms by virtue of his art with the most distinguished aristocracy of Germany, and whose feelings were as keen as his perception, treatment like the following must have been galling in the highest degree:—

*Date, Vienna, March 17, 1781.*

"Dinner was served at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, which was for me unfortunately rather too early; and there sat down to it the two valets in attendance, the controller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my littleness. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honour to be placed at least above the cooks. \* \* \* Our excellent archbishop glorifies himself with his people, receives their services, and pays them nothing in return."

Others of the nobility, however, are more liberal in their behaviour, particularly the Countess Thun, who was the generous patroness of Haydon, and herself an accomplished amateur musician. "The countess," says Mozart, "is one of the most lovely, charming women I ever knew, and I am in great favour with her."

How readily do his kind feelings spring up into gratitude toward those who treat him with consideration!

The countess offers to lend him her beautiful pianoforte (then a recent invention), that he may play gratis at a concert to be given for the benefit of musicians' widows. Mozart gladly consents, but the archbishop puts a veto on the proposal, which veto the persuasions of the nobility, and not any charitable feelings of his own, compel him to withdraw. This selfish, unsympathizing



master seems to have cast a gloom on every scene of our Mozart's existence; so far from taking a pride in the successes of his concert-director, he oppresses and degrades him in every way.

He proposes to give a concert, and the kind ladies of Munich undertake to sell tickets for him; but the archbishop refuses his permission, and Mozart (whose five hundred florins appear to have been cut down to four), begins to be quite tired of his employer, who keeps him hard at work writing fresh music; for which, however, he makes him no acknowledgment in addition to his ordinary salary. He is at last disgusted and wearied out, and having formed a good connexion in Munich, he throws up his beggarly appointment. This happened in May, 1781.

It was not so desperate a step as his father thought it, "for," says Wolfgang, "the archbishop is hated here, and, above all, by the emperor!" For this hatred alone, one feels inclined to love the Emperor Joseph, and the whole population of Vienna.

From this time the life of the gifted composer was no intense struggle against untoward circumstances. He gives lessons and concerts, his pianoforte performances exciting the greatest applause: but the Viennese were a lively, changeable people; novelty rather than decided excellence appears to have been their object, and Mozart soon found a difficulty in bringing out his works. Nevertheless, he sends his father at intervals sums of from ten to thirty ducats. How one must sympathize with poor Leopold Mozart and his daughter, in this dull life at Salzburg, dependent on the caprices of the ignorant archbishop, and working hard (for Nannerl too gave lessons) to gain a morsel of bread, while he who had been the life of the house was gone away from them!

In August, 1782, Mozart having been successful with his opera "*Die Entführung*" (The Abduction), made a bold step, and married his good Constance, in the presence of her mother and her sister Sophie, to whom we are indebted for the best particulars of the composer's domestic life.

This union, which was hallowed by true affection, lasted nine years. "*Stänerl*" brought him no fortune, and was frequently in delicate health; added to which, a young family grew up rapidly around him. At one time, from sitting so much in a sick room, where absolute quiet was necessary, he acquired the habits of accosting every one in a whisper—even his friends in the street, and of putting his finger on his lip as a sign of silence, when they began to answer him. How forcibly does this speak a heart open to every tender emotion, and under the sway of the most devoted love!

"Why did you not marry a rich wife?" asked the Emperor Joseph. "Sire," replied the dignified musician, "I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love!"

Notwithstanding Madame Mozart's ill-health, she outlived her gifted husband, and paid him

the highest tribute she could offer to his memory, charging herself with the liquidation of his debts, the last farthing of which she eventually paid.

In August, 1784, Anna Maria Mozart married, and the disappointed and hard-working father was left alone in his old age. Mozart wrote, and begged him to apply for a pension, and in the event of its being refused, advised him to come to Vienna and live with his son. The elder Mozart did not exactly take this advice, but he went to Vienna for six weeks, and wrote to his daughter, Madame Sonnenburg, detailing concert after concert, at which Wolfgang played his own compositions with great applause. The sage father adds that Constance's housekeeping was most economical, and that unless his son wastes money, he must be saving it. The fact is, that Mozart's life was not so regular during the last few years of his existence as one could wish. Wearied by lesson-giving, which to a man of his quick appreciation was extremely tiresome, and harassed by disappointments innumerable, he appears to have diverted himself a little too much with convivial society. His sister-in-law, Sophie, tells us, notwithstanding that she never saw him intoxicated, he drank at home only sufficient to exhilarate him; but it is to be feared that, when abroad with his friends, he occasionally overstepped the bounds of sobriety.

His difficulties gradually became more and more pressing, in spite of Constance's utmost care and economy: his children were ill, his wife for a year and a-half was confined to her bed; yet he brings out work after work, each one sufficient to create a reputation, with little cessation and undiminished power. A mere catalogue of these immortal productions would be uninteresting, and the limits of this sketch forbid a longer notice. Those who know his "*Figaro*," and "*Don Giovanni*," need no assurance that the promise of his earlier days was abundantly fulfilled: and yet all his genius, all his industry, could not keep him above the apprehension, and sometimes even above the prospect of want.

On one occasion, as he stepped into his carriage to go on a tour, he was arrested for a debt of thirty florins, but was fortunately enabled to borrow the sum without much delay.

His sensitiveness, instead of decreasing, grew upon him until he became excessively nervous, and his mind fatigued by severe application to his profession, was apt to be depressed by the least cause. The circumstance of his being commissioned to write a requiem, by a stranger, who suppressed his name, and an unexpected meeting with this man just as he was setting out for Prague on professional business, gave him more uneasiness than he cared to confess. His dear "*Stänerl*," as he fondly calls her, accompanied him to Prague, where he was to compose an opera on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II. The opera—"La Clemenza di Tito"—was written in an almost incredibly short space of time, and performed with the



most distinguished success; but with the exception of a few brief sparklings when in the company of his friends, his spirits were wretchedly low during his visit. He was constantly using medicine; his appetite failed, and his whole appearance changed for the worse.

He had a notion that he was writing the requiem for himself, as indeed proved to be the case. This idea preying on a mind naturally delicate, weakened by application, and excited by disease, may be considered to have hastened his death.

He took leave of his friends at Prague with the idea that he parted with them for the last time. He returned to Vienna, and it was as he feared. He reached Vienna in September, put the last touches to the "*Zauberflöte*," and resumed his labours upon the requiem—a work which he pursued amid the deepest dejection. It is melancholy that his death should have been so near, when, for the first time in his life, he had a reasonable prospect of achieving a real independence. On his return from Prague he found awaiting him the appointment of kapellmeister to St. Stephen's Church, as well as large commissions from Holland and Hungary. Under these circumstances it is natural that the prospect of death should have been exceedingly distressing; especially to a man who possessing the warmest affections, felt himself about to be snatched from a devoted wife and a helpless family, at the very period when he could have provided for them. The requiem was concluded, and sung by the invalid, joined by his friends, around the death-bed; after this he sunk rapidly, and expired in the presence of his affectionate wife and her sister on the 5th of December, 1791.

Thus closed the life of one of the most gifted and amiable of men. His successes were his own, for he was no courtier, and shrunk from any servile attendance upon the great; his failures were assuredly owing to anything rather than to the want of industry and assiduity. These failures indeed, in a measure, were the causes of his greatest triumphs, for it was when he tore himself from an eternal round of concert performances and lesson-giving, that he

earned nothing, and these were the intervals of composition during which he was laying the foundation of a world-wide fame.

His music, during his life, earned him a great reputation; but we have seen that his best and brightest efforts, though fruitful in compliments and presents, brought him little besides. The system also at that time pursued between the theatrical composer and the manager was so loose and imperfect that the right of copying and publishing was almost nominal, and Mozart was frequently anticipated in bringing out arrangements from his operas for the clavier and piano-forte, by persons who had obtained copies of the airs from those who wrote out the music for the theatre.

We will conclude with a picture of his beloved sister, Madame Sonnenberg, drawn by the hand of Mrs. Novello, who visited her, carrying with her a subscription from some friends in London, in the year 1829.

Poor Nannerl! What a finish to a life which opened so brilliantly!

"We found Madame Sonnenberg lodged in a small but clean room, bed-ridden, and quite blind. Hers is a complete decay of nature. Suffering no pain, she lies like one awaiting the stroke of death, and will probably expire in her sleep. . . . Her voice was scarcely raised above a whisper; so that I was forced to lean my face close to hers, to catch the sound. In the sitting-room still remained the clavichord, on which the brother and sister had frequently played duets together; and on its desk lay some pieces of his composition, which were the last things she played before her illness."

Here are the true variations of an artist-life: the dress of an archduchess one day, and life amid the gaieties of the Austrian court. The reverse of the picture we have presented in the quotation from Mrs. Novello.

Those readers who wish to acquaint themselves more minutely with the biography of the great musician, are recommended to the work of Mr. Holmes, entitled "*The Life of Mozart*," from which the materials for the preceding narrative are collected.

## FAITH, THE IDEAL, AND ART.\*

Johnson loved a good honest hater, and *we* love with equal fervour a downright thorough-going enthusiast, even though his enthusiasm be about nothing.

Here has some earnest thoughtful gentleman determined to prove that Art at present is all astray, and that none can lead the wandering sheep back to the fold save Mr. Millais and the pre-Raphaelites.

If the declension of Art be a fact—which we are by no means disposed to admit—we do not

clearly perceive that Mr. Millais will redeem our School of Painting; that the "*Future of English Art* is in the hands of the Pre-Raphaelites," we humbly venture to doubt. It is one thing to start a grand "*Idea*," and another thing to be capable of elaborating it. The conception of the steam engine had floated in many inferior minds before a more mighty intellect brought it practically to bear. To create a political revolution was the work of Robespierres and Marats; but to forge and temper the sword of power upon such an anvil was the destiny of the master-spirit, Napoleon the Great. That the Pre-Raphaelites are right in theory, we believe

\* Faith, the Ideal, and Art. George Bell, 186, Fleet Street.



that Mr. Millais will establish that theory, we disbelieve; we judge men's powers by their works.

The just principle of this school—for just and true we assert it to be—is to substitute for the present *inventive* style of painting one that plays no fantastic tricks with nature, but renders it humbly, faithfully, reverently upon the canvas, contriving no imaginary skies, no impossible combinations of colour in foliage, none of those effects, in fact, which have never existed in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth.

"It is especially to be noted," says the writer, "that our landscapists fall much in truth of colour; for one might fancy that each man at starting had *provided vast store of some favourite green or grey*, and uses it for everything ever after; and so we have Jutsum's green, and Brunett's green, and Creswick's green; and none of these Nature's green; just as among the figure painters, we have Maclise's flesh, Frost's flesh, and F. Stone's flesh, Redgrave's flesh, Cope's flesh, and Eastlake's flesh—all different, and none of them perfectly natural," &c.

That there is some truth in all this we admit; but is Mr. Millais able to paint better pictures than these artists?—pictures, that will correct the general taste, and command attention towards a higher standard. That truth would be more noble, it is a truism to assert; but much may be said upon the way in which it is to be rendered, and upon the *choice of subjects* to be made by a painter. What noble image is presented to our minds by Mariana, the lady in the bright dress, who is ugly, common-place, vulgar, and a-weary? In avoiding Ideality, Mr. Millais indulges us with a Reality that is not nature. He gives us the monster of Frankenstein before it had received the breath of life; the hideous similitude conveyed by a daguerreotype—exactitude of outline, with a false expression, or none at all.

What Mr. Millais may do hereafter we are unable to say; but to judge from his present performances, we see no prospect of his commanding sufficient attention to effect the change required by the purest taste. The "Idea" appears to us too large for him; it is like riding fifteen stone upon a pony; it is the reverse of the mountain and the mouse, or the exact fac-simile of the frog attempting to assume the unattainable proportions of the ox.

The faith of the writer of this pamphlet, however, in the Pre-Raphaelite capabilities is unbounded. He refers us to the next production of Mr. Millais, as an evidence that his power of painting landscapes surpasses that of any contemporary artist whatsoever. He prophesies that, although in limning the human countenance, hitherto they have effectually marred every beauty it contained, they may in future condescend to allow a female countenance to reassume its natural and original loveliness. We hope they may! Others have offended us so long, by turning Hercules into a dancing-master, and Antigone into a ballet-girl, that our return to classical truth will be as sweet as a draught of pure spring water to a fever-stricken patient. But in his struggles for the delineation of homely nature, Mr. Millais must not give us Hercules with the hooping-cough, or Antigone with an umbrella up, because mortals are subject to cough and rain.

Though some portions of this pamphlet are so enthusiastic about smaller matters as to call forth the eastern exclamation of the fig-dealer, "in the name of the prophet Figs," still it contains noble sentiments that are too seldom enunciated, and an earnest admiration of truth not often so boldly spoken. We recommend its perusal confidently to our readers, if only as a matter of curiosity. Many have *talked* a great deal more than this gentleman without saying half so much.

W. B. B.

## ON THE PORTRAIT OF H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

(See Plate.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

Well hath the artist the expression caught  
Of dignified and tranquil contemplation;  
With what calm earnestness thy brow is fraught,  
Oh! Prince, loved truly by a grateful nation;  
In Nature's gifts how few can thee excel!  
Yet not for these we value thee so well.

It is, because, through each revolving year,  
We have descried some ever-new revealing  
Of thy fine mind, thy judgment apt and clear,  
Thy active kindness, and thy generous feeling,  
Prompt to attend to Charity's soft call,  
Ready to think, and act, and strive for all.

Eager that Knowledge should its sway extend,  
And that the People should partake its treasures,  
And willing thy expansive mind to bend  
Even to plan and share the People's pleasures.

How at these words a pageant seems to rise  
In bright, distinctive freshness to our eyes!

The wondrous scene we never can forget,  
Where nations came—but not on hostile mission,  
Within thy dazzling Crystal Halls they met  
In peaceful, yet in glorious competition;  
That day in England's page shall ever shine,  
That work of mighty triumph, Prince, was thine!

Long may'st thou live and prosper—long be seen  
Thus with the People holding high communion,  
Long may our gracious, fair, and happy Queen  
Rejoice, that in her heart-directed union,  
She owes a good, her regal state above—  
The tranquil blessings of domestic love!



## GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, January 21.

MY DEAR C—,

We have bid adieu to the old year, with all its stirring events, and after the vigorous struggle that here preceded its dissolution, we have laid it in its grave, quietly, but not obliviously, for the annals of French history will bear few stranger pages than that which records the events of 1851, and not only those which marked its own existence, but still more those to which its deeds have led the way in the time of its successor. Two months ago, Louis Napoleon was the merely nominal chief of the nation; he was bullied, opposed, thwarted by the Assembly, hampered by the Constitution, attacked by the press, caricatured by the illustrated journals; he was an *imbécile*, a *niais*, an *encreuté*; he said little, he did less, he let the load of insult (which, be it admitted, was far from being altogether unmerited), accumulate, when, the day of reckoning arrived, he rose betimes in the morning, and in a twinkling, Assembly, Constitution, liberty of the press, liberty of speech, nay, *liberty of silence*, are swept away, scattered to the winds, and the supine, indolent, much-enduring President finds himself, or rather *makes* himself, one of the most absolute autocrats in the civilized world! We know all that may be said *pour et contre*; on the one side we hear of the provocations he received, of the factious opposition of the Assembly, of plots and conspiracies against his government and his person, of the fallacies of the Constitution, of the perilous position of the nation—all true: on the other we are told of broken faith, selfish ambition, tyranny, illegality, reckless assumption and exercise of unjustifiable authority, crushed liberty—true again, equally true; and until Louis Napoleon, having achieved that to which he aspires, has fairly started the chariot of government, and shown how and in what direction he intends to drive it, it will be very difficult to pronounce a verdict on all that has passed. In the meantime, *espionage*, arrests, transportations, suspension of journals, in short, despotism in all forms, goes on merrily, and if people venture to *think* their souls are their own, they dare not say so. You may be surprised at my saying that liberty of *silence* no longer existed; but it is a fact, the *Sidèle* and the *Opinion Publique* having been suspended because, while abstaining from censure, they did not conceive themselves bound to express approval of the *coup d'état* and its results! This is a state of things that was foreseen some months back by Emile de Girardin, the truest and farthest-sighted political prophet of the day; "*Bientôt*," he said, "*nous n'aurons plus le droit de ne rien dire!*" and so it is. His is among the list of names of those "*expulsés du territoire Français, de celui de l'Algérie et de celui des*

*colonies, pour cause de sûreté générale.*" (!!) A satisfactory accusation, and one easily replied to and refuted.

An amusing *on dit* goes about with regard to Louis Napoleon's interview with the Archbishop of Paris, relative to the sacramental ceremony at Notre Dame: the Archbishop strongly objected to perform the office, alleging that having administered the oath of the Constitution, he could not, in conscience, execute a rite resulting from the violation of that oath. "*Bah! M. l'Archevêque*," exclaimed the President, "*est ce qu'il ne vous est jamais arrivé d'enterrer un enfant que vous avez baptisé!*" However grave circumstances may be, in France an occasion for a *bon mot* is never wanting: When, immediately after the President's election, he went to the opera, there was a perfect storm of applause on his entrance; Duprez (whose voice, as we all know, is "going, going," almost "gone"), being asked by a friend what he thought of the demonstration, replied, "*Je vois que pour réussir à ce théâtre il faut BEAUCOUP DE VOIX!*"

Among the "signs of the times" may be noticed that "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," is being erased from all the public buildings; all the trees of liberty that remained are being removed; the streets, theatres, public institutions, &c., are resuming their former names; and in short everything relating to the Republic is gradually but surely disappearing.

The ball at the Hôtel de Ville was a strange medley (as to the guests) of splendour and shabbiness; beside the most brilliant and *recherchées* toilettes, appeared *robes montantes*, and gloveless cavaliers! Most of the *élégantes* wore a little black lace, or broad black velvet *cravate*, close round the throat, with a tie, in the centre of which glittered a rich *agraffe* or brooch; the fashion, which is an old one revived, is very pretty, but I think will be hot for dancers.

Much interest has been excited by the circumstances attending a duel fought last week between the Comte de S— du P— and the Marquis de C—. In a quarrel, at whist, at the jockey-club, the latter made use of some disrespectful observations relative to the favour shown by the President to the Comte; on the following day the duel (in which M. S— du P— was wounded in the hand) took place, and M. de C— received an intimation, that, in consequence of the language he had used, he was advised to depart *forthwith* on a voyage he contemplated making into Egypt, or the Government would undertake his immediate removal, without consulting his choice of destination.

At the Italian Opera, the new barytone, Ferlotti, has *débüté* in "*Maria de Rohan*"; he seems to be much liked, though perhaps the piece is hardly so well suited to his voice as some others where less vehemence of expression is requisite.



Guasco has an immense success; the charm of his voice and method is fully appreciated, and perhaps the more so that previous to his arrival an ill-natured report was circulated, to the effect that his voice was *usée*, and had lost all its freshness and force—a statement which the result has fully contradicted. At the Ambigu, Alexandre Dumas's "Vampyre" has had an extraordinary run: we went last week to see it. It is founded on the Vampyre attributed to Byron, and, with certain alterations, is nearly the same in substance. It is singularly striking, admirably acted, and admirably got up; and I think fully merits its success. At the Théâtre Français, they are giving one of the prettiest, one of the most natural, and one of the most *healthy* little pieces that has for a long time appeared. If I can procure the *libretto* I will send it to you, as I am sure it will please your readers. It is called "La Diplomatie en Ménage," and is written by Mme. Caroline Berton, the daughter of M. Sanson, whose inimitable acting is one of the chief attractions at the "Français." Here is a *morceau* from the "*Pays*," that I think will amuse you, relative to a theatrical quarrel. It may be as well to say, *par parenthèse*, that the *dégraisseur* of a theatre is the person employed to examine the pieces accepted, and to remove or alter such passages as may be considered objectionable:—

"M. Lemadre avait, depuis longues années, l'avantage de dégraisser le théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin. Il jouissait dans l'administration d'une réputation sans tache et comme homme et comme dégraisseur; on lui avait confié d'immenses travaux; il avait tour à tour nettoyé Perrinet Leclerc, Lucrèce Borgia, la duchesse de la Vauballière, la dame de Saint-Tropez, Jenny l'Ouvrière, et un grand nombre d'autres personnages, qui étaient passés par ses mains, d'où ils étaient sortis lavés de toute souillure.

"Cependant, il y a deux mois, M. Lemadre s'aperçoit tout à coup que la clientèle devient moins bonne; presque plus rien à dégraisser: quelques malheureux paysans, quelques comparses, quelques doublures; pas un premier rôle! M. Lemadre se disait: C'est étrange! comme les premiers sujets sont devenus propres et soigneux! Cependant les quinquets dégouttent et fument comme à l'ordinaire. Le mot de cette énigme, M. Lemadre ne tarda pas à l'avoir. Il apprit qu'un confrère, M. Poirier, était

allé offrir à l'administration de les dégraisser au rabais, et qu'on avait accepté. M. Lemadre est furieux et jure de se venger.

"Un jour donc, rencontrant M. Poirier sur la scène, et joignant les voies de fait aux reproches, il lui donna un soufflet en lui disant: 'Ah! tu dégraissses au rabais! eh bien! dégraisse ta joue de cette gifle.' M. Poirier recule de surprise et d'indignation. Dans ce mouvement rétrograde, son pied heurte le balcon de la tour de Nesle, et son corps va tomber sur une place de village. M. Lemadre, qui le poursuivait, enjambe par-dessus un nuage, saisit un pont-levis et s'apprête à le lancer sur la tête de M. Poirier, qui paye le coup avec un ormeau séculaire. Se glissant alors le long d'une rivière, M. Poirier enfle une porte cochère et échappe enfin aux colères de son concurrent en se blottissant derrière le lit de Marguerite de Bourgogne.

"Citée, à raison de ces faits, devant la police correctionnelle, M. Lemadre a été condamné à 25 francs d'amende et 50 francs de dommages-intérêts."

It is said that few balls will be given this season in French houses, almost all the gaieties being confined to those of foreigners, the diplomatic circles, and the "powers that be." There is to be a grand *fête* at the Tuileries very shortly; *c'est le commencement de la fin* probably!

Great satisfaction seems to be felt in general by the new rules for the Garde Nationale, more especially that which exempts all men from the age of fifty from serving. It would form a most amusing chapter to cite all the ingenious devices that have hitherto been adopted to avoid the detested ceremony of mounting guard; I know one gentleman who escaped on the ground of being an American, having once carried American despatches! As to the strange, manifold, and complicated maladies that have incapacitated apparently healthy subjects from performing the duty, I do not suppose the annals of medicine can produce such cases; as, however, it frequently happened that the authorities were so inhuman as to give the invalids the alternative of mounting their guard despite their sufferings, or spending some days in prison, it is much more agreeable now to have certain legitimate exemptions. *A révoir.*

My dear C—,

Ever yours,

P\*.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

"EXPERIENCE" IN ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-outang which, having had, when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been

applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage-horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure; but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, be made to pull the refractory horses backwards. The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever



it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another dog, which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer-match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals arrive at a knowledge of cause and effect. Strend, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air-pump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog, having a great antipathy to the music of the violin, always sought to get the bow and to conceal it. The well-known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience: he says, that a mule, laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the same contrivance afterwards purposely; and that to cure it of the trick, its panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated it could barely stagger.—*Thompson's "Passions of Animals."*

**NINON DE L'ENCLOS.**—Rupert now directed his attention to the boxes on either side of him, which were rapidly filling; the stage-box, more especially on his right hand, excited his curiosity; from seeing a young lady, apparently about eighteen or twenty, of great personal attractions, enter it, surrounded by a perfect swarm of men; one removing her hood, another carrying her fan, a third her bouquet, while a fourth arranged her chair, and a fifth stooped down to place a footstool for her; the whole house, including *les sommités aristocratiques*, evinced the greatest *empressement* to bow to this lady, who returned their greetings, with a circular salutation, which included them all, in the most graceful manner, and with the least possible trouble to herself, as she sank into her chair, and leant back to speak to one of her satellites, who was in waiting at the back of it. She was very little above the middle height, of beautifully rounded proportions; and plump, without being fat. Her skin was of a dazzling and satiny whiteness; her bust, hands, and arms being most symmetrical. Her face was more round than oval; her forehead was high and intellectual, the brows being low, straight, and beautifully pencilled; her eyes were large and liquid, and of a dark hazel; her nose small, white, and excessively *piquant*, having the end descended a little below the delicately chiselled nostrils, which had those little *fossettes* at each side, that a century and a half later Madame de Genlis was so vain of possessing. Her cheeks were suffused with that vivid, yet delicate, and peach-like bloom, so rare among her countrywomen; her mouth was a little large, but the lips were so deep and bright a red, and formed such a perfect Cupid's bow, from the

short upper lip to the dimpled chin, and the teeth within it were so dazzlingly white, that envy itself could find nothing to criticise. Her magnificent hair (which was a dark brown, with that Georgione or horse-chestnut red varnished tinge through it, as if sun-beams had got entangled amongst its meshes) she wore, according to the fashion of the time, wreathed in plaits round the back of her head, and divided very low on the forehead, with a profusion of long tendril-like ringlets on either side, which were tied with knots of blue satin ribbon, over which, so as to show the blue ribbon through, were large bows of set pearls, with streamers and tassels of fine Oriental, pear-shaped, strung pearls; and the shoulders and front part of her *berthe* were also fastened with the same, likewise the centre of her bodice, down to the point of her stomacher, where hung one large pearl, nearly the size of a pigeon's egg. Her dress was composed of white *moiré*, with a broad sky-blue velvet stripe upon it, while the *berthe* was *entirely* of blue velvet, with a *réville* or network of pearls over it, which formed no contrast to her snowy skin. "What a beautiful girl!" exclaimed Rupert. "Who is she?"—"You are partly right and partly wrong: *beautiful* she most unquestionably is; but for her girlhood! if you want to find *that*, you must go back to the time when our friend Molière accompanied his late Majesty Louis Treize to Narbonne, in 1641, and even *then* she was not over *girlish*, being at that time five-and-twenty, as last Tuesday she completed her forty-sixth year."—"Impossible," said Rupert.—"Nothing is impossible to Ninon de l'Enclos, except, perhaps, ceasing to be Ninon," rejoined Rohault.—*School for Husbands; or Molière's Life and Times. By Lady Bulwer Lytton.*

**WIT.**—Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.—*Johnson.*

#### HINTS FOR A NEW VOCABULARY.

"*America.*—A spirited lad, who beat his big brother for bulleying him, but who will join him as partner in business when they both become men."

"*Reformer.*—A person known first as a 'Visionary,' then as a 'Quack,' then as a 'Benefactor.'"

"*Chivalry.*—The *aurora borealis* of the dark ages."

"*A Good Hand of Cards for a Happy Couple.*—Lots of Hearts, a sprinkling of Diamonds, no Clubs, and one Spade—last card of all—between the partners."

*Punch's Almanac,*



## NEW BOOKS.

SCENE.—*A cozy little drawing-room; Mrs. SMITH and her COUSIN FANNY look through the windows for a few moments in the vain hope of finding a "break" in the weather.*

*Mrs. Smith.* It is no use, Fanny; that straight, small, steadfast rain gives not the least hope of a clearing-up. We must resign ourselves to our fate.

*Fanny.* Not much resignation is required on my part. I think a long working, talking, and reading morning very delightful, and if I am privileged to stir the fire and draw my chair to the hearth-rug, I can make myself supremely happy.

*Mrs. Smith.* Then pray be happy in your own way. But I recommend you to choose an easier chair than the one you have taken. There, are not those broad arms, and that not-too-sloping back, delightful? Greedy child! are you going to read half a dozen volumes at once? As bad as your father, who generally puts his elbow on two newspapers while he "looks at" a third.

*Fanny* [laughing]. I do dearly like a lap-full of new books; and as I am nearly sure you have read these, and as by the resolute manner in which you have donned your thimble you look vowed to finish that *broderie* scallop before you stir, I mean to keep the books—for the present. Here is Miss Mitford's new work; \* I am sure I shall be delighted with it. Everything by the author of "Our Village" must be charming.

*Mrs. Smith.* It is a deeply interesting work; less so, however, from its extracts and criticisms, than from the personal recollections which abound in it, and which the author has the happy manner of relating so simply, and yet with such graphic power. Miss Mitford speaks of herself as upwards of sixty, and her recollections commence at the close of the last century. From circumstances and position she has all her life mixed with eminent people, of many nations, and of many who died before her time she has heard curious and authentic anecdotes. It would make a long catalogue to name half the celebrities of whom in these three volumes she has something to say—poets and statesmen, Tories and radicals.

*Fanny.* I see not a few contrasts in turning over the pages. Lockhart of the *Quarterly* and the famous William Cobbett, Chatterton and Southey, Richardson and Motherwell; a rare chapter about the Brownings, that true Poet Pair; and—

*Mrs. Smith.* Half a hundred others of great note and interest. Miss Mitford is evidently a devourer of books, as well as producer of delightful ones; and she has stumbled on many gems of literature—gems really of "purest ray

serene," which yet seem to have been forgotten or but half appreciated; and she does great and true service by thus permanently embalming them, especially is this the case with some of Præd's poems, which, if we mistake not, were first collected and published in America.

*Fanny.* Yet Præd was an Englishman?

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes, and it is a feather in Brother Jonathan's cap to have been the first to appreciate his merits.

*Fanny.* I see several American names here.

*Mrs. Smith.* And you will find charming writing about them; Daniel Webster, Longfellow, Hawthorne, &c., &c.; and at the beginning of the second volume there is a story so interesting and so well told, that one longs to know *who* is the hero of it. Give me the book, and I will find the place. Here it is: Miss Mitford has just been relating a story of her garden, and some flower-seeds transmitted to her from America by Daniel Webster himself.

"I could tell another story also of a great American orator, a story told to me two or three years before this occurrence by another distinguished American visitor. He told it to me with the low tone of a deep sympathy one summer evening in my old garden room, the moon rising red and full above the pyramid of geraniums and the scent of a thousand flowers floating upon the air.

"I do not know why I tell it here; except that both stories belong in some sort to my garden, and that both relate to men eminent in America as lawyers and as statesmen; although of my friend's hero, for obvious reasons, I do not venture to give the name. Many years have passed since I heard that interesting narrative, and in small circumstances of detail I may mistake; but the one great fact, the admirable self-denial and self-sacrifice can never be forgotten. It strikes too deep a root in the heart.

"The story was of a father, one of those sturdy pioneers of American civilization, who hew their way through the Western Forest, and of his two stalwart boys. They had built a homestead, and cleared many acres around them, when, during a pause in their labours, one of the sons (I think the younger) addressed his father to this effect: 'Father! the house is raised; the trees are down; the fields are fenced. You have my brother to help you and can do without me. Let me go to the town and study. I feel that I was born to fight my way amongst men, and not to wear out my days in the toils of a husbandman.'

"The father must have been worthy of such a son, for he understood him, and felt the full force of the appeal. 'Well, my boy,' said he: 'go where you will, and my blessing shall go with you. Take these dollars and make them last as long as you can, for I have no more to give.'

"So the bold adventurer sallied forth to the nearest town where education was to be won. The dollars were but few; and the young pupil, although a model of frugality and application, found himself penniless long before he had fought his way through the college course. His courage, however, never failed. By that time he had discovered his own

\* "RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE; or, Books, Places, and People." By Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," &c. 3 vols. (Bentley.)



strength. He engaged with a lawyer to write for him during the evenings and by night, whilst he pursued his regular studies by day; thus defraying his own expenses, whether for education or for living; and evincing in his legal avocations such extraordinary ability and aptness, that by the time he had arrived at the head of his class, his friend the lawyer furnished him with a letter to his own brother, then in high practice in the chief town of the State, assuring him 'that the recommendation which that letter contained would secure to him immediate employment, and eventually, with his own powers and perseverance, all that he required for a high success in life.'

"Enchanted with his prospects, our adventurer set forth upon a visit to his forest home, to take leave of his parents before the long absence which he anticipated.

"On his arrival at the farm, he found the delight and pride which such a career could hardly fail to claim; but he found also that which he had seen no cause to expect—the brother whom he had left behind content with healthful labour sickening and drooping under the same hunger and thirst for mental improvement that he himself had experienced some years before. What was the resolve of that noble heart? How did he act under such a trial? He laid his letter of introduction aside—that letter which was to command fortune! He took his brother with him to the town which he had quitted as he thought for ever; placed him in the college where he himself had studied; returned to his old friend the lawyer; resumed his labours in the office, and worked calmly on until the brother, whom he wholly supported, aided by his instructions, had overcome all his disadvantages and attained the high place in the classes that he himself had occupied.

"This was my visitor's story. I only wish I could tell it to my readers as he told it to me. But even under all the imperfections of my poor narrative, and lacking the crowning name that gives to it such a power of contrast, it still seems to me almost unequalled in its simplicity and grandeur of self-sacrifice. When some powerful monarch, like Charles the Fifth, abdicates the thrones of Germany and Spain and the Indies, it sounds much. But then it is a sickly, aged, disenchanted man, who knows full well the vanity and nothingness of what he resigns; who has felt for many a year how weary a thing it is to be an Emperor. Besides, he is an Emperor still. The eyes of the world are upon him. He has only put on a new form of royalty. Now here is a young, an ambitious, a self-reliant spirit, who puts aside, not by one grand and solemn abdication, but by the quiet, silent, painful effort of days and months and years, the most precious crown of all the world—the bright crown Hope.

"After some natural exclamations of admiration, came the equally natural question, 'Did that favoured brother prove himself worthy of such a sacrifice?'

"'Alas!' said my friend, 'he lived only long enough to show how worthy he would have proved. He had already taken his place amongst the most eminent lawyers of Massachusetts when he was snatched away by death.'"

Fanny. What a noble character! Who is it, do you think?

Mrs. Smith. I have a guess. But never mind.

Fanny. Tell me, cousin, shall I like Mary Howitt's new book.\*

Mrs. Smith. You will, I have no doubt; but it is more than I should promise a mere silly, novel-reading girl; yet I don't know; the story is interesting enough even to please those who habitually read *only* for amusement. But of this I am sure, that the more philosophic and thoughtful readers will be precisely those who will think the most highly of this work.

Fanny. I see it is adapted from the Danish: this means something more than literally translated.

Mrs. Smith. No doubt; but we may rest quite satisfied of Mary Howitt's taste and discretion. The true translator thinks less of literally transcribing a work, than of fusing it as it were in his own mind, and then producing a recast—such a work as the original author would have given, had he been a native of the land to which it is thus introduced.

Fanny. We may be pretty sure that this is precisely what Mrs. Howitt has done. How well read she must be in these strange Scandinavian tongues, which are generally so little known! Is this Danish story at all like Miss Bremer's Swedish ones?

Mrs. Smith. Not the least in the world. With all Miss Bremer's merits, and they are great and particular, one cannot but feel that in the story of Jacob Bendixen we are brought into contact with a far higher order of mind than hers. And most interesting and gratifying is it to find that the translator rises and proves herself more than equal to her loftier task.

Fanny. I can understand this: her own poet nature must have warmed to sympathy with such a work as you describe.

Mrs. Smith. Precisely so. Jacob Bendixen's is the history of a Danish Jew, from his birth to his grave, the principal incidents occurring from twenty to thirty years ago. But it is a psychological novel—the history of a heart and mind, the developments of which form the strong interest, and to which events seem only the needful accessories. Goldschmidt is, we believe, himself a Jew—that he is a man of genius his work sufficiently proves—and therefore we may presume that his revelations of the inner life of his nation are absolutely faithful. The father of Bendixen is a wealthy man, a conscientious Jew—ambitious for his son, and well aware that his student career can never be pursued except by free mingling with Christians. And from the attempt at an impossible union come all the sorrows that are related. An impossible union, be it remembered, because the Bendixens are not lukewarm in their faith, but hedged round by a bristling fence of observances, and belief, which however much the Christian praying and sighing for converts may lament, the mere human being can scarcely fail to respect. Jacob is no common character, the

\* "JACOB BENDIXEN, THE JEW;" adapted from the Danish of Goldschmidt. By Mary Howitt. 3 vols. (Colburn & Co.)



sensitive poetic temperament is his, and the philosophic mind that analyses its own and other natures, sometimes to the point of torture. Yet he is the man of action, too, no mere dreamer. The following will show how early his trials began; it is a school-room scene—the rector is speaking:—

“‘When I see,’ said this excellent man one day to some of the under masters, a short time after Jacob’s entrance in the school,—‘when I see that boy, with his oriental countenance, sitting low down on the bench among the dull, heavy-headed scholars, it seems to me as if they were all a collection of domestic animals, amongst whom had come a young tame panther. I only hope the whelps will be kind to the panther cub, so that its nature may not be aroused.’”

“These words were as much spoken in jest as in earnest, but to his surprise he soon saw that they were quite correct.

“At the beginning Jacob was enraptured by his new position. But, although his intellect had been developed by the subtleties of his Talmudic studies, and his memory crammed with fragments of knowledge gathered from innumerable sources, yet he was now come to school without knowing a single school-book; he was like a person who can play, but who knows not a note. He was examined as the other boys were, but he could not answer a word. When, however, he began to participate in the instruction, and thereby, so to speak, the compass of his mind seemed to extend beyond that which had hitherto filled it, and he himself became conscious of what he needed, he made amazing progress.

“And what a delight it was to him to sit upon a bench among other boys! To be considered as good as they; sometimes even to be preferred before them; not to feel any difference excepting that which industry and natural abilities occasioned! How industrious he was; and how he longed every evening for the next day, when he might recommence this glorious strife!

“What a delight it was to sit upon a bench among other boys! but it was thus only during the hours when the boys were, like soldiers, under the restraint of strict discipline. Scarcely were the school hours over before Jacob heard that he was a Jew. True, it was no longer necessary for him immediately to leave his playmates, and for him to stand as much aloof as if a wooden fence had separated them. As long as he was unaccustomed to school life, and the strife of emulation with his fellows had all the attractions of novelty, he did not so much mind this new persecution; his whole soul was taken up with the school hours, and with the objects that occupied them. But after some time, when the youthful enthusiasm had somewhat abated, his mind became more sensitively alive to the other boys’ ridicule. When the whole class would swarm around him laughing and shouting ‘Jew!’ or ‘Ach wai mir!’ or ‘Hep, hep!’ he felt almost stupefied by it; it was as if he heard the whole world shouting at him, and as if he must bow himself before their voices.

“If, however, a single boy dared to approach him, and taunt him with the exclamation of ‘Be off with thee, Jew!’ or such like, it seemed to him immediately much more of a personal affront, and like a wounded tiger he bent his fine flexible limbs, and sprang upon his enemy. The end always was

the same; a crowd rushed on against him, and Jacob was beaten.

“One evening, the man whose duty it was to sweep out the rooms found a boy lying insensible on one of the floors, with marks on his body of having been severely handled. His head was cut, and blood flowed from the wound; and in this state of insensibility he was conveyed home.

“The next morning a command was issued that all the scholars should assemble in the great hall, where the masters already sat in conclave.

“The Rector ascended the elevated seat, and related the occurrence of the foregoing evening, adding, ‘There is, I am afraid, very little hope of the boy who has been guilty of this outrage convicting himself; and probably the wounded boy himself, when he recovers, may conceal his name, from a feeling of school-boy honour. But let the guilty one be whoever he may, he will bear with him the consciousness that his teachers, and every right-thinking school-fellow regard his conduct with the deepest displeasure. And this I expect from every one among you who has the honour of the school at heart, that he will not conceal, from a mistaken sense of honour, anything that he may know regarding this affair; so that the guilty one, if possible, may be discovered, in order that suspicion may not rest on the innocent.’

“The Rector cast a keen, penetrating glance round the assembly; but all were silent.

“The next moment Jacob Bendixen rose and said:

“‘It was I who did it.’

“‘How!’ exclaimed the head-master, and stepped back in astonishment; ‘you, Bendixen! the best behaved and the most quiet of all the boys in the school! I cannot believe it!’

“‘It is as I say,’ continued Jacob, immovably.

“‘But what insanity could have possessed you—for you could not possibly do it intentionally?’

“‘Yes, I did it intentionally,’ said Jacob, in the same tone. ‘He was always the one who taunted me most with being a Jew, and yet he always managed to conceal himself behind the others. Yesterday we happened to be the last in the school; and when I was going, he ran after me, and shouted, “Get out of the way, Jew!” and struck me against the door, so that I hurt my knee. On that, I struck him, and left him as he was found. I know very well,’ added he, coming forward a step or two, ‘that they all think of me as he did, and call me Jew; but yet they none of them do it when we are alone!’

“Jacob’s lips quivered, and his cheeks were pale as marble. A death-like stillness prevailed through the hall. The Rector gazed fixedly upon him; the masters gathered round his chair; and after some moments’ whispering together, they all went out. When they had closed the door after them, one single boy said, in a suppressed tone, ‘Now, Jew, thou’lt catch it!’

“The others were all silent, and several minutes passed in breathless expectation. Jacob remained standing, immovable, and heard nothing. At length the masters returned; and amid deep silence, the Rector reascended the high chair.

“‘Jacob Bendixen!’ said he, addressing him, ‘the insults of which you have been the object are so low and despicable, and I feel so sensibly the effect which, if they were allowed to continue, must be produced on your mind, that I cannot consider myself as justified in punishing you.’ The Rector paused, with his eyes still fixed on Jacob, who stood



as if transfixed; and then, turning to the other scholars, he said, in a stern voice, 'And you others, pay attention to what I say! If the ennobling and humanizing sentiments which it is the purpose of the school to instil into your hearts, are not sufficient to raise you above the vices of the mob, then you may expect the severest punishment whenever any instances of this kind come again to my knowledge. And now I hope, Bendixen,' said he, again turning to Jacob, 'that you will have sufficient confidence in me, never in the future to think of avenging yourself, however much you may be affronted. Remember what you owe to the school, and come to me for justice. Now, go all of you quietly to the play-ground, and wait till the next hour begins. I trust that this hour, although it may not be devoted to books, will not be lost.' "

*Fanny.* It is a fine subject for a great work.

*Mrs. Smith.* I am sure you will admire it, I can hardly say enjoy, it is too painful for that word to be used: but it is a book to profit from, for it teaches us to think and feel. The love-passages are exquisitely beautiful. Jacob loves, is loved by, and betrothed to a Christian girl, Thora; and mark how, even in that beautiful Scandinavian mythologic name a contrast is suggested between the northern nature and that of the oriental, and you will find the subtle clue to some of the labyrinths of the story.

*Fanny.* Ah, do not tell me the plot.

*Mrs. Smith.* Very well; but I will warn you not quite to lose your heart to the genial manly Martin, the hero's friend and fellow-student.

*Fanny.* I'll not promise: for one's passing loves for these pen and ink ideals are very pleasant and very harmless—but is this Martin so particularly charming?

*Mrs. Smith.* Tastes may differ; for my own part I think it a most artistic creation. No genius himself, he reverences the genius of his friend: while his excellent good sense and affectionate nature would stand the hero in good stead—if—if! ah, this little word! I am compelled to add, if poor Jacob had not genius, had not sensibility, and in short stood in no manner of need of his friend's good offices.

*Fanny.* So much for this Danish story. Here are three little Christmas books,\* each looking very inviting; which is the best?

*Mrs. Smith.* That is a question I would rather not answer. They are so different in style and character, that comparisons would be very unfair. "ALICE LEARMONT" is a semi-supernatural tale, told in the most poetical and effective manner. It is founded on a Scottish tradition, and the scene is laid in Scotland in the time of Queen Mary. Like the more important works of this author, "Alice Learmont" bears the true impress of genius. The

illustrations by James Godwin are very clever and appropriate.

*Fanny.* "THE PATHWAY OF THE FAWN" —what a singular title!

*Mrs. Smith.* You must read the book to understand the association which gives propriety to the title. Mrs. T. K. Hervey is a charming writer, and I think this book not second to anything she has done. It is a story of wrong and suffering, the retribution and the atonement being brought about by the instrumentality of parental and filial ties. The character of Bertha, the girl sculptor, is sweetly delineated, and there is displayed throughout the work a fine feeling for Art, which, to the lovers of it, is very delightful. Mrs. Hervey is a poetess, and scatters through her pages some pretty songs, which come upon one like strewn flowers.

*Fanny.* And how beautifully the book is illustrated!

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes, it is exquisitely got up. The general designs are by Thomas, and the chapter-initials by T. R. Macquoid. I have rarely seen anything so fine in wood-cutting, and they may be truly said to illustrate the work, carrying out its delicate fancies and suggestive sentiments.

*Fanny.* "MR. WRAY'S CASH-BOX" has, I see, a frontispiece by Millais, one of the Pre-Raphaelites.

*Mrs. Smith.* Which, notwithstanding its quaintness, is full of feeling, truth, and expression. That is a genial little book, at which one alternately laughs and cries. The story is so simple, that it would melt away like snow between our fingers, in the attempt to abridge it: but slight as is the thread, Mr. Collins contrives to string upon it most racy descriptions of life and character. He has succeeded, too, in one respect, where tale writers so commonly fail—his *good people* are not wits; hardly, indeed, up to an average cleverness; and yet the reader is intensely interested in them; for the author has given them what is better than all—heart.

*Fanny.* You have a new book on Chess,\* I see.

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes, a nice little portable manual, written evidently by an enthusiastic lover of the game, and it is to be presumed a fine player. It is well calculated to supply the place of those more elaborate works which few, I should think, except thorough chess students ever read through.

*Fanny.* This "Pocket Companion" seems just the thing to have at hand for reference, if one wants to play one's battle over again with better skill, or to study when learning the game.

*Mrs. Smith.* And here is the first part of a publication,† which promises, I think, to be ex-

\* "ALICE LEARMONT; a Fairy Tale of Love." By the author of "Olive," &c., &c. (Chapman & Hall.)

"MR. WRAY'S CASH-BOX." By W. Wilkie Collins. (Bentley.)

"THE PATHWAY OF THE FAWN: a Tale of the New Year." By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. (Office of the National Illustrated Library.)

\* "THE CHESS-PLAYER'S POCKET COMPANION." By Samuel Comyn, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

† "A DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY." By Spencer Thomson, M.D., L.R.C.S., Edinburgh. Part I. (Groombridge and Sons.)



tremely valuable to several classes of persons. I am no advocate for the unprofessional doctoring themselves, but there are cases, such as those of dwellers in the country or emigrants, to whom a knowledge of what to do, and what *not* to do in an emergency, might often save life and suffering. So far as I can judge from this first part, the projected work, published so cheaply, that when complete it will cost but a few shil-

lings, will supply a positive want: and the dictionary form renders reference more easy than any other. The woodcuts, too, which illustrate the mode of applying bandages, &c., simplify the descriptions.

*Fanny.* Hark! the postman! and I have a presentiment of letters to answer instead of reading this morning.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HAYMARKET.

We have been more than once to see Mr. Webster's finished personation of the "Man of Law;" and a more intimate acquaintance with it has confirmed the impression we expressed last month of its great superiority above the average of theatrical performances. We must not, however, be tempted to dwell upon its excellencies, but proceed to notice the extravaganza of "The Princess Radiant," which is a most agreeable entertainment. The story is taken from one of Count Hamilton's fairy tales; and by way of introduction, the revived Count himself comes forward to describe, after the fashion of "This is the house that Jack built," the rise and progress of the characters and adventures of his narrative. The effect was very good and comic. Mrs. L. S. Buckingham personates the "Princess Radiant" herself with great elegance, and gives us a model of feminine grace and proportions such as few actresses can display. In that part where she comes forward in a white muslin tunic, with ornamented breast-plate, and gilt and plumed helmet, as the leader of a troop of Amazons, she excited universal admiration. Fancy Buckstone, dressed up as a miserable old witch studying astrology, preparing devils' broth, and playing the fool, and you have the perfection of the burlesque.

There is a certain Miss Collins here, in whom we place considerable confidence for her many excellent theatrical qualities. She acted her part of *Mayflower* with neatness and discretion. A pretty little bit of scenic illusion is produced when she enters the witch's cave, with her head apparently surrounded with a brilliant halo: her gilded hat, and the light from the bull's eye of a dark lantern, are of course the simple and innocent agents in creating this spectral surprise, which was, however, uncommonly well managed.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, as *Lord Pooh-pooh*, was matchless as usual. Miss Louisa Pyne, in *Opera*, has been gaining laurels; and those who have not heard her rich and cultivated vocal powers will do well not to lose the present opportunity.

More recently the favourite comedy of "London Assurance" has been revived, Mrs. Stirling supporting the character of *Lady Gay Spanker* in a most spirited manner. And just as we are going to press, a new *Opera*, by Mr. H. Glover, of which report speaks highly, is being produced.

### ADELPHI.

It would be a long story to narrate all the good things to be seen at this theatre, and the best proof of the quality of the entertainment is the crowds that throng to it every night. Silsbee, the American actor, is an entire novelty in his way to an English audience: the peculiarity and oddity of his humour quite baffle description; he must be seen to be understood: one of his singularities is his extraordinary literalness—rarely can there be witnessed such a specimen of loutish acuteness and vulgar Yankee low-bred dexterity, and so thoroughly real, that the critic almost sighs for a little more refinement and imagination; but perhaps Silsbee would not give such entire satisfaction to his audience if he fulfilled the higher requirements of art: his success depends upon what he is, and we must scarcely wish him to be different.

There is a capital burlesque at this house, in which "Little Red Riding Hood" is brought into robbers' castles; and she runs through a series of hair-breadth escapes, such as never were contemplated by the author of the nursery tale; but Miss Ellen Chaplin, Miss Fitzwilliam, Paul Bedford, and others, reconcile us to every kind of absurdity, and send us home delighted.

Wright has recovered from his indisposition, and has returned again to the stage in all his glory.

### MISS EDITH HERAUD.

We had the pleasure of seeing this accomplished young actress the other evening in the trying part of *Pauline* (in *The Lady of Lyons*), at the Woolwich Theatre, where she has been preparing herself for more select and perhaps metropolitan audiences. She has certainly great gifts—albeit though yet in the bud—and when they have bloomed in maturity she will be a very decided acquisition to the stage. She has positively very little to learn beyond carefully allowing her own nature to develop itself spontaneously, and avoiding all influences and conditions that spoil. Her emotion is genuine and true; her action on the whole decidedly graceful, and her memory strictly correct. Time, talent, and health, will do everything else for her, and render her fit for the



highest walks of the drama. Her self-possession is extraordinary, and we shall look forward to her future progress with no ordinary interest. The Fates will indeed be spiteful if so much promise does not very soon burst into the most complete fulfilment: they will certainly be intolerable despots and most hypocritical patrons, if they intend anything but a high career for the young *debutante*.

#### MR. AGUILAR'S SOIREE'S CLASSIQUES.

The first of a series of classical concerts, projected by that admirable pianist and composer, Mr. Aguilar, took place on the 13th ult., at the Beethoven-Rooms, Queen Anne-street. With the exception of two or three songs by Miss Ursula Barclay, the evening was devoted to performances on the pianoforte and violin, of the compositions of Beethoven. The experiment was eminently successful. Attracting as it did

of course only true lovers and appreciators of the Great Master, such an audience found the highest gratification from the selection; while Mr. Aguilar's own masterly performances elicited the most enthusiastic applause. With all the brilliancy of the modern school, he combines the power of feeling and expression which is so requisite in interpreting compositions full of subtle meaning, passion, and sentiment.

**MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.**—Mr. Handel Gear announces Three Soirées Musicales to take place at his residence, 17, Saville-row, on Tuesdays, Feb. 10th, 24th, and March 9th. A great treat may be expected, since among the vocalists said to be engaged, are Misses Dolby, Birch, Messent, and Louisa Pyne; Messrs. F. Bodda, Weiss, Harrison, and other singers of note; while among the instrumental performers we perceive the names of Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Aguilar, Herr Lützen, Herr Pollitzer, R. Blagrove, &c., &c.

### THE GARDEN.—FEBRUARY.

"The night was winter in his roughest mood;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May."

COWPER.

#### PLANT HOUSES.

**Conservatory.**—Now is the best time to give oranges, camellias, and other thick-leaved plants, a thorough cleaning from dust and insects, previous to making their growth; sponge the whole of the leaves, both on the upper and under surfaces, with soft water, and be careful not to bruise them; afterwards apply a good syringing with tepid water; look also to the state of the roots, stir the surface, and apply fresh compost where required. Train, tie out, and give encouragement at the roots to *Kennedias* and other creepers, now forming their shoots for blooming, and cut well back such plants as *Passiflora racemosa cœrulea*, *Tasconia mollissima*, *Plumbago capensis*, and others, required for late summer blooming. Begin now to apply a little more water to plants of all sorts, whether in pots or borders, which are starting into growth. Choice specimens of plants in pots require to be frequently turned round to prevent their being drawn out of shape. Continue to bring forward a succession of plants into the forcing-house, without which a gay appearance cannot be kept up in the conservatory for the next two months.

**Stove.**—Withhold water gradually to such plants as have finished blooming, and require rest; remove them to the coolest place, or to an intermediate house. Shift or top dress, and cut back if necessary, all that are starting into growth; do not over-water them until the roots are well started. Creepers required to bloom early must be well cut back, and the roots encouraged. Put a portion of the stock of *Gesnera zebrina* to work, for early flowering. Keep a moist, growing atmosphere, and syringe frequently with tepid water; but when fumigation is necessary, let both plants and atmosphere be dry when it is applied.

**Greenhouse.**—Proceed with previous directions as to shifting and training plants making growth; apply no fire-heat, except to dry up damp or exclude frost, but air abundantly. Use every means to keep the growth gradual: this, with abundance of clear light, will ensure a dwarf, stocky growth and strong bloom. *Pelargoniums* required for early blooming must have a temperature by fire-heat, ranging from 45 to 50 deg. Keep them near to the glass, and constantly turned about and trained into shape; avoid over-watering, and syringe occasionally in mild, bright weather, when abundance of air can be given.

#### FORCING HOUSES.

**Pineries.**—Continue to shift and bring forward into the fruiting-houses the best of the succession plants, to fill up the places of those from which the fruit is cut or just ripe, as the latter may be taken out of the bed and placed on the curb or front stand, out of the way, for a few days. Never neglect, even for a day, to keep the fruiting-house stocked; and that this may not cause unnecessary trouble, be careful to keep the proper composts always in a state of readiness for use. Bear in mind the previous direction to keep the bottom heat from 80 to 85 deg., no higher. Succession plants as before directed, but prepare to give them a shift.

**Vineries.**—Continue stopping the shoots in the early house, and as they advance towards blooming give a gradual increase of temperature—60 by night, 65 to 70 deg. by day; maintain a moist atmosphere until the blooms expand; after that, for a time, a drier atmosphere is desirable. If strawberries and French beans are grown in these houses, be careful to keep them well syringed, and the pipes now and then painted over, when cool, with diluted sulphur and soot, to keep down red spider. Young











rods of vines in the late houses must be bent down, so that the apex may be lower than the base, which will cause them to break more regularly.

*Peach-house.*—Proceed as before directed with regard to disbudding; commence also thinning the fruit when well set. These two processes must be carried on gradually. Follow up well with syringing both in early and late houses, and do not forget to see that the roots are well supplied with tepid water. Apply diluted liquid manure to trees partially exhausted by overbearing. Employ the means above directed to keep down red spider, and fumigate for green fly. Cherries: Keep up a good circulation of air, and a slight increase of temperature: they will not submit to hard forcing. Water carefully at the roots, and syringe freely twice a-day. Strawberries starting into bloom in bottom heat may be placed on shelves in the vinery or peach-house, and more put to work. Sow successions of dwarf beans; stop those advancing, and secure them to small sticks. Give air at every opportunity to melons and cucumbers in a course of preparation for rigging out, and throw up the beds intended to receive them.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

Persevere in the propagation of the summer bedding plants, as the earlier this sort of work is got over the better for all purposes. Attend to the progressive potting-off autumn stores, as room becomes vacant. Protect beds of choice tulips with hoops and mats. The late-flowering mixed ranunculus may now be planted: cover the roots with an inch of silver sand before levelling the soil. Sow a few hardy annuals for transplanting. Prepare beds for planting roses, by trenching in some rich manure. Dahlias should be put into heat immediately, to supply cuttings.

*Shrubbery.*—Proceed with planting and alterations as fast as possible. And observe that the borders should be well filled quite up to the grass, as a long border-line is out of character. Amongst other things the Mahonia family should be extensively used, New Zealand flax, Yuccas, Scotch roses, laurestines, with here and there an Irish yew, and our native juniper, trained cypress fashion, will afford a very good variety for border work, and they may be kept dwarf by pruning and frequent transplanting.

THE TOILET.

COSTUME FOR FEBRUARY.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVEY, 73, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

There is no very striking novelty to announce for the present month. Ladies usually equip themselves for their winter toilet on the dreary side of Christmas, and though the days "lengthen," and perhaps the "cold may strengthen," they are seldom disposed to make much change until March draws near, and reminds us that spring is coming.

The comfortable and elegant *gilet* maintains its vogue for morning and demi-toilette. Mantles of velvet trimmed with the woollen lace (*dentelle de la ne*), with the hood and tassels to correspond; or velvet mantles, ornamented with gimp or braid, are much worn. Less expensive ones are of fine cloth, tastefully trimmed with braid or velvet, and generally have the Capuchin hood.

Velvet bonnets have still the preference; such as we described last month, with drawn brims, and finished with a good deal of black lace, being the most esteemed.

Rich silks are universally worn for dinner dress, and this winter has produced some of the most beautiful fabrics we have ever seen. There is one of black and deep orange colour *moire antique*. The ground a shot, the pattern a brocade of the orange colour. Another is of a black ground, with flounces brocaded in roses and rose-buds. A third is called *pain brûlé*; the colour produced by the shot precisely bearing out the title, "burnt bread;" and the flounces are woven to imitate a trimming of ten rows of narrow velvet. By this means of course a neatness and regularity are achieved which nothing but the loom could accomplish. Something in this style is a silk, the ground of which is the royal blue. It is woven in breadths, a rich brocade of black reaching nearly to the waist; but the pattern is divided at three intervals by rows of black velvet, woven in graduated stripes. This dress is particularly elegant and *distingué*.

There is also a new fabric for a bridal dress, of peculiar richness. It may be described as a white silk and satin brocade. The pattern, representing a perfect maze of roses, is called *Buisson de Roses*,

and is woven in breadths. Some notion may be formed of its beauty, when we mention that one portion of the pattern has the satin for ground, and the other the silk, the two blending into one another in an indistinguishable manner, but producing an effect of light and shade that reminds one more of frosted silver than anything else.

Ribbons this winter are also very rich, and are much used for trimming silk dresses of a plainer quality than those described.

Evening dresses, especially when of thin material, continue to be much ornamented both with flounces and fancy trimmings; the *corsage Louis Quinze* being still the favourite. There is one evening dress, that consists of double skirts of *chené* silk, the pattern woven to correspond: the under-skirt has a white ground, the upper pink; the design of the *chené* being something of the character which we understand by the term shawl pattern.

*Coiffures* are still full at the sides, and are composed of blonde, flowers, ribbon, and some other materials. One head-dress, of blue terry velvet and gold, combines richness with simplicity of style.

The *coiffure romain* is formed entirely of gold bullion and sequins, and is made to support and confine the hair almost independently of a comb.

Among what may be called caps, we should mention one of French lace, ornamented with rings of narrow violet ribbon, looped together in such profusion that they resemble curls in their effect. This cap would suit a face to which ringlets are becoming.

There is another cap, with long lappets of greyish blue terry velvet, edged with black blonde, and full bunches of pink roses at the sides; and a cap of somewhat similar style has pink and blue convolvuli instead of the roses.

Our plate represents an evening dress, with six flounces of alternate widths, richly embroidered. *Corsage Louis XV.*, embroidered to correspond, and *chemisette* and ruffles of Mechlin or Brussels lace. The hair is simply arranged with a head-dress of black velvet and gold.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WEDDING-CARDS.**—"Dear Editress,—It has repeatedly struck me that the fashion of sending wedding-cards to the divers friends of the bride and bridegroom but ineffectually performs its office under the present system. The object being to communicate the fact of *who* are the parties thus joined in the holy bands of matrimony, it is surely but partially effected by sending the cards of the lady, superscribed with her married name. Now, if the cards of the new-made couple were accompanied by one bearing the maiden name of the bride, the double purpose of announcing her recently-attained title, and of informing her friends who she was, as hitherto known to them, would be answered. It not unfrequently happens that among a large circle of friends, severally known to the wedding-couple, there are some who previously have only been acquainted with the bridegroom, others only with the bride; and it is consequently a complete puzzle to these latter when they cast their eye on the perplexing inscription, 'Mrs. A——.' They may know her perfectly as the pretty Fanny B——, or the sparkling Laura C——, or the charming Kate D——; but who this mysterious 'Mrs. A——' may be, is a fact more coyly hidden than bride's face beneath nuptial veil. I remember an enigma of this sort remaining on my mantel-shelf, to torment the Eveish Iota in my disposition, during many a month. It smiled at me more mockingly than coquet's lip; it frowned more forbiddingly than Sphinx's riddle. It seemed to taunt me evermore with its hopeless, inexplicable, inaccessible secret. At length, in a pet of foiled curiosity, I tossed the provoking 'Mrs. ——' into the fire; and to this day have never learned who was the individual I treated, in her bridal effigy, with so scorching a rudeness. There lies at this very moment, in the card-basket of a friend of mine, a certain silver-edged, enamelled envelope, containing one of these smooth-faced perplexities; and my friend declares he has some thoughts of sending the mystery for solution to the next number of 'NOTES AND QUERIES,' as the only possible chance of gaining a clue to the identity of Mrs. ——. And in that case, how would the lady like to see her new name, in all its first blush and gloss of honey-moon dignity, figuring among the 'Replies to Minor Queries,' next perhaps to a paragraph on 'the age of the oak,' or 'the origin of the cow-pox'?

"Will you, dear Editress, circulate my views on this subject among your young-lady readers, who are likely, as bridesmaids, to send out cards; or, as brides, to be sent out on cards? Tell the latter, as one inducement, that their old maiden-cards will never be of any further value, excepting perhaps as substitutes for silk-winders; therefore they may as well be saved from so ignominious a fate, and be devoted to one last little piece of usefulness before their fair owners quit spinsterhood for matronhood.

"Yours, dear Editress, faithfully,

"M. C. C."

[Our playful correspondent has started a subject which certainly deserves consideration, and her suggestions are worthy of some more practical realization than pointing pleasant jests. We have seen some American wedding-cards, which give very ample particulars respecting the senders, thus:

MR. & MRS. ROBINSON.

WM. ROBINSON.  
ELIZA PARKER.

Perhaps the difficulty of identifying the lady is one of those mysteries that people derive pleasure from creating, and solving it would spoil some funny mistakes.

**ANTONINA.**—To your three questions we may answer—

1st. That we cannot undertake to return any rejected contributions, unless postage-stamps are sent, to cover the expense.

2nd. We believe that the length of serpents has been greatly exaggerated: there is no authentic record of any serpent exceeding 30 feet.

3rd. We have a very short and a very decided opinion of Louis Napoleon, and that is anything but in his favour. We think he is preparing for himself and his country most fatal consequences, and no catastrophe which he pretends to have averted could be so terribly pernicious as his own treacherous usurpation. The French are quietly submitting at present, but they are beginning to jest—a symptom with them that something serious is being contemplated. The following witticisms have been circulated in Paris, of course secretly:—

"En formant son Conseil intime,  
Notre Sauveur !  
A choisi des Gens qu'on estime  
A leur valeur !

"Il a compris, dans son genie,  
Ce grand Héros !  
Qu'une unité se fortifie,  
Par des Zéros !"

"Le glorieux mot de Pavie,  
Jusqu' à la corde était usé ;  
Le rédempteur de la Patrie !  
Napoléon l'a retourné ;  
FORS L'HONNEUR, tout est sauvé."

**AUGUSTA.**—We are very glad to hear that this correspondent so much approves of the reform we have made in our "fashion department." A little gossip about dress is very advisable, but too much of it is tiresome. If any one wishes to know more of any particular details of the wardrobe, we shall be happy to give the required information.

**MISS B——, Middlesborough.**—The article to which she refers appeared under a former editorship, and we are therefore in the dark on the subject. We have, however, forwarded her letter to the proper quarter.

**QUAKER MILLINERS.**—We have received the following inquiry, to which we shall be glad if any of our readers will enable us to give a satisfactory reply:—

"I am a great admirer of the bonnets, but *much* more so of the caps worn by the persons called Friends or Quakers. Can I be informed, through your kindness, of the address of a Quaker cap-maker?—SIMPLICIA."

**ACCEPTED.**—A Dirge. The "ODE TO THE MIDNIGHT SKY" and another poem are scarcely up to their author's usual standard; but we shall be happy to hear from him again when he is "i' the vein."

To **FATHER CLEMENT'S COUSIN** we must give a somewhat similar answer. As our circulation increases and our readers become more fastidious, we are obliged to be more strict in our estimate of what constitutes poetical merit.









*M<sup>rs</sup> Siddons,*  
*as Queen Katharine.*

*in Shakspeare's Henry the Eighth.*

*London. Published by Rogerson & Tuzford, 246 Strand, 1852.*



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

MARCH, 1852.

## MEMOIR OF MADAME DU DEFFAND.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Descended from the ancient and noble family of de Vichy Champrond, in the province of Burgundy, Marie de Champrond was born in the year 1697. Her father was Gaspard de Vichy, Count de Champrond; and her mother was Anne Brulart, daughter of the first President of the Parliament of Burgundy, who was son to Marie Bortillon de Chavigny, widow of Cæsar Augustus, Duke de Choiseul. Mademoiselle de Champrond, while yet a child, was placed in the Convent de la Madeleine de Trenelle, in the Rue de Charonne, where she passed many years; but, unfortunately, though brought up in a religious institution, the seeds of religion were not properly implanted in her mind, or, unhappily for her, failed to fructify—a fact which was proved while she was in the flower of her youth, and before she had left the convent, by her expressing doubts on a subject above all others of the utmost importance to her happiness here and hereafter. In vain did her spiritual director endeavour to open her mind to the sacred truths it rejected; his efforts were unavailing. Nor were those of the great and virtuous Massillon more successful, when, solicited by her alarmed relatives to remove her doubts, he used every argument that a sound understanding and an ardent piety could suggest to vanquish her heresy.

The Marquise du Deffand had two brothers and a sister. The elder, the Count Champrond, attained the rank of Marechal de Camp in the French service, which ill health compelled him to resign in 1743, when he retired to his estate in Burgundy. This nobleman married a lady of ancient family, in the same province, of the name of d'Albon, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. The younger brother of Madame du Deffand entered the church, and became Treasurer of the Holy Chapel at Paris. Of her sister, the Marquise d'Arclon, little is known, except that she lived at Avignon. The relations of the Marquise were all persons of distinction. Her aunt was the Duchess de Luynes, a lady greatly respected, and the confidential attendant of the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth; and the Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards Cardinal de Lorraine, was her grand-nephew.

It would appear from her own complaints on

this subject, that the education of Mademoiselle de Champrond was not what it should have been. Accomplishments were more attended to than those branches of a solid education which fit a woman for filling her place in society, and strengthening her mind while cultivating it. This neglect might have precluded a person of less talent from distinguishing herself in after-life; but it did not prevent Mademoiselle de Champrond from early giving indications of those abilities which subsequently acquired her a celebrity. The development of her mind did, however, as sometimes occurs, lead to an expansion of those feelings and sentiments which form the peculiar charm of women.

It was the misfortune of Marie de Champrond to lose her mother in early life; and such a loss was but too well calculated to chill the affections which slumber in the heart, until a mother's tenderness awakens them, and, like the genial influence of the sun on flowers and fruits, warms and ripens the precious produce of the heart, which, in after years, forms the happiness of others, if not always of her who possesses them.

To the want of cultivation of the affections, may be traced the all-engrossing selfishness which through life marked the character of Madame du Deffand, and which rendered her more admired for her wit and caustic turn in conversation, than beloved for any of those qualities of the heart, without which affection is seldom excited, and in which she was accused of being wholly deficient. A total want of sensibility gave to her manners a dryness and hardness that repelled tenderness. She was a woman to whom men of wit would have repeated their *bon mots*, certain of her comprehending them; but to whom no one in sorrow would have been tempted to reveal its cause, feeling assured that she would afford him no sympathy.

In August, 1718, Mademoiselle de Champrond was united to Jean Baptiste-Jaques du Deffand, Marquis de la Lande, Colonel of a regiment of Dragoons, and of a family not inferior to her own. This marriage—like most, if not all, contracted by the French noblesse of that period—was one of *convenance*, in which the choice was left to the parents; and the feel-



ings of the individuals most nearly concerned were never consulted. To indemnify themselves for those enforced contracts, the parties seldom failed to seek in illegal bonds, the happiness denied in ill-assorted ones; and society, if it did not openly acknowledge the right to commit crimes so fraught with evil, at least tacitly tolerated them by not excluding those who were guilty from its pale.

The union of the Marquis and Marquise du Deffand was neither happy nor of long duration. They separated by mutual consent, each pursuing the line of conduct most agreeable to her and him; and it is a proof of the demoralization of the time, that, notwithstanding the reprehensibility of this conduct on both sides, they continued to maintain a friendly understanding until his death; interrupted only when the lady, by some unaccountable caprice, sought a reconciliation with her husband; which, after much difficulty, was accomplished; but which, at the end of six weeks, terminated by a new and final separation, to the secret satisfaction of both parties; but which led to an interruption of their friendly feelings for some time. It was asserted that she only sought the reconciliation with her husband to annoy a lover who had deserted her, and who, piqued into jealousy by this step on her part, wrote her a letter so full of reproaches, and renewed tenderness, that she again broke with the Marquis du Deffand, and received her truant admirer into favour.\* Nevertheless, when dying, in the year 1750, her husband expressed a desire to see her; and she attended his death-bed, with every appearance of friendship and kindness. No offspring crowned the marriage of the Marquis and Marquise du Deffand. Had this blessing been granted, it might have kept them together, and have softened and ameliorated her heart; for who can deny how much maternal affection tends to purify the feelings of women, and to awaken them to a sense of duty!

The beauty and wit of this clever person caused her society to be much sought after in the brilliant circles of the French capital; and, gratified by the adulation showered on her, she repaid it by opening her house to those who offered it, and rendered it a focus of attraction to clever literary men and women, and men of fashion. Among the persons to whom she was said to entertain a more than ordinary preference, was the profligate Duke of Orleans†—a preference which reflected great discredit on her, it being considered by all who knew him, that no woman not lost to every sense of delicacy could entertain an attachment to such a man. It was not for several years after that her *liaison* with the President Hénault commenced, which, whatever might have been its nature, had at least the merit of constancy; for it continued unbroken till his death, though often clouded over by her tyranny and exactions, which, if we may credit the evidence of some of her con-

temporaries, imposed a heavy yoke on him. Marmontel, who lived much in the society of both, asserts that the duration of this attachment may be attributed more to the timid character of the President, which made him afraid to break with her, than to his affection; as, to use Marmontel's words, "he continued a slave to fear a long time after he had ceased to be a slave to love."

The friendship between Monsieur de Formont\* and the Marquise du Deffand, was also said to be of a less pure character than was consistent with her honour, but it is one of the inevitable consequences of one sin in woman, that it entails on her the suspicion of many more, and she can never indulge in friendship with any man, however free from guilt it may be, without incurring this odious and insulting charge, a result which in itself is the severest punishment to which a proud and delicate-minded woman can be exposed. Such, however, was the state of morals in France at that period, that neither suspicions, nor even proofs of misconduct, excluded a woman from society. The demoralizing example of the Regent, Orleans, and the doctrines of the Philosophers, as the Encyclopedists were termed, taught women to make light of the violation of certain virtues, and rendered society so indulgent to these violations, as to enable them to commit them with impunity. Such a state of society, if it cannot be pleaded as an excuse for the conduct of Madame du Deffand, should at least serve to mitigate the censure pronounced on it; and those who live in our own better times must, however shocked and disgusted they may feel when perusing the details of society at the period to which we refer, bear in mind, that the conduct which would now draw down the penalty of ostracism on the women who dared to practise it, was then fully tolerated.

Among the intimate associates of the Marquise du Deffand, were the Duchesses de Luxembourg, de Gramont, de Choiseul, and de la Valliere, and Mesdames du Châtelet and de Staël, with Messieurs d'Alembert, de Saint Lambert Montesquieu, le President Hénault Marmontel, and, though last, not least, Voltaire, when at Paris. These individuals she was daily in the habit of seeing, either at her own house or in the houses of others, yet except the Duchesse de Choiseul, who appears to have been a gentle and amiable woman, she does not appear to have entertained any real attachment to any of them, although she received, and repaid to a certain degree, the flatteries of all. It must not, however, be supposed that Madame du Deffand was in general a flatterer. On the contrary, though not unwilling to accept this current coin of the society in which she moved, she would, had it been possible, and consistent with her own interest, have preferred remaining a debtor for it than repaying it, for she had no taste for making pleasant speeches, and was so well aware of the defects of her acquaintances as to find

\* "Lettres de Mademoiselle Aïssé," page 138.

† The Regent.

\* The friend of Voltaire.



little to praise in them. In the period to which we refer, and in the artificial circle in which she lived, flattery was as necessary to insure a good reception, as a suitable dress, and was used to effect the same purpose. Hence she adopted it, feeling convinced that if she did not, she should fail in drawing around her the persons whose presence, though it did not give her any real pleasure, she believed that her life would be insupportable without.

Her reputation as a *Bel Esprit* entailed much discomfort on her, as it must on any one who has acquired it. Once won, the winner is expected to sustain it, often a painful effort, when the health is less vigorous, or the spirits less elevated, than when this reputation was first attained. The *Bel Esprit*, in the consciousness of diminished vivacity, generally forgets how indulgent are the listeners to less brilliant *bon-mots*, or less sprightly conversation, after the reputation of a wit has been established; though it is a fact well known, that people are often so prepared to admire whatever proceeds from certain lips, that they hardly wait to have the sentence concluded before they bestow their applause, even although it be unmerited. Dissatisfied with herself, and with the world, the Marquise du Deffand found no happiness in the present, no satisfaction in the past, and no hope in the future; while to those who look not beneath the surface, she was deemed an object of envy, because her Salons were filled by persons of celebrity, her society sought by the great, and her sayings praised by those whose praise is considered to give fame.

While surrounded by the artificial circle who occupied her time, without interesting her feelings, she found that their society did not "fill the void left aching in her breast." A confession from her own lips proves that the uncontrolled indulgence of her selfishness had not achieved its object. Struck one day by the caresses bestowed by an acquaintance on an adopted child, she observed, "You then really love that child?"

"Yes, Madam," was the reply.

"That is fortunate for you; I never could love any one."

What a picture of a cold heart is conveyed by these few words! and what must have been the state of the mind that dictated them!

The assemblies of Madame du Deffand became so much talked of, that few strangers of distinction visited the French capital without requesting permission to join them. She was frequently a guest at Sceaux, with the vain and ambitious Duchesse du Maine, where she formed a friendship with the lively and clever Madame de Staël, whose letters to her are among the most amusing of her correspondence. We have shown that a freedom from all moral constraint, and an indulgence in every offered pleasure, did not afford the Marquise du Deffand the gratification anticipated. She had discovered, as all votaries of pleasure sooner or later are doomed to do, how wide is the difference that separates this imaginary good from happi-

ness, or even its humble substitute, content; and a life hitherto wasted in idleness and amusement, broken in on, it is true, by the frequent visits of melancholy reflections, became menaced with a misfortune, for the patient endurance of which her mind was, alas! ill prepared. Her sight, for a considerable time very weak, began in 1752 to fail her entirely, and rendered the assistance of an amanuensis indispensable. In the hope of an amelioration she determined to retire from the gay world for some months, and on trying the effect of her native air. It is a proof of the levity of one of the wits of that period,\* that one of the greatest infirmities with which a human being can be afflicted, offered to him an occasion for addressing to the sufferer a copy of the following flattering verses, in which he affects to be also blind. But no subject is sacred to such writers.

"Qui je perds les deux yeux; vous les avez perdus,  
O sage Du Deffand, est ce une grande perte?  
Du moins nous ne reverrons plus  
Les sots dont la terre est couverte  
Et puis, tout est aveugle en cet humain séjour;  
On ne va qu'à taton sur la terre et sur l'onde;  
On a les yeux bouchés à la ville, à la cour:  
Plutus, la Fortune, et l'Amour  
Sont trois aveugles n'es qui gouvernent le monde."

Not content with this piece of flattery, the same writer, in a letter to M. Formont, the friend of both, says, "What you tell me of the eyes of Madame du Deffand, gives me an extreme pain: they were in other times very brilliant and very beautiful. Why should one be punished by that by which we have sinned? And what rage prompts Nature to spoil her most beautiful works? At least Madame du Deffand preserves her wit, which is still more beautiful than her eyes."

In 1752 the Marquise du Deffand undertook a journey to Champrond, the abode of her brother, the Count de Vichy, in Burgundy, where she spent some months, and where she first made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, an acquaintance which some years after terminated so disagreeably, and caused her so much chagrin. The talents and cultivation of mind of this young lady attracted the attention of the Marquise du Deffand, while her own increasing infirmity of sight suggested to her how desirable an acquisition the constant society of such a companion must prove. To write for her, to read to her, and to converse with her, and so beguile the long and tedious hours of solitude, would be to make her lose the sense of at least a portion of her misfortune; and she determined on trying to secure for herself this solace. The peculiar position of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, who was the disowned child of a lady, who was mother to the Countess de Vichy, induced the Count and Countess to extend their protection to the illegitimate sister of the latter. They had given her a home beneath their roof, where she fulfilled the duties of a governess to

\* Voltaire.



their children. A more painful or more humiliating position could hardly have been found. She received little, if any, remuneration for the arduous services which she was called on to perform, and was not treated or considered in the light of a relation; for respect to the feelings of the father of the Countess de Vichy precluded this kindness. Never was there a human being less calculated to support with patience the false position in which she was placed than Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. With a sensibility over which reason exercised too feeble a sway to moderate its excess, this unhappy young woman writhed in agony at the contumely to which she believed herself subjected; and before the arrival of Madame du Deffand, had determined on leaving Champrond, and seeking refuge in a convent at Lyons, with no other resource than the scanty pittance bequeathed her by her mother, which was insufficient for the most humble and frugal existence. The Count and Countess de Vichy, although not disposed to treat her in a manner that might have rendered her abode beneath their roof permanent and desirable to her, were yet unwilling that she should leave it; for, independent of being aware of the advantage of her tuition to their children, they dreaded lest she might claim rights which would interfere with their own pecuniary prospects, and also revive all the scandal which her birth had occasioned. All efforts to retain this disowned sister beneath their roof were ineffectual. She left Champrond, and Madame du Deffand soon after her departure decided on offering her a home with herself. Before, however, taking this step she consulted her aunt, the Duchesse de Luynes, on its eligibility, urging her infirmity and the helplessness it entailed as her motive. She thought herself in duty bound to refer to the opinion of this aunt, who had procured for her a pension for life through her influence with her royal mistress, the Queen of Louis XV., rendered necessary by the smallness of her income, which was wholly inadequate to maintain her station in life.

Previously to leaving Paris Madame du Deffand had determined, from motives of prudence, to retire to a monastery, and selected that of St. Joseph for her abode. Our readers must not, however, imagine that, in retiring to a convent, Madame du Deffand had any intention of subjecting herself to any of the rules of a monastic sanctuary: that of St. Joseph, like other institutions of a similar kind, afforded a refuge to persons whose religious feelings, taste for a tranquil solitude, or pecuniary difficulties, led them to seek so economical an asylum. The apartments selected by the Marquise were those prepared for the Duchess de Montespan in the previous reign, where, by an occasional temporary retirement from the pleasures of the Court, she sought to obtain a remission of the sins she committed in it; hence we may conclude that the chambers were not deficient in the comforts, nay more, of the luxuries which habit had rendered necessary to its first fair occupant. In this residence Madame du Deffand

knew that she should enjoy the same liberty of egress for herself, and ingress for her friends, as in her hotel, and with no more constraint. She therefore decided that if Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse accepted the offer of taking up her abode with her, she would hire an apartment for her close to her own in the Convent St. Joseph.

It was not until April, 1754—nearly two years after she had first become acquainted with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse—that the Marquise du Deffand received her in the Convent of St. Joseph, after having obtained a solemn promise from her that she would never make any attempt to urge her claims on the family of her mother. The Marquise, fully aware of the defects of her own temper, had with perfect openness entered into them by letters to her *protégée*. A passage in one of these letters\* proves her frankness on this occasion. "There is," wrote the Marquise, "a second article, on which I must have an explanation with you; it is that the least artifice, or the slightest deception in your conduct with me would be insupportable to bear. I am naturally suspicious, and all those whom I believe to possess *finesse*, become objects of it to such a degree, that I never can have any more confidence in them. You must therefore resolve, while you live with me, on observing the utmost truth and sincerity, never to have recourse to insinuation nor exaggeration: in a word, never to lose sight of these conditions, and never to lose one of the most agreeable qualities of youth, which is simplicity. You have a good deal of wit and gaiety, and are capable of sentiment. With these qualities you will be charming as long as you abandon yourself to your natural character, so that you remain without pretension and without affectation."

Two persons less calculated to live together on terms of amity could hardly have been found, than the Marquise du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. The first possessed of a degree of worldly wisdom, that blunted her feelings, which had never been tender, and increased the natural selfishness of her disposition, joined to a suspicious turn of mind, which rendered her prone to be alarmed at the slightest indication of insincerity, and often without cause. The second, warm-hearted, with a sensibility which knew not the control of reason, and which, yielding to every impulse, proved a source of misery to herself.

The exchange of one convent for another did not tend to the happiness of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. For some time the Marquise evinced the utmost satisfaction at the acquisition she had made; and those who frequented her society, pleased by the intelligence and good manners of the young lady, as well as by her extreme attention to her hostess, treated her with marked attention. With a good figure, and a face that was only prevented from being handsome by the traces left on it by the small-pock, Made-

\* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. page 86.



moiselle de l'Espinasse possessed wit and imagination, with the power of bringing these advantages into play so naturally and gracefully, as to add to their attractions.

Accustomed to keep late hours, Madame du Deffand, tired perhaps by the length of days unbroken by light, converted day into night, and only left her pillow to be ready to receive her company at six in the evening. When they departed, which was at a late hour in the night, the old lady sought her bed; and it was the task of her companion to read to her until she fell asleep, which in general did not occur before the ensuing day had far advanced. The interest awakened in the hearts of the visitors of Madame du Deffand for her youthful and *spirituelle* companion, rapidly increased when they observed the striking contrast presented by her to the selfish and capricious old lady. The one cold-hearted and worldly-minded, thinking only of herself; the other ingenuous, and disposed to please and be pleased. The patience with which Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse supported the ill-temper of her protectress, still further won the esteem of her new friends, and some of them, desirous of enjoying her society free from the presence of Madame du Deffand, adopted the habit of coming an hour sooner than the one named for her reception, which hour they devoted to the young lady in the little cell allotted to her exclusive use.\* So admirably did she perform the honors of it to her guests, that they began to find it much more agreeable to their tastes than the salon of Madame du Deffand; and suspecting that, if these stolen visits were made known to her, that she would angrily resent them, they were carefully concealed from her. After some time she discovered them, and her rage was ungovernable. She declared that her *protégée* had betrayed her, had seduced her friends from her, and vowed that she would no longer nourish in her bosom the serpent who had stung her! No alternative was left Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse but to leave the Convent St. Joseph. She engaged a lodging in the Rue de Belle Chase, which Madame de Luxembourg furnished for her; and the President Hénault, touched with her misfortunes, pressed her to bestow on him her hand—an offer which must

have wounded Madame du Deffand in the tenderest point, but which she however declined. Furious at what she termed the treachery of her old friends, Madame du Deffand offered, with unsuppressed rage, the alternative to M. d'Alembert of breaking with her or with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse; and her fury may well be imagined when he accorded the preference to her rival, and devoted himself wholly to her.

Some notion of the sufferings inflicted on Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse by Madame du Deffand may be formed, when it is stated that, while in the Convent of St. Joseph, it is asserted that, tired of a life continually embittered by the ill-humour and caprices of her protectress, this poor young woman took opium to destroy herself. It failed in producing the desired effect, but had so grave a one on her nerves, as to have occasioned her a long and serious illness. It was while her life was in danger that Madame du Deffand, alarmed at the result of her unkindness, was led weeping to the bed of her victim, who uttered no other reproach than "Madame, it is no longer time!"\* It is a proof of the excellence of her heart and principles, that after she quitted Madame du Deffand, she was never heard to speak an unkind word of her; but always, when that lady was named, referred to her in terms of respect. Not such was the conduct of Madame du Deffand towards her. Time did not soften the anger she experienced against her, or heal the wound inflicted by the friends who adhered to her; for when, many years after, the news of the death of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was announced to her, she exclaimed, "I wish she had died fifteen years sooner, for then I should not have lost d'Alembert!" A phrase which justifies the opinion of M. de la Harpe,\* "that it would be difficult to have less sensibility or more selfishness, than Madame du Deffand."

It is generally the fate of the selfish, ever to miss the happiness for the attainment of which they would not scruple to sacrifice that of others: and such was the case with Madame du Deffand. Old age overtook her, unloving and unloved, and with few, if any, of the consolations which render it supportable.

(To be continued.)

## THE WISH.

Oh that I were a little flower,  
With dewdrops filled and fragrance sweet,  
With thee to pass but one short hour,  
And then to kiss thy sylph-like feet;  
To bloom beneath thy smile, to be  
Caressed, admired, and loved by thee!

Oh that I were a crystal stream  
That murmurs by some mountain's side!  
Thy form should, as in some sweet dream,  
Upon the silver waters glide,  
And mirrored on my breast would be  
The image, then, dear maid, of thee.

Oh that I were the bird of night,  
That sings as sweet as twere mid-day,  
Close by thy lattice to alight  
And sing the shades of night away;  
To fill with liquid notes the air,  
As though heaven's echoes lingered there!

Oh that I were some forest-tree,  
That standing in sequestered shade  
Might form a summer-bower for thee  
To sit beneath my ample shade!  
The whispering breeze should bid thee, sweet,  
Glad welcome to my lone retreat.

\* *Memoirs de Marmontel*, tome ii., page 298.

\* *Historique sur Madame du Deffand*, tome i. p. 15.



Oh that I were some seraph bright,  
To guard and cheer thee on thy way,  
To hover round thee, love, by night,  
And sweetly smile on thee by day;  
To gladden thee when bowed with care,  
And on my wings a blessing bear!

By Death's cold hand when snatched away,  
To sleep beneath the dreary tomb;  
When Death's sad messenger—Decay  
Had robbed thee of thy youthful bloom,  
Might then the bliss to me be given  
To waft thy sainted soul to Heaven!

PERCIE.

## THE YOUNG POET'S LAMENT.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

I pine in silence day by day,  
And see pass by the young and gay  
On Pleasure's glittering car upborne;  
Whilst I—poor I—dejected mourn,  
Gazing on space with vacant eye;  
Then hang my drooping head, and sigh,  
From morning to the setting sun,  
There is not one that says, "Well done!"

Anon, my sunk eye flashes wild,  
Again I am a poet-child,  
Bright glorious visions round me gleam,  
Like motes within the solar beam:  
Earth, sea, and sky, are all my own.  
They fade—once more I am alone!  
Sighing, from morn till setting sun,  
There's no dear voice that says "Well done."

I seize my lute, and with its tone  
Come back the scenes of days long flown—  
The blessed days of boyhood's prime,  
When all to me was fairy rhyme—  
The world a poem; and I steep  
The strings in bitter tears, and weep,  
From morning till the setting sun,  
For one dear voice to say, "Well done."

I gaze on Woman's lovely face;  
I mark her form of swelling grace;  
And then my thought flies to the grave  
Where o'er one form the wild weeds wave.  
There low I lay my weary head,  
Praying to share her narrow bed;  
Sighing, from morn till setting sun,  
There's now not one to say, "Well done."

Ah! who that read the thrilling tale,  
And laugh, or sigh, as thoughts prevail  
Of joy or grief, can tell the ache,  
The withering cares that all but break  
The songster's heart, whose swelling throat  
Bursts with a grief they cannot note,  
Praying for one, oh God! but one  
Sweet loving voice to say, "Well done?"

Alone! yes, in the deep, deep well,  
Where joy comes not, how many dwell!  
Who call with magic voice around  
Bright forms, from out the dark profound;  
Who place the pageant on the stage,  
Unseen themselves like sealed page,  
Sighing behind the scenes for one  
Dear cheering voice to say, "Well done."

'Tis well! the world is wise and free;  
And gay and generous too, may be!  
And Fortune showers her golden smile  
On those who need it not the while.  
And youth and age throng Fashion's road,  
Headless of those the storm has bowed,  
Who sigh, from morn till setting sun,  
For one dear voice to say, "Well done."

But there sits One above the skies,  
Who wipes all tears from out all eyes,  
Without whose will there falleth not  
The humble sparrow. Not forgot  
Will be by Him the Poet's sigh.  
There let me turn my mournful eye,  
And pray, when sets my latest sun,  
That He, perchance, may say, "Well done!"

## STANZAS.

BY ADA TREYANION.

Oh deem not, when the turf is spread  
O'er one long-prized and justly dear,  
The flowers of love and friendship shed  
Their latest fragrance on the bier:  
There is a soul-born sympathy  
No tears may quench, or time remove,  
Which joins in mystic unity  
The fond below and blest above.

As bounds the bark which breezes sweep,  
While waters coldly close around,  
Till of her pathway o'er the deep  
The shining track no more is found;  
Thus floating down Death's silent tide,  
The best and loveliest of earth  
Fleet as that white-winged pageant glide,  
And leave no record of their worth.

But as the bark, though lost to view,  
'Mid scowl of storm, or calm of rest,  
Takes the lone heart's affection true,  
Like holy sunshine, on her breast:  
So, when our idols pass from sight,  
Our love, if pure, knows not decay;  
It triumphs o'er the grave's dark night,  
And mounts with them to realms of day.

Death, who divides all outward ties,  
Dissevers not heart linked to heart;  
He does but guard love's sacred prize  
From earthly chance and change apart;  
Making it higher, holier seem,  
More chastely pure, more heavenly fair;  
As the ice closing o'er the stream  
Keeps baser things from mingling there.

Ramsgate, Jan. 15.



## THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It was a day of great interest in the quiet little country town of Oakbury. Mrs. Everett was about to give a dinner-party. Now Mrs. Everett was one of those

“Lean-jointed widows who seldom draw corks,  
Whose teaspoons do duty for knives and for forks!”

To give a dinner-party at all was a remarkable event on her part; still more so, to invite Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm, who lived in good style in the neighbourhood of Oakbury, and above all, to invite them when Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were staying on a visit to them, and to venture on the desperate step of sending a card to the fashionable London couple! That the invitation should ever have been sent was matter of wonder, that it should have been accepted, still more so. Some envy was excited by Mrs. Everett's success, but not so much so as if, after the usual custom of country town ladies, she had invited no one but the clergyman and physician of the place to meet her brilliant guests. Mrs. Everett asked seven of her relations to dinner, all of whom felt a peculiar wish to see and to converse with the Colonel and his Lady. Oakbury was a dull, primitive little town; indeed it must of course have been so, to have felt any excitement about such a trifling matter as Mrs. Everett's dinner-party; and my readers may reasonably wonder what link could possibly exist between its denizens and the stylish pair to whom I have alluded, which could make them so desirous of an introduction; yet such a link there was. Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were in the habit of continually meeting in London with Rosamond Sutton, the beautiful heiress of the wealthy jeweller, who, in right of her own loveliness, and her father's riches, was a welcome guest in the first society, and, strange to say, Mrs. Everett and her family party were all of them connected by first or second cousinship with the jeweller, who had actually achieved the difficult point of making his wealth talked about in London!

Many years ago, James Sutton, then a young lad, was smitten with the ambition of going up to London, and making his fortune there. His parents were dead, and none of his relations interfered to prevent him from doing as he wished; in fact, London, to the inhabitants of Oakbury at that time, was what California is to the rest of the world at the present day, a place where gold was considered certain to be within the reach of those who had courage to stretch out their hands to grasp at it. Sutton had an old schoolfellow settled in London, and from him he doubted not that he should immediately be able to obtain information of at least a dozen different roads to fortune.

As for the story of Whittington, although Sutton had more than once read it attentively, it fell

far short of realizing his ambitious ideas. To be Lord Mayor for a year, and then to relinquish his golden glories, would not at all have met his views; no, he trusted that he should eventually be able not only to gain but to maintain a firm footing in the world's high places, live in a series of perpetual banquets, and associate on familiar terms with the nobles of the land. Strange aspirations these for a moneyless youth reared in a fourth-rate country town! aspirations which some of his friends concluded would terminate in an unlimited shower of gold, and others in a leap from Blackfriars' Bridge; neither of these conjectures, however, seemed likely to be verified. Sutton, soon after his arrival in London, established himself as assistant to a working jeweller; and year after year he remained with him, paying an annual visit to his friends at Oakbury; and in return to the condolence that he received touching his humble position in the great city of London, he constantly replied, that “it was a difficult thing to gain even a tolerable start in life, and that he was disposed to think that he had been very fortunate in doing so well as he had done.” Years passed on, and although they did not improve Sutton's position in life, they greatly improved his personal appearance; he became decidedly good-looking; and in one of his visits to his native town, a certain Miss Margaretta Sutton, who ranked among his many cousins, gave him such unequivocal tokens of her partiality, that he was obliged to confide to another lady-cousin, who was the chosen intimate of his enamoured fair one, his intention of “only marrying to improve his circumstances.” Now again could the good people of Oakbury see the probability that a golden shower might eventually descend on the head of their adventurous townsman. Unluckily, old Willis, the working jeweller, was a bachelor; he had no daughter to dower, no wife who might become his wealthy relict; these roads to story-book prosperity were closed to Sutton; but still, London abounded with heiresses, at least so thought the unsophisticated people of Oakbury, and they doubted not that Sutton would soon be successful in gaining

“A weel tochered lass, or jointured widow!”

Sutton, however, seemed destined to fall short of his own ambitious views, and to disappoint those of his friends; his marriage was no very brilliant affair after all; he united himself with a plain, quiet widow, some years his senior, having a life-income of three hundred a-year. This income, nevertheless, amply sufficed for the expenses of Sutton's frugal establishment, even when his family was increased by the birth of the little Rosamond, of whom honourable mention has already been made. Shortly after Sutton's marriage, the jeweller (feeling of course



a greater inclination to befriend him when he knew that he was independent of his assistance) received him into partnership; but still, Sutton spent not an additional five-pound note in consequence of his increased exchequer; his wife was naturally retiring and economical, and was quite reconciled to the thrift of her husband, when he told her that it was necessary to lay by a portion for the infant Rosamond, as the income of each of her parents would cease with their life. Sutton continued his annual visits to Oakbury, where his wife was much liked, and the beauty of his little daughter extremely admired; in fact his marriage turned out no bad speculation, for the painstaking, money-loving old Willis would have shrunk from the idea of enriching a couple who seemed to have the least taste for spending money when they had got it. Mrs. Sutton was the counterpart of her prudent husband: the little Rosamond was brought up with an extremely limited knowledge of toys, bonbons, and necklaces; and when the prudent old jeweller departed this life ten years after the union had taken place which had given him so much satisfaction, it appeared that he had left behind him a substantial token of his approbation of the tactics of the economical pair, in the shape of a properly-signed and witnessed parchment, whereby he bequeathed the whole of his property of every description to his esteemed partner, James Sutton. Whether the surprise of sudden wealth was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Sutton I cannot say, but certain it is that her health at this time began rapidly to decline, and that Sutton was a widower in a very few months after he became an heir. Doubtless, had his wife died before his benefactor, he would have bitterly and deeply mourned for the loss of her—three hundred a-year! As it was, he bore his troubles with edifying resignation; he had never really loved any being on earth but himself and his daughter, and brilliant prospects now seemed to be opening to both of them. A magnificent jeweller's shop in a fashionable street at the west end of the town shortly gave visible signs of Sutton's wealth; the windows blazed with gems, enraptured pedestrians stopped to cast longing looks on the treasures thus temptingly displayed to them, and a throng of splendid carriages crowded the door. Sutton engaged an elegant private residence; and an accomplished and highly-salaried governess undertook the education of his daughter, assisted by a bevy of "professors" of all sorts of arts, sciences, and languages. I am sorry to say, that as soon as Sutton became wealthy, he also became forgetful of his old friends at Oakbury; his summer visits were now paid to the Continent, and the correspondence which his wife had so patiently and indefatigably kept up with Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Colyton, and half-a-dozen other cousins, was suffered to fall to the ground. Deeply did the inhabitants of Oakbury lament that their townsman should become lost to them just as they had reason to feel proud of him; they could not console themselves

by saying it was "the way of the world," for of the world and its ways they knew nothing, Oakbury at that time being unable to boast even of a literary institution, or a railway to London!

Years rolled on—the jeweller's wealth gathered like a snowball; the governess retired on an annuity; Rosamond took the head of her father's table; they removed into a larger house, and engaged additional carriages and servants. Various "nymphs of quality" had "admired," or affected to admire, the jeweller, but none of their spells were successful; he openly declared his resolution never to marry, and his intention that none but a man of rank should marry his daughter. There was small difficulty apparently in bringing about this arrangement; the jeweller's wealth was sufficient to purchase half-a-dozen scions of quality, but his daughter and himself were particular in their choice, and Rosamond did not, as was predicted, marry in her first season. That first season was just over. Rosamond had lent the light of her countenance to the Book of Beauty, had been celebrated by fashionable poets, and panegyrised in fashionable newspapers.

Mrs. Everett could no longer resist the craving desire she felt to behold, and to exhibit to others, the noted beauty to whom she was allied; letter after letter of solicitation was sent to the long obdurate jeweller, till at length, fairly worn out by the tenacity of his country cousin, he very reluctantly promised that his daughter and himself should spend a couple of days at Mrs. Everett's house, in their way to visit a titled friend in the North. Like most pleasures to which people have eagerly looked forward, this visit proved a disappointment to the people of Oakbury; the good-natured, unassuming Sutton had been converted by prosperity into "a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," making constant allusions to the Marquises and Viscounts with whom he seemed to live on the most intimate terms, patronizing the cousins who used to patronize him, and condescendingly praising the viands which he once esteemed it a great favour to be invited to partake of. Rosamond was still more changed; the timid, plainly-dressed, simple-mannered child, was now a brilliant, graceful girl of fashion, dressed in the extreme of the mode, playing and singing like a professor (according to the Oakbury ideas of a professor), and talking incessantly of operas, fancy balls, and public breakfasts. The French waiting-maid of Rosamond, and the Swiss valet of her father, acquitted themselves still less to the satisfaction of Oakbury than their superiors; unfortunately they could both speak English well enough to be understood, and their criticisms on the discomforts and short comings of Mrs. Everett's establishment (all faithfully reported to that lady by her housemaid), were peculiarly pointed and expressive. It was a relief to all parties when the visit came to an end, and it was never repeated. Still, however, the jeweller and his daughter were regarded by the people of Oakbury in the light of a property, and they made them a constant subject of con-



versation when in company with new acquaintances.

There was a little bathing-place at a convenient distance from Oakbury, consisting of a dozen cottages, three villas, a few shops, a library, and a couple of hotels, where in the autumn a tolerable number of persons were wont to congregate; and here, Sutton's Oakbury relatives particularly shone: they were continually repeating anecdotes of the rich jeweller and his fascinating daughter, unsparingly heaping upon them all sorts of private good qualities, in addition to their publicly known advantages; indeed they appeared qualified to draw their characters with fidelity, since, according to their own account, Sutton was in the habit of asking advice on matters of importance from all the elderly men of Oakbury, and his daughter was the bosom friend of all the young ladies in it. Latterly, however, they had felt a great wish to add to their stock of anecdotes from some authentic source of information, and Mrs. Everett obtained great credit from having originated the bold stroke of inviting the London couple to her house. Her invitation was accepted, because Sir Thomas Chisholm had a nephew on the point of standing for the county, and wished to cultivate the good graces of his country neighbours; and for the same reason, Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm and their accommodating visitors took their places at Mrs. Everett's board in the most amiable of all possible moods, resolved to please and to be pleased; and when they found that their hostess was particularly anxious to talk about Rosamond Sutton, they showed themselves perfectly willing to keep up the ball of conversation just as long as she wished.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Everett, "Rosamond is a model of beauty and excellence, but perhaps, as a near relation, I may be allowed to be partial."

"I cannot admit that you show any partiality," replied Lady Charlotte. "Miss Sutton quite verifies the character you give of her; the Marchioness of Arlingford was lately observing to me that Miss Sutton was not only one of the most beautiful girls in London, but that her mind and manners would render her attractive even if she were deprived of every personal recommendation."

Happy Mrs. Everett! how she triumphed in the success of her dinner-party—how she coloured with delight at the idea that she was second cousin to a fashionable beauty who had been admired and commended by a Marchioness!

"Miss Sutton's lovers," pursued Lady Charlotte, "are, as you may conceive, numerous; many wonder that she still remains unmarried."

"Dear Rosamond," said Mrs. Mullins, sentimentally, "I am selfish enough to wish that she may continue single—marriage so often estranges a girl from her family."

If marriage could have estranged Rosamond Sutton from her family more than she was

estranged already, it would indeed have brought about a great marvel!

"Her offers of marriage," said Colonel Huntley, "have all been from men of rank; it is understood that her father would sanction no other suitors."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Everett, drawing herself up with dignity.

"And even these suitors," continued the Colonel, "have a difficult part to play, for Mr. Sutton is apt to suspect that they are attracted towards his daughter by the charms of her dowry."

"I should hope those mercenary motives are not very common in any rank of life," said Mr. Mullins, who, be it known to my readers, had married an extremely plain, shrewish woman for the sake of her four thousand pounds!

"Lord Robert Ransford," said Lady Charlotte, "had wealth as well as rank, and was, I believe, truly and devotedly attached to Miss Sutton; but she refused him because she could not reciprocate his attachment."

"Exactly my own feelings," murmured Louisa Mullins, who had for two years been laying desperate siege to a gouty, ill-tempered old miser!

"At present," said Lady Charlotte, she has two distinguished admirers, who are rivals for her good graces. Lord Belson is reported to stand high in her own good opinion, the Earl of Eppingham in that of her father; but I am repeating what cannot by any possibility be matter of news to the present party."

"Oh! surely not," replied Mrs. Everett, "but the subject of dear Rosamond is one of which we are never weary; she and her father occasionally spend a part of the summer with us," (Mrs. Everett did not absolutely violate truth by this statement, inasmuch as the memorable two days spent with her by the Suttons certainly constituted a part of the summer); "and I assure you we are eagerly looking forward to their next visit."

"Mr. Sutton," said the Colonel, "is a devoted father, and an excellent man."

"He is, indeed," sighed Miss Margaretta Sutton, the cousin who five-and-twenty years before had fixed her youthful affections on the assistant of the working jeweller, and who was now a sharp, sour-looking old maid.

"I am sure we have all reason to say so," said Miss Sutton, her still sharper and sourer-looking elder sister. "I remember the time——"

Here Colonel Huntley, who thought that remembrance had now gone to its utmost allowable extent, interposed with a remark about the opera-house, which had the effect of turning the discourse, much to the regret of the Oakbury cousins, who could have talked about Rosamond Sutton and her father till midnight, without showing any signs of weariness. Nevertheless, there was a handsome young man of the party, who had studiously avoided taking any share in the discourse, and yet he also was one of the enviable cousins of the heiress. His parents, Mr.



and Mrs. Colyton, had been among the kindest of Sutton's relations, always giving to himself, his wife, and child, in their yearly visits to Oakbury, not only a warm and hospitable welcome, but many acceptable little presents.

A few years after Sutton's inheritance of old Willis's hoards, they had both died, leaving a small property to their son, who had just taken orders, and accepted a curacy in a neighbouring village. Colyton was seven years older than Rosamond Sutton; he had been not only the playfellow, but the protector of the timid child; he had deeply lamented the cessation of all intercourse with her, and none expected her arrival with more heartfelt interest than himself, when she and her father vouchsafed to pay their two days' visit to Mrs. Everett. Yet to no one did Rosamond behave with so little kindness as to Colyton; her relations in general were so perfectly well disposed to consider her as a descending goddess, that she could not well avoid infusing a little graciousness into the appropriate dignity of that character; but Colyton, in whose mind at the moment of meeting, the lapse of time and distinctions of worldly wealth were annihilated, and who only beheld in his cousin the "little Rosamond" of former days, greeted her with such unquestionable warmth and cordiality, that the spoiled beauty, accustomed to the smooth flatteries of the nobles of the land, had become distant and freezing in her manner, and the Lady of Lyons could scarcely have evinced more scorn to the enamoured Claude Melnotte, than did the London heiress to the presumptuous country curate! Yet in spite of her disdain, she was seldom absent from the thoughts of Colyton, and he listened to the accounts of her splendour and gaiety, not with pleasure, still less with envy, but with fear lest the temptations of the world might prove fatal to her happiness, and lest she should become the unloved wife of one who might wed her not for herself, but for her riches.

When the ladies retired into the drawing-room, Lady Charlotte was again beset with eager inquiries on the subject of Rosamond Sutton, to all of which she good-naturedly replied; and the "womankind" of Oakbury, who had hitherto only possessed floating and indefinite ideas of the style in which Rosamond lived, were now actually made aware of the colour of her carriages and liveries, the costumes which she had worn at fancy-balls, and the songs which she had sung at musical parties. At length the evening came to an end. The Chisholms and Huntleys honoured the company they left behind with a very brief notice.

"How fond those people are of talking about the Suttons," said Lady Charlotte Huntley.

"And really," replied Lady Chisholm, "they have no reason to be fond of the subject; it is years since the Suttons have taken the smallest notice of them."

Not so brief was the conversation in Mrs. Everett's drawing-room.

"Really," said Mrs. Everett, taking the lead in discourse, as she had the right of a hostess

to do, "when I hear all these particulars of the grandeur of Sutton and his daughter, I am more and more shocked at their ingratitude. Why are we to be informed of all these festivities by strangers? Why are we not to be invited as relations to partake of them?"

"Carriages at command must certainly be a great luxury," said Mr. Richard Sutton, who suffered grievously from rheumatic-gout.

"And how delightful to be able to go to fancy-balls in character," exclaimed Louisa Mullins. "Rosamond Sutton appeared at one ball as Anne Bolyn; at another as Psyche, and at a third as the White Lady of Avenel."

"Then how many eligible offers of marriage she seems to have received," exclaimed Miss Margaretta Sutton (who had never received one in her life), heaving a deep sigh as she spoke.

"It is sad," remarked Mrs. Mullins, looking intently on her daughter, "that where nature has made so little distinction between young people, fortune should make so much."

No one was so ill-bred as to contradict Mrs. Mullins's inference; but, in reality, nature had made a great deal of difference between Miss Mullins and her cousin—the one being clumsy, plain, and dull, while the other was abundantly gifted with grace, beauty, and talent.

"You do not seem to have a word to say on the subject," said Mrs. Everett, sharply addressing Colyton; "and yet I am sure you have been as ungratefully treated as any of us! What kindness was shown to the Suttons by your father and mother, and your father's sister—and what repayment of it have you ever had? A word from Sutton to one of his titled friends would, very likely, get you the promise of a good living."

"I am not ambitious, my dear aunt," replied the young man, "and probably am far happier in my state of mediocrity than my London relatives in the midst of their splendour. There are many temptations attendant upon prosperity, and also the great danger of a reverse. We frequently hear of rich men who suddenly become poor; and, in that case, how much happier would it have been for them, had they, like me, been accustomed to range with humble livers in content."

"It is absurd," said Mrs. Everett, "to talk of James Sutton ever being a poor man. I should just as soon think of the failure of the Bank of England! He is more likely to be raised than depressed in the world. I suppose he will soon be saluting his daughter as Countess of Eppingham!"

"And forgetting his best and earliest friends," said Miss Margaretta, spitefully, "in the distribution of cake and cards. I dare say we shall only hear of the marriage through the newspapers."

The next morning, Colyton, at an early hour, entered the simple, pretty little cottage of his maiden-aunt. Miss Colyton had been invited to join Mrs. Everett's dinner-party; but indisposition had prevented her. She was a remarkably amiable person, intelligent, sweet-tempered,



and unaffectedly religious; she was charitable to the poor on a small income, and was a great favourite with her equals; for she possessed the difficult art of giving advice without giving offence, and the still more difficult art of knowing when to refrain from giving it at all. None had shown more kindness than herself to Sutton and his daughter in former days; but she never complained of their ingratitude, nor envied their prosperity.

"I tremble for poor Rosamond," she said, when her nephew had given her an account of the party of the preceding day. "Thrown into the vortex of the world, without a hand to restrain her, or a voice to warn her of its dangers, I can scarcely venture to hope that she will escape unhurt. Truly did Bishop Latimer say, 'He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.'"

Two days from this time, Mr. Mullins was leisurely and composedly unfolding the newspaper. Had he indulged Mrs. Mullins or Louisa with the first reading of it, they would unquestionably have turned to the marriages, that they might have ascertained if Rosamond Sutton had yet become a Countess. And failing of making any discovery in that quarter, they would have sought for an account of fashionable festivities, to learn if she had appeared in any new character at a fancy-ball. Mr. Mullins, however, did neither of these things; he turned, as was his constant custom, to the list of bankrupts.

Surprising! Could he really trust the evidence of his own eyes? Was it—could it be the fact, that James Sutton figured among the bankrupts? Sutton, so wealthy that he was worth incalculable sums, and so honourable that "his word would pass for more than he was worth," could Sutton indeed be degraded, penniless—nay, worse than penniless?

In another part of the paper was a confirmation of this statement, in the shape of a paragraph, expressing much astonishment at the unlooked-for event; but hinting at a speculation in railroads as the cause of it. Railroads are certainly very convenient things, both in novels and real life. Whenever a man becomes suddenly and unaccountably ruined, railroad-speculations are constantly seized upon as the solution of the mystery, and nobody ever thinks of questioning it!

Mr. Mullins speedily made the results of his morning reading known to Mrs. Mullins and Louisa; and they eagerly set out, in a sharp drizzling rain, to spread the intelligence through Oakbury.

The feelings of Sutton's relations were of a mixed kind. It was quite clear that they must abstain from all future boasting on the subject of the jeweller and his daughter. They must appear with greatly diminished consequence at their favourite little watering-place; but still, there were counterbalancing advantages in the matter.

Rochefoucauld says that "there is something

in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us." Now Sutton was not the "best friend" of anybody in Oakbury. He had wounded the pride of his family by his long-continued neglect; and so far from being a displeasing, it was rather an agreeable reflection that he had sunk decidedly beneath them, inasmuch that he was oppressed by the weight of innumerable debts, while they had got their receipted Christmas bills snugly ensconced in their writing-desks or secretaires!

Miss Margaretta Sutton was peculiarly alive to this feeling, and talked so much about her "lucky escape in not marrying James Sutton," that she almost persuaded herself—although she failed in persuading her auditors—that she really had once had the option of doing so!

Colyton and his aunt were the only persons who truly felt grieved at the intelligence that their dignified townsman had thus abruptly "fallen from his high estate."

"Poor Rosamond," concluded Colyton, after half-an-hour's conversation, in which not one ill-natured or self-righteous remark had been made by himself or his companion; "how sad a change for her! How soon will she have cause to experience the fallacy of the friendship of the world!"

"Let us hope," said Miss Colyton, "that there is a bright side to the question; and that this misfortune may prove a blessing to our dear Rosamond. Well and truly has Wordsworth said—

"The shower whose reckless burden weighs  
Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root."

\* \* \* \* \*

The jeweller and his daughter were seated in one of the smallest rooms of the splendid house from which they were soon to take their departure for ever. Three weeks had elapsed since Sutton's bankruptcy had been proclaimed, and the fashionable world had behaved just as badly as the most bitter satirist or the most gloomy cynic could have predicted. The young friends who had "loved Rosamond as a sister," the matrons who had "regarded her as a daughter," the elderly men of fashion who had "wished themselves young for her sake," the lover of her own choice, the lover of her father's recommendation—all were seized with a sudden unanimity of purpose which induced them to think that the very kindest way of consoling the Suttons in their trouble was to leave them entirely to themselves. Too true is it, that when Poverty comes in at the door, Friendship is to the full as ready as Love to jump out of the window!

"Next week, dearest Rosamond," said poor Sutton, "we must remove from this house. I cannot quit London; I have many arrangements to make in my confused affairs. We must separate for a time, and happy am I to say that a friend has kindly offered to take charge of you,"



"The Marchioness of Arlingford?" eagerly inquired Rosamond.

The lady to whom she alluded was the aunt of her favoured admirer, Lord Belson, and had always professed the warmest affection for her.

"The Marchioness has neither called nor written," said Sutton, drily, "since she heard of our misfortunes."

"I am glad," said Rosamond, with a sigh, "that we have even a solitary friend remaining; but I am perfectly unable to guess her name."

"She is one of our relations at Oakbury," replied her father.

"Mrs. Everett, no doubt," said Rosamond, reddening. "Dear father, do not accept her invitation. She, who was so fawning and servile in our prosperity, will indemnify herself for our neglect of her by her malicious triumph over us in our adversity."

"Fear not, Rosamond," replied her father; "the letter does not come from Mrs. Everett; but from a very different person. You need apprehend no ungenerous triumph from her. I experienced many instances of friendship from her in former days; and you also, young as you were at the time of our intimacy, can have no difficulty in calling to mind the kindness that she always showed towards you. We have both forgotten her for a time; but this letter will show that in our trials she has not forgotten us."

And he put into Rosamond's hand a letter, which, as my readers have doubtless ere this conjectured, came from the warm-hearted and sympathising Miss Colyton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Miss Colyton! she had done a really kind and disinterested deed in offering Rosamond shelter and protection till her father had adjusted his most pressing difficulties, but everybody in Oakbury, with the exception of her nephew, who was just as kind and disinterested as herself, highly disapproved of the course she was pursuing. Her conduct was by turns designated as "mean-spirited," "romantic," and "Pharisaical;" all possible and impossible evils were predicted as the result of Rosamond's residence in her house; it might have seemed that like Christabel (only that none of the Oakbury people had ever read Christabel), she was on the point of inviting an evil spirit to cross her threshold in the guise of a beautiful lady. Miss Colyton, however, was undismayed by all these denunciations; she knew that she was performing her duty in showing kindness to the friendless, deserted Rosamond, and the love that she had borne towards her when she was an engaging, artless child, rendered that duty a pleasure to her. Rosamond arrived on the appointed day, conducted by her father, who after warmly and cordially expressing his thanks to Miss Colyton, took his departure; and the flattered London beauty, with a limited quantity of luggage, and no waiting-maid, was left to domesticate herself as best she could in a very small quiet cottage, an elderly single lady her only com-

panion, and two plain, neat country girls her only attendants. Rosamond's trials, however, came not from those within the house, but from those without it; the perpetual wonder expressed by Mrs. Everett regarding the imprudence of her father, the sneering condolence of Miss Margaretta Sutton, touching the defection of her lovers, Mrs. Mullins's ceaseless questions whether she did not sadly miss her carriages and servants; and Louisa Mullins's unwearied curiosity to learn the minutest particulars of the costumes of Anne Boleyn, Psyche, and the White Lady of Avenel; these were indeed hard to bear, but Rosamond came through the ordeal wonderfully well. In the first place, she was four years older than when she enacted the descending goddess on her former visit to Oakbury; increasing years had brought with them increased good taste and feeling, and she would not now, under any circumstances, have received with hauteur the fussy attentions of Mrs. Everett, or chilled with disdain the warm-hearted regard of Colyton. Secondly, she had suffered adversity; she had tried the world's friendship, and found it wanting; her fancy, although not her heart, had been engaged to Lord Belson, and when his conduct clearly evinced that his motives for seeking her hand had been merely of a mercenary character, she felt grateful for her escape, and disposed to think that honest good-will, or even undisguised indifference, was preferable to the smooth, honeyed declarations of affection and devotion which had really never existed. Therefore was Rosamond Sutton disposed to love and respect the quiet, unassuming Miss Colyton, whose kindness to her was so unquestionably disinterested; and therefore was she ready to tolerate even the occasional impertinence of a few of the Oakbury denizens, because she felt impertinence to be far superior to insincerity. Rosamond, however, was not long destined to suffer impertinence, for the Oakbury people soon began to like her very well indeed; they were selfish, shallow, and narrow-minded, but none of them, not even Miss Margaretta Sutton, possessed that inherent and bitter spirit of malignity, utterly incapable of being disarmed by inoffensiveness and gentleness. The Oakbury people had long entertained a most exaggerated idea of Rosamond's luxurious habits and splendid appointments, and they would have been ready to believe any one who had asserted of her as Fag does of Lydia Languish, in the comedy of the "Rivals," that her thread-papers were made of bank-notes, and that she fed her parrot with small pearls! Then they had ascertained that the creditors of a bankrupt laid no claim to the "vanities" of a lady's wardrobe; therefore, if they had been required to put their thoughts into words, they would have predicted that Rosamond would have descended to breakfast in brocaded silk and Valenciennes lace, paid morning visits in a white satin pelisse, and gone to tea-drinkings in a silver gauze dress; as for her daily employments, they supposed that they would principally consist in painting greenhouse exotics and singing Italian bravuras. Rosa-



mond, however, like all sensible persons, knew that fine dresses and fine ways would neither suit her fallen fortunes nor the locality in which for the present she seemed destined to remain, and Oakbury soon discovered, to its very great surprise, that the fashionable beauty wore muslin dresses and a straw bonnet, worked with a needle, and sang English ballads. I do not mean to say that Rosamond accommodated herself without an effort to her new mode of living; she felt the want of many luxuries, which to her seemed necessities of existence; she lamented the deprivation of literary institutions, galleries of pictures, and concerts of fine music; and she missed the conversation of the world, for trifling and superficial as it often was, it at least boasted the charm of variety and of refinement; she was accustomed to hear of the most interesting private and public events while the bloom of novelty was fresh upon them, and it was wearying to her to listen to the perpetual vapid gossip of Oakbury, where the new shawl of a tradesman's wife, or the rose-coloured ribbons of a housemaid, furnished matter for half-an-hour's discussion. But Rosamond had, like the princesses in fairy tales, "a great deal of wit," which in fairy-tale phraseology signifies quickness of apprehension; she felt that the gay world was nothing to her, and that the kind, feeling Miss Colyton was worth the whole of "her dear five hundred friends;" nay, she did justice to a much lower grade of good will, and called to mind that while Mrs. Everett deemed no tea party complete without "Rosamond and her music-book," and Louisa Mullins arranged the proceedings of every pic-nic excursion with the view of "a nice point for Rosamond to sketch from;" the Lady Claras and Lady Emilys, who had vowed eternal friendship for her, were now quite oblivious of her existence, and if they thought of her singing and sketching at all, it would only be to deplore that she did both in too common-place a style to compete with any of the accomplished prodigies who embellish the governess column of the Times. I have, however, a still better reason to give for Rosamond's increasing satisfaction with her situation; she could not but feel that while the lover selected for her by her father was taking a continental tour, and the lover encouraged by herself was paying his addresses to the deformed daughter of a rich city mercer; Colyton, the kind companion and protector of her childhood, whom she had treated with disdain during her prosperity, Colyton was unwearily in his endeavours to amuse and interest her, and to prevent her mind from dwelling on her recent trials.

Colyton was a daily visitor at the house of his aunt; he lent books to Rosamond, sang duets with her, accompanied her in her walks, and predicted that brighter days were yet in store for her dear father. Thus wore away the winter; the letter that Rosamond received from her father was written in a tranquil spirit, and the arrangement of his affairs was, he said, advancing quite as satisfactorily as he had any right to expect it would do.

Spring came. Miss Colyton was sitting alone, when Miss Margaretta Sutton was announced.

"I wonder where Rosamond is," said the visitor, looking round.

"She will not be at home for some time," replied Miss Colyton; "she has gone to take a long walk with my nephew."

"I thought so," said Miss Margaretta, forgetting that her "thinking so" was rather at variance with her previously expressed wonder on the subject of the "whereabout" of Rosamond. "I must say, Anne, that I am quite surprised at your blindness."

"In what respect?" quietly inquired Miss Colyton.

"Why in regard to the attachment so evidently forming, or formed, between your nephew and Rosamond Sutton," answered Miss Margaretta.

"Who told you that I was blind to it?" asked Miss Colyton, smiling.

"My dear Anne," exclaimed Miss Margaretta, "surely you cannot recollect that Rosamond Sutton has no independent fortune, and that a bankrupt's daughter has no claim to a shilling."

"I am perfectly aware of both these facts," replied Miss Colyton. "My nephew has a small income, and as it is enough for the moderate comforts of life, and as he will inherit my little property at my death, I think that if the young people are satisfied with their prospects, we have no right to interfere with their choice."

"But if Colyton thinks he can afford to marry without money," persisted Miss Margaretta, why cannot he fix on Louisa Mullins, who is just as nearly related to him as Rosamond Sutton, and whom he has seen almost every day from her childhood?"

"Simply because he loves the one and not the other," answered Miss Colyton.

"And how do you know that James Sutton will approve of the way in which you have disposed of his daughter's hand without consulting him?" asked Miss Margaretta in a slightly raised key.

"I have not done so without consulting him," Miss Colyton replied.

"Then depend upon it," said Miss Margaretta triumphantly, "he will immediately summon his daughter back to London. Do you think he will allow her to throw herself away upon a poor curate? She is a beautiful girl (it was the first time that Miss Margaretta had ever allowed her to be so), and I dare say he will manage to get an outfit and an introduction for her, and export her to India."

"I do not think he had ever any design of that kind," said Miss Colyton; "at all events, if he had, he has cheerfully relinquished it, and given his ready consent to his daughter's marriage with my nephew."

"And do you really mean to say," exclaimed the angry Miss Margaretta, "that a marriage is arranged to take place between two of my relations, and that I am the last person to be informed of it?"

"I mean to say no such thing," replied Miss



Colyton; "Mr. Sutton's consent only arrived this morning; and therefore, Margaretta, you are the first person to be informed of the intended marriage, as indeed I had determined you should be at all events; and had you not happened to call upon me, I should have been a visitor at your house in the course of an hour for the purpose of giving you the information."

Miss Colyton was never in the habit of telling polite untruths; she really meant what she had just said; she knew that whoever received the first tidings of the proposed marriage would disseminate it through Oakbury before sunset; and as she thought that Miss Margaretta was the person whose good will would be the most difficult to conciliate, she had resolved to bestow upon her the empty honour of being the original proclaimer of the news, judging rightly that nothing would so much tend to disarm all unamiable feelings on her part. The event proved the wisdom of the course she had pursued. Miss Margaretta took a hasty leave of her, hoping that after all the affair would turn out better than she had expected, and paid a round of visits at Oakbury to tell the news, saying that it was the particular wish of her dear Anne Colyton that she should do so, and hinting that she had all along been in the confidence of the young couple, and that as their hearts seemed set upon the matter she did not know but that it was better to let them take their own way. All received the communication in very good part. Louisa Mullins had lately been staying with a friend tolerably well married, who was some years older, and much plainer than herself, and had consequently risen so highly in her own estimation, that she openly declared she would never marry without fifty pounds a year pin-money, and a one-horse chaise. Therefore she was perfectly well satisfied to relinquish all chance of Colyton, and turned her thoughts with much amiability towards working an ottoman for his destined bride. Mrs. Everett resolved to make the young people a present of a silver cake-basket, and plenty of good advice; others were no less gracious, and the same set of people who, a year ago, had secretly envied and disliked Rosamond and her father, were now well pleased to befriend and assist the former, and even expressed their hopes that the latter would "now and then come to see his daughter, and take a peep at his old friends."

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had elapsed, and Rosamond's wedding-day was approaching: she was staying in London, at the request of her father, who wished daily to see her, but could not spare time from his affairs, to visit her at Oakbury. He had procured her an invitation from the wife of his solicitor, Mr. Benwell. Rosamond had never seen Mr. Benwell above two or three times, and had never seen Mrs. Benwell at all; she was a plain, common-place person, and lived in a small house in a street near Bloomsbury Square; but Rosamond had been quite cured of fine ladyism during her stay at Oakbury, and made herself

so very agreeable, that Mrs. Benwell quite regretted that her wedding could not be deferred for a month longer. Rosamond, indeed, was perfectly happy: her lover came several times to London to see her, and her father was not only looking remarkably well, but was in excellent spirits: in fact he, like herself, seemed improved by adversity; there was no longer the least vestige of the "three-tailed Bashaw" about him; there were no allusions to noblemen, no talk about eligible matches. He inquired kindly and repeatedly about his Oakbury friends and relations; and to his son-in-law elect his manner was everything that could be wished—cordial, confiding, and affectionate.

The wedding-day arrived. Rosamond, attired with simple elegance, was given away by her father: the Benwell family alone were present, Mrs. Benwell's niece officiating as bridesmaid; and they returned to a quiet little collation at the Bloomsbury domicile. The young couple, who lacked money for the usual honeymoon indulgence of a continental trip, had thought of immediately returning home; but Sutton had laughingly declared that he must retain possession of them for a few days, and that if they resigned themselves to his guidance, he would venture to say that their time should pass pleasantly. They willingly acceded to his request, anticipating a sojourn of two or three days at one of the villages near London. Leave was taken of the friendly Benwells, and the bride was handed by her father to the carriage waiting at the door, which proved to be not the hired conveyance which had taken them to church, but a new and very elegant barouche. No remark was made by any one, but both the bride and bridegroom felt rather uncomfortable at the unexpected splendour of their transit. Each formed a different opinion on the subject. Rosamond concluded that her father had borrowed the carriage "for that day only" from one of his great friends, who had not quite thrown him off, and she was sorry that he should have laid himself under such an obligation. Colyton, on the other hand, remembering all he had heard of the magnificent tastes of his father-in-law, was apprehensive that, having saved a few hundreds out of the wreck of his property, he was only anxious immediately to dissipate them.

The coachman, who appeared to have received his orders, drove to a house in Hyde Park Gardens; here Sutton alighted, kindly welcomed his daughter and son-in-law, and led them upstairs to a tastefully furnished suite of drawing-rooms.

"Has this house been lent to you by a friend, my dear father?" inquired the astonished bride.

"No, Rosamond," replied her father. "I have not a friend in the world who is likely to lend me so much as a fire-screen or a hearth-brush; and happily I can very well dispense with their good offices. This house is my own, and therefore yours; may you both live long and happily in it."

"But my dear sir," suggested his son-in-law,



"is there not some mistake? It is so short a time since your fortunes were under a cloud, that?"—

"You mean, I suppose," said the jeweller, "to say, that as I have recently become a bankrupt, I cannot fairly possess the means of living in such a house as this: under ordinary circumstances, such might be the case; but mine is a bankruptcy of a peculiar description."

Again did the young couple draw a different conclusion from Sutton's speech. Rosamond imagined that her father must be speaking in jest, not knowing what peculiar kind of bankruptcy that could be which would enable its victim to live in Hyde Park Gardens! Colyton was more enlightened on the subject: he had heard of fraudulent bankruptcies, where the supposed sufferer came out of his troubles a great deal richer than before he got into them: but it grieved him to think that Rosamond's father should be one of those, and it greatly surprised him that he should have the hardihood to avow it.

"I will explain the mystery of my bankruptcy in as few words as possible," said Sutton. "A year ago I was very desirous of quitting business, and investing my property in the funds; but the enormous sums owing to me seemed to defy all my powers to call them in; they would not 'come when I did call for them.' You have heard, Colyton, that my brilliant tiaras sparkle in the flowing tresses of duchesses and marchionesses, and that my bracelets and rings encircle the slender waists and snowy fingers of countless court maidens; and possibly you, in your happy ignorance, may imagine that these valuables were all paid for on delivery, or at least that a settlement took place every Christmas. Not so; there is many a Lady Townley in the present day, who loses at cards the money destined to defer her just debts. How could I dun my fair creditors, when I and my daughter were on visiting terms with them? Could I threaten the Marchioness of Arlingford with arrest, when her nephew was inditing love-sonnets to Rosamond? Could I declare that I would expose Lady Emily Tracey to the world, when I was anxiously endeavouring to promote a marriage between my daughter and her brother? I determined on a fictitious bankruptcy; my assignees have gathered in all that is owing to me; my affairs are completely settled, and I am at this moment, in mercantile phrase, 'as good a man as ever!'"

"But my dear father," exclaimed Rosamond, "why did you not admit a few friends into your secret?"

"Because," said her father, "it would then have speedily ceased to be any secret at all; and because, Rosamond, I had a double view in my bankruptcy. I wished not only to get my accounts paid, but to try the truth of my professing friends, and your fair-speaking lovers. I had always been haunted by the fear that you would be married rather for your fortune than yourself. Here was an opportunity of testing the disinterestedness of all the young men who

had said, in the words of the old song in 'Lionel and Clarissa,' 'Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!' The experiment succeeded, and I had cause to feel so much displeased with my friends, that I began to feel very much displeased with myself, and to think that I had done unwisely in lifting my daughter and myself out of the sphere in which we had been accustomed to move, for the sake of associating with people who merely tolerated us on account of our wealth, and who cast us off directly we ceased to possess it. Then I thought of Oakbury, and of the many happy days I had enjoyed there during the lifetime of my wife, when everybody believed our means to be very moderate, and sought our society solely for the sake of ourselves. Just then came in the kindest of letters from the excellent Anne Colyton, and most happy was I, Rosamond, to reflect that you would have the advantage of residing for a few months under the roof of so admirable a person; for while I was blaming myself a great deal, I could not help blaming you a little, and thinking that you had been the spoiled child of prosperity, and that a short season in the school of adversity would do you a great deal of good. My wishes have been promptly fulfilled: not only have you gained an invaluable friend and many well-wishers by your visit to Oakbury, but a true and disinterested lover. You will pardon me, my dear Colyton, for trying your disinterestedness to the very last point. I have heard of instances where the lovers of penniless beauties thought better of a foolish business even at the altar."

"Not when so charming a bride as Rosamond was standing at it, I conjecture," replied the young man. "But surely, my dear sir, you might have imparted your secret to your daughter?"

"My good young friend," said the jeweller, "you entertain a very high opinion of Rosamond, and so do I; but still she is but a woman; and it has always been my opinion that there is only one secret which a woman can be trusted to keep—that of her own age!" (At the time this conversation occurred, the new Census had not taken place, otherwise Sutton would have seen women deprived of the power of keeping even that solitary secret!) "Besides," he continued, "I wished to try Rosamond's stability as well as your own. She believed that 'her face was her fortune,' and I imagined she might consider that so very pretty a face entitled her to expect no trifling fortune in exchange. And now, having finished all my explanations, let me again welcome you to the house which I hope you will share with me. You must give up your country curacy, Colyton: you will find that the gay world stands much in need of your admonitions, and I trust that it will profit by them. In two or three days we will all visit Oakbury, and you shall tell your dear aunt in person of your changed prospects."

And they *did* visit Oakbury; and great was the bustle and the excitement of that happy lit-



the town when the important news was circulated through it. Sutton was full of kindness and cordiality to his old friends; and not only did he warmly invite them to come and see him in London, but he made purchase of a pretty house and grounds about half a mile from Oakbury, to which he promised that himself, his daughter, and her husband would pay frequent visits, if Miss Colyton would favour him by taking up her residence there. This she agreed to do; nor was she the only person who experienced the liberality of their old townsman. Every silver cake-basket, worked ottoman, China jar, or papier-maché portfolio that had been given to the curate's affianced bride, was returned to the donor in presents of large value; and these were all received with pleasure, because they were not given in a spirit of patronage and ostentation, but were offered as tokens of friendship and good-will.

Five years have now elapsed: Colyton is a celebrated preacher at a London chapel, and has, as his father-in-law predicted, been the cause of great benefit to many of his hearers. His wife and himself live happily with the worthy jeweller: and two children are added to the family party, who, to the great delight of Miss Colyton, pass much of their time at the house

at Oakbury. As for the Oakbury people, they talk more about the Suttons than ever; but they do it with a far different feeling: the stories of intimacy and regard which they were formerly compelled to improvise, have now become matter-of-fact, and the envy and dissatisfaction lurking in their minds have been exchanged for the truest esteem and regard. Only one evil has resulted from the course that Sutton has pursued: the Oakbury people, never very bright and quick-witted, have become thoroughly confused and mystified in their ideas touching the stability or instability of men of business. Formerly, if they saw the name of any one they knew in the list of bankrupts, they used to talk of him with pity; but now they conceive it probable that he is only perpetrating a playful *ruse* on the "Fair of May Fair;" and that when all his accounts have been duly settled and made over to him, he will, like Sutton, emerge from the temporary clouds that surrounded him! Whether such events are frequent I am not prepared to say; but the one in question has certainly had the happiest effects in improving the character as well as the fortune of the jeweller, and in gaining a sincere and disinterested lover for the "Jeweller's Daughter."

## A STROLL BY THE RIVER AMSTEL—AMSTERDAM.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Few of the Batavian poets, from old Jacob Cats to Da Costa, but have bestowed a lyric on the "brimming Amstel," which, after winding its mazy way between green prairies to its confluence with the Y\*, pours itself out commingled with that river from between the horns of the port at Amsterdam into the Zuider Zee.

It was a lovely morning that on which (lured by the poets' sweet praises) we determined on a pilgrimage to the village which bears its name, and with no other companions than our pencil and note-book, set forth on the *trekking path* for our destination.

The canals and rivers, as all the world knows, are the great highways of Holland, and the Amstel a very principal one; so that every now and then, curiously shaped craft, white-sailed, and highly varnished, with perchance a group of Frisian women seated on deck, their close-fitting head-gear of gold or silver plates, glittering like cavalry helmets in the sun, made pictures in sailing by; and not less curious and novel was the appearance of the men, who, mounted sideways on their horses, with rings in their ears, and pointed *Klompens*† on, rode slowly past, sometimes towing huge canal boats, as heavily loaded as the barges on the Thames; and at others smaller vessels, with gilt fiddle-

heads, and sides that shone like polished mahogany, with long golden spotted pennants flying, or painted flags with full-sized figures of the Good Vrow, or Three Zisters, &c., under whose names they sailed.

Every little while, for it was market-day in the metropolis, prams laden with flowers, or filled with corbells of raspberries and red currants, with a fringe of green leaves laid round them, and larger boats, flat-bottomed and shallow, some heaped with wooden shoes, the manufacture of a distant hamlet—some with vegetables from far-off gardens, and others freighted with the useful turf—stole down upon their way to Amsterdam.

Even the vehicles upon the road were quaint looking and oddly shaped as the boats upon the river; some with high-carved backs painted green, with red foliage; others varnished and gilded, while the more stylish looking resembled in shape the scollop shell chariot in which the sea-borne Venus is sometimes represented; the horses in every instance were sleek and stout limbed, well fed and cared for, and their head-gear and harness inlaid with the white shells which children call Blackmoors teeth, shone in the sun as if inwrought with silver.

All the roads in Holland are bordered with trees, as nearly as possible alike in size and height, and which for the sake of the timber are shorn of their lower branches, and made to look

\* Pronounced eye.

† Wooden shoes so called.



like overgrown green mushrooms; they are for the most part planted in double lines, and this plan of depriving them of their lateral boughs, while making them more valuable as merchandize, prevents all danger of ill-disposed persons lurking in these solitary footways, in which (though high roads) one may walk for half-an-hour without meeting a fellow-passenger, so much more popular is the transit by water; occasionally, a young farmer, in a short-tailed coat, with a gold ornament hanging round his neck, and a huge bunch of extinguiser-shaped silver seals, that made him jingle like a bell-horse as he walked, lifted his cap in passing; but for the greater part of our journey we had the *treckpath* and the lime-trees, which at this season (it was full Midsummer) drop honey on the earth, and fill the air with their delicious odour, all to ourselves.

For some distance out of the city the houses are mostly places of entertainment—Dutch editions, in fact, of the suburban public-houses and tea-gardens in the vicinity of London; but farther, you come upon the country houses of the citizens, each with a small pavilion, full of windows overlooking the road, and as a consequence the ditch of stagnant water which borders it. These serve the purposes of summer parlours, and early as it was, a singing party was practising in one of them.

In leaving the city, the Hollander leaves behind him his taste for high carved roofs and decorated fronts; and the generality of these abodes were either handsome square buildings of modern architecture, or unpretending little places—all roses, larkspurs, and hortensia, the mere summer eve resort of flower-loving citizens, who are so fond of these occasional glimpses of green fields and gardens, that those who cannot afford a country house hire one of the pavilions alluded to, and on Sundays go there with their wives and families, to enjoy their possession and smoke cigars and drink coffee. This love of retirement and rurality is admirably expressed in the names of these suburban residences, which are either painted or blazoned in golden letters on the gates, and “*Zomer lust*” (the love of summer), “*Brouw lust*” (a desire for trees and fields), or “*Stroom in Lommer*” (shade and water), are the most frequent titles of these retreats.

We passed one or two houses of more importance than the rest, standing in old-fashioned quadrangular gardens, with stately walks embowered with trees, and the interior space laid out in formal flower-beds and trim alleys, with statues at each end; and a rustic bridge leaping a piece of water in the centre—exactly the sort of garden that was in fashion two hundred years ago, and which Evelyn, when in the neighbourhood, was likely to have visited and admired.

Once in the course of our walk we came upon a very melancholy spot, bearing all the outward and visible signs which in England indicates a Chancery suit—the “*Zomer rust*” (summer rest) of some rich burgomaster of former times, reduced to ruins—the house a mere remnant,

with half the materials lying in heaps about what had been a flowery garden (but was now a badly ordered potato ground), over which a nymph in stone—white-washed for cleanliness—smiled faintly from her moss-grown pedestal, as if she had grown daft with desolation; the trees which remained were lopped (probably for firewood) into the most miserable plight imaginable; and a pair of river gods (it may be the *Y* and *Amstel*) gazed frowningly with empty urns upon each other’s misfortune in the midst of a rustling oat-field; while a couple of broken-down, *had-been* ornamental bridges, led over unseen streams, masqued with duck-weed, and sword-leaved waterflags, with the brown maces of the “major typha” marshalling their choked-up way, and seeming to whisper through the loose panicles of the waving reeds, “*omnia vanites!*” This place was but a stone’s throw from a meadow in which a pointed obelisk of grey stone had been set up, having reference to the peace between Holland and Russia in 1625.

Looking back from this point of view, all that broke the smooth green surface of the land, whichever way the sight diverged, was the red or black glazed roof of a farm-house, glistening through a sheltering cluster of surrounding trees, or the tall body of a wind-mill towering in the distance, with its expanded sweeps outlined against the horizon, or the white or tawny sails of vessels, picturesque in their clumsiness, showing themselves in the midst of grazing cattle and green fields.

The absence of human bipeds made us the more observant of those “guests of summer, the temple-haunting martlets,” as Shakespeare calls them, and those curious little birds the water-wagtails, of which there were numbers about; those, on the wing skimming the air in undulating circles in the vicinity of their clay-built nests, and these, poised with light steps, and nicely balanced vibrations on “the green mantle of the stagnant pool,” seeking their insect food on leaves of frog-bit, duck-weed, and the water-plantain; while every now and then (those zoological-garden birds with us), cranes, with fringy wings, black and white bodies, and pink legs and beak, would rise up suddenly from the river side, which flows on nearly on a level with its margin, and apparently only prevented from overflowing them by the tall and matted reeds which line the shores.

The shelter of these plants, like *power* everywhere, had gathered round them a multitude of dependants, and the tough-rooted night-shade hung its dark blue exquisitely painted petals beside the showy clusters of the yellow loose-strife, whose *namesake*, with long purple spikes of flowers, bent lovingly above the great St. John’s wort—the *sol terrestris* of the ancient herbalists; and edging the border of the road, upon a bed of its own silky leaflets, the *silver weed* disposed its glittering flowers; and laughing pimpernel (*anagallis*), with dotted leaves and scarlet corolla, turned up its weather-wise wide-open eye, prophetic of the day’s continued sunshine.



It is by such flowery bulwarks that the Amstel is restrained within its banks, and these themselves supported and consolidated. The intervening roots of trees, binding and grasping the earth together, and the surface overlaid with this fibrous progeny, forms an effective dyke, and gives firmness and body to the soil, naturally so loose and sandy as to be easily washed away.

On the opposite side of the river, the reeds are the only impediments to its encroachments, and form the boundaries of many of the enclosures belonging to the market-gardeners, whose tree-screened houses appear at intervals along the shore.

It is a sad trial, in this land of ditches, with the finest specimens of *flowering rush*, and other aquatic plants, (always growing on the opposite side from that which you are on) that even the innocent larcenies of the botanist are prevented by the intervention of relentless dykes, which divide and encompass the fields in every direction, and render it impossible for any one less efficiently booted than a navigator to get at them.

In spite of the unbroken flatness of the view, devoid of all those salient points of interest to which the *tourist at home* is accustomed—the woods, the rising hills, the stately mansions, which are never far apart in English landscape—the rich meadowy surface of the surrounding country, with Paul Potter-like groups of grazing cattle, sleek-skinned and dappled; the strange aspect of *vessels sailing here and there amidst the fields*; the passing by of eccentric-looking craft upon the brown, smooth waters of the Amstel, with here a patient fisher in a moored *pram*, and there a shallow boat filled with a party of boys, every one of whom is smoking, as they glide dreamily on, impelled by a pair of short, broad-bladed oars, looking like overgrown bull-rushes with black heads: all had at least the charm of novelty and freshness; while the coolness of the green prairies, the waving of the ozier holts, the sighing of the grey-plumed reeds, as the soft wind winnowed them, and the shadows of the trees edging the path, were as gratefully delicious as the aspect of repose more distantly expressed in the interminable extent of parallel meadows.

In common paths, as well as on the great highway of life, it is pleasant to recall the memory of the good and the great, who have trod therein before us: and few ways are richer in such remembrances than those in the vicinity of Amsterdam. Rembrandt and De Keyser Stork and Vender Helst, men whose works have made their names "familiar as household words," not only in their fatherland, but throughout Europe, had hallowed with their steps this very path, and felt their spirits lulled and softened by the same tranquil images we gazed on. Hither came Spieghel, and old Dirk Combert, drinking inspiration from the calm face of their beloved river, as if its waters had been those of Hippocrene. While Vondel, the Milton of the Netherlands, must surely, in the

chorus of "Palamedes," have had its details in his mind's eye, when he sang—

"Here flourishes the waving corn,  
Encircled by the wounding thorn—  
Here glides a bark by meadows green,  
And there the village smoke is seen."

Here, in his boyhood, wandered Reiner Anso, and that apprentice poet of Amsterdam, Gerard Brandt, who forsook his father's shop and watch-making for the love of poetry and a poet's daughter, the fair Susannah van Baerle.

But we must not linger with these masters of high art, and sons of song, who have made the banks of the Amstel river classic ground, but pursue our way, where still

"The meads red-speckled daisies bear,  
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,  
And peasants toil behind the plough."

It was well for us that fancy had not been castle-building, and that our walk—for with us the "simplest charm prevails"—had sufficiently repaid the trouble of undertaking it; for at the hamlet which made the point of our pilgrimage we found nothing to requite us, save its pure air and ultra cleanliness. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found the streets newly swept, the windows garnished with fresh blinds and flowers; and the women in their well-scoured klompens, full petticoats, white jackets, and snowy caps, seated at their doors with quite an air of holiday. A general peace pervaded the village, reminding us of the sweet usage once customary in our own country (and of which this is the remnant), of making in rustic places the afternoon of the Sabbath's advent almost as sacred as the Sabbath itself. The plough ceased its labour, the hinds left their work, and it became a sort of half holiday, during which refreshment and rest were all over the hamlet.

We found the kirk at New Amstel a plain, ugly building, with a few pews crowded into the corners, and the rest of the space left vacant for chairs; the floor paved with grave-stones, without other inscription than the name of the occupant; the walls, like all the Calvinistic places of worship, whitewashed; and over the most lean, dry-breasted pulpit to appearance, a gallery in which stood a small hand-organ. There were no monuments of any interest, and none dated previous to 1758. As we had arrived here by the *Treck-path*, we resolved to return by the opposite side of the river, and left New Amstel (where we were told a number of English resided), by a willow-shaded path, rich with wild flowers, and haunted by bees and butterflies. The houses on this side of the Amstel are few and far between, and of quite another description from those on the opposite bank, being simply farms or peasants' cottages, each with a little garden at the side, and a market-boat or pram drawn up amongst the reeds on the shore, or moored beside a wooden landing-place in front of the dwelling, for the convenience of crossing the Amstel, and conveying the produce of their homesteads to Amsterdam, where twice a-week



the "Bluem" (flower) and vegetable markets are held.

Alas! if the objects of view had been limited on the other side, they were still more so on this, where the reeds and tall-growing typha closed out our sight of the river, and voices sounded in boats invisible to us, though not an oar's length from the shore.

Except the passing by of a peasant with a pair of dazzling white milk-pails, followed by an assistant vrouw, we had only the face of nature (calm as Dutch physiognomies generally are) to interest us. Countless oxen spread themselves over the wide extent of rich green pasture-land; at long intervals the thin grey turf smoke, indicative of human habitations, curled up amongst the distant tree-tops; while the aroma of new-mown hay, and "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow," came mingled with the tempered redolence of raspberry plantations, the perfume of which hung about our path almost all the way to Amsterdam. Moreover, at intervals, we heard the flute-like whistling of an orange-bill'd black-bird, and the vesper-hymn (for the clouds were growing gold-hued in the west) of a choir of skylarks fresh voiced, as if the day had only just begun, and the chirping of innumerable ciccades.

Then there was no lack of wild flowers; for here, as on the contrary shore, the gamboge-coloured *lysimaichia* put forth its clustered panicles; and close at hand, as if to contrast with its golden splendour, the stately loosestrife waved its purple plumes. Then there was *comfrey*, with its pensile blossoms, and holy thistle and pink willow herb; while midst the blue green reeds the greater bindweed, prodigal of ornament, looped up her leafy wreaths with snow-white flowers, or threw them out like streamers in the wind, or venturously running round their roots, crept to the very verge of the brown Amstel, and lay there, nymph-like, glistening her loveliness in its smooth depths.

Anon, the railway came in sight, and the ships' masts, and tall, black Moorish steeples, with windmills, houses, and the Palace dome. So crossing the river in a market-boat, we exchanged the flowery solitude of its banks for a crowded avenue in the outskirts of Amsterdam, and entered the city as the sun went down, not at all sorry that the plainings of a Dutch poet on the banks of the Rhine, for the quiet beauties of his native Amstel, had tempted us to seek them for ourselves.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 64.)

I was awakened from this stupifying repose by a knocking at my chamber-door. I rose confused, with all my senses in disorder, and admitted Millicent.

"For goodness' sake," she exclaimed, "dress yourself, Laura, and go down to St. George. Something has gone wrong. He is quite frantic, and will not leave the house till he sees you. He will not tell me what is the matter; saying, none but yourself can explain it. What can it be? You seemed all happy last night. Adelia did say something about your being ill, and leaving so early; but I thought it was a common headache. Had you any quarrel, dear, with St. George?"

I sank back, helplessly, on the bed. I had a raging headache, and my limbs ached with coming fever.

"Tell him I am really ill. I cannot see him; indeed I cannot."

Millicent went away; but immediately returned with a sealed letter.

"He insists on it you are well enough to answer this. It is mystery to me. He is quite wild—and poor Sir Harriman looks really frightened at his vehemence."

I opened the envelope. There was my own letter, and these few hurried lines:—

"I do not believe it. I do not care if it be true. You are not cold-hearted. You cannot see how I love you, and throw me off for a fancy of bygone sentimentality. Laura, you are ruining my happiness and your own, by a mere shadow of a past dream. What do I care if you loved another once; you must—you will—love me now. My whole life will be spent in trying to make you happy. These chimeras of girlish romance will fade away. I send back your letter. I will not release you from your promise. Your heart will soon be mine, wholly, I am sure! You are ill, dearest; send me but this simple message—'It was a mistake'—and I shall be satisfied.

"ST. G. E——."

I burst into tears.

"This is wretched," I cried; "O it was not a mistake. No, it is too true. Go to him, Millicent; take him this note."

I sent back these lines:—

"It was no mistake. It is exactly as I wrote to you; I cannot marry you: I dare not go to the altar with a lie upon my lips. Forget me, I pray you! You will soon do it! You will marry happily, and I shall be thankful I was spared the great sin of deceiving you in the sight of Heaven.

"LAURA STUDLEGH."

Millicent did not return for some time. She looked much disturbed. I had fallen into a



sort of doze, for I seemed incapable either of feeling or reflection.

"Well!" said Adelia, who accompanied her, "this is the oddest affair altogether I ever knew. Here I find you lying on your bed, as stupid-looking as if you had taken an over-dose of opium. And Mr. Elphinstone brushed by me, as I came in, looking a perfect tempest—exactly like that Mr. Marchmont last night. I declare, Laura, your extraordinary illnesses have always had so much to do with Mr. Marchmont's comings and goings that I half expect to find him in the drawing-room when I go down stairs."

Millicent did not share her sister's levity; but, leaning over me, asked anxiously what the cause could be of my strange behaviour, and what I had done to St. George.

"He is not a man to be played with, good sister," broke in Adelia's careless tones. "If you show him caprices too soon he will fly off at a tangent," as my Lord says; "and then what becomes of your castles in the air, Laura?"

"They are already dispersed," said I, rousing myself; for the explanation must come, and the later the worse for me: "I have broken off my engagement—Mr. Elphinstone is free."

"Are you mad, child?" cried Adelia, sharply; while Millicent said, with gravity, "O, Laura, how *very* foolish!"

"What," continued the former, with an ebullition of anger, "what can you look for in a husband that St. George has not? Birth, station, wealth—a handsome man, and really fond of you; more so than any one ever will be again, I am sure. No one likes to marry a jilt. This is too provoking!" and the prosperous matron waxed warmer in wrath. "Here are you—the plainest of the family—a portionless girl—flinging away your only chance of matrimony; and *such* a chance! And now you are on our hands for life, I suppose, unless you are too proud to be a dependant, and choose to go out as a governess."

"Hush, hush," said Millicent, reprovingly, "you are too warm; there may be some mistake here."

"Mistake? Insanity, I call it!" cried Adelia. "How can I help being warm? You know, Millicent, I would have gladly had Laura in my house, and given her every opportunity of making a good settlement in life; but really I cannot afford, with my family and Lord Fitz-Interest's sporting extravagance, to keep her for ever, year after year, refusing, for no reason on earth, to take the blessings sent her by Providence!" And Lady Fitz-Interest drew herself up, and looked very moral.

"But you have not heard Laura's reasons," urged Millicent. "She could not have done so silly a thing as break with one lover unless she had arranged with another. Speak, Laura, is it not so? Who have you dismissed St. George for?"

"That Mr. Marchmont, I suppose," sneered Adelia; "I see his name gazetted for a secretaryship at the Cape of Hope. I suppose Laura prefers Africa to Asia."

Stung by this taunt, I said, hastily, "I am not going to be married to any one. I have my own reasons with regard to the step I have taken. It is as much for St. George's happiness as mine. We should never have suited."

"And pray who would suit you, in these weathercock caprices? No one. A girl who jilts a man, without giving a sufficient cause, will never find another lover. That is *my* prophecy." And Adelia folded her hands, and evidently prepared herself for the worst.

The excitement I had undergone in this stormy discussion had effectually stirred me from my apathy, and the fever burning in my veins now rushed to my head, so that, not delirious, I was yet far more impassioned than my wont, and had nearly lost control over the expression of my feelings. This must excuse me for resenting as I did the sneers and indignation of Adelia.

"It matters little," I retorted, "whether I marry or not. I will not sell myself for either name or fortune. I think people may do very well without that weary matrimony that is beaten into a girl's head from the time she can understand a single word."

My sisters both laughed, contemptuously.

"My dear Laura," said Millicent, "proud as you are, you must succumb to the prejudices of society. You are too poor to be single; you must marry to be independent."

"I can work," I exclaimed, with haughtiness.

"Work!" echoed Adelia. "I am glad my girls are not here to listen to such rank treason. A young lady educated in your rank of life to talk of working."

"I do not choose," I cried, "to depend on the alms of my relations. The bread of dependence would choke me—given, as I see it would be, in so grudging a spirit."

"Not at all. We don't grudge having you, if you try to keep up the family dignity by a proper marriage. Now I will make you a fair proposal. Millicent and I will keep you if you will make up matters with poor dear St. George. It is very easy to turn it off as a lover's quarrel; or if he is too much offended for that, you must promise to do your best to get a match as nearly suitable, and to accept the first reasonable offer of which we approve."

"A very good proposal," said Millicent; "I will do all I can to pacify St. George. Come, Laura, we'll forget to-day's foolishness; you cannot continue these small heroics, my dear girl. Give me my message, and I'll go at once to St. George."

"It is impossible," I cried; "all is over with St. George. I would not marry him for the world; nor will I bind myself to your conditions, nor go a husband-hunting into company. Sisters, your views in life are the opposite of mine; you think of splendour—I of self-esteem. I know I am poor; be it so: I have a strong heart, and will struggle manfully—I will be dependant on no one!"

Adelia—who could not believe me in earnest—laughed till the tears sprang. Real tears were in Millicent's eyes:



"You are indeed mad, Laura. Think again—you will see we are judging wisely for you. You cannot afford to jilt St. George."

"Perish your sordid calculations!" I cried, shaking her hand roughly from my arm. "I am resolved—it is the only honourable course left—I will not stay with you on those mercenary terms."

I rose hastily, and began to dress myself. Adelia got up—looked at me fixedly:

"You will repent this, to-morrow," she remarked. "Let her have her whim to-day, Millicent. It will not be long before she comes back, to implore your good offices with St. George. Poverty is a sharp quickener of common sense."

Adelia thought herself very wise and penetrating into human character. She did not know how to read mine.

Millicent—who greatly admired her, and generally gave way to her stronger will—on this occasion lingered sadly behind her, as she swept out of the room, looking towards me with eyes in which a remnant of old sister-love shone out dimly and sorrowfully. But my heart too was hardened, and I sullenly stooped my head over a trunk, and pretended to be busy packing.

"Farewell, Laura; I cannot countenance you in this folly. When you repent it, return to me; I will do my best to repair the past, and to secure to you your proper position in society. Marriage alone can do that."

Her voice faltered; she did not say another farewell, but walked quickly away.

Doggedly I went on with my preparations. I did not pause to reflect. I huddled into my boxes the few things I could call my own. My wedding clothes were still at the dressmaker's—ill-omened that they were! When all was ready, I rang the bell, and ordered the French maid, who answered the summons, to fetch me a hackney-coach. Madame Victorine was a spoiled soubrette, and had no small authority in cabinet-councils with her mistress.

"Miladi Hauton not know, you go away vid all your boxes, Mademoiselle? Que lui dirai-je? Est ce que l'on va se marier de cette façon à Londres? Que les Anglais sont barbares!" And so on did she mutter, in vain curiosity to learn my reasons for such an unaccountable proceeding.

The coach came; was laden with everything to the very last parcel; the staring lacqueys stood sneering in the hall, venting their wonder in very audible whispers. I stepped into the carriage with some difficulty, my head swam so painfully. There was no one to bid me adieu. Sir Harriman was at his club; Adelia had carried off the gentler-hearted Millicent; and, unblest and unmourned, I departed from the family that had thrown me off in scorn.

The hackney-coachman was about to close the door after me, when the postman came up the steps of the hall, and gave a letter to one of the footmen. After he had rudely scanned the address, postmark, and seal, he carelessly handed it to the coachman. The latter gave it to me.

I saw Mrs. Marchmont's writing. It came on me like a draught of clear spring-water in fever. I did not open it, as we drove away; but indulged in a dreamy delightful reverie. Could Ernest have heard I had broken my engagements? With the knowledge I had of his high honour, I had not looked that he should reward me by love for a breach of a most solemn vow. Yet now—now, when it was done, I confess, for a moment, I was mad enough to hope that the knowledge of my freedom would bring him to my side. Wild and short-lived hope! I opened the letter, and read the following:—

"MY DEAR MISS STUDLEGH,

"Yesterday night I arrived in London. In another hour I shall be on my way to Portsmouth. This hurry must excuse me for leaving Britain without seeing you. Ernest's appointment of Secretary to the Governor of Cape Town was only notified to him a few days ago; and as he was directed to proceed in the ship 'Hibernia,' which sails to-morrow morning, we have both had little time for preparation. Ernest tells me he saw you last night, and also your betrothed. May you have every happiness, dear young friend! Your talents eminently fit you for society. It is a great comfort to me that you are placed, by this marriage, beyond the reach of poverty. I had once hoped—what Providence, wiser than I, has proved would have been happiness to neither of you—yet still, daughter of my heart, I turn back sorrowfully to think of you and those pleasant aerial dreams. It may be many years ere we return to England; but you, as the wife of a Bengal civilian, are very likely, sometime or other, to visit the Cape, and Ernest joins me in hopes that we may all meet there in after-years, and talk gaily over the old times. Meanwhile, I must say Adieu; for the post-chaise is at the door, and the day is slipping away.

"Ever, my dear young friend,

"With every hope for your happiness in wedded life,

"Your attached friend,

"C. MARCHMONT."

Gone, gone, for ever lost to me! I daresay my readers expect that I should faint now at this climax of my troubles, but it was otherwise. Extreme sorrow, in some minds, brings strength instead of weakness. While I had wavered and struggled with conscience, I had been nervous and trembling; but this was the worst, and, like death after sickness, it very certainly calmed me.

It was first necessary to secure cheap lodgings. With some difficulty this was managed. I crept away to the unfashionable neighbourhood of Russell Square, and hid myself in a narrow street in that labyrinth of crescents and squares. How strange it was to me to sit down alone in the pigeon-hole of a parlour by myself to one teacup and spoon! A little variety like this often makes a strange impression in the midst of grief. I was resolved not to give way to retrospection, for I felt I required all the strength I might ever have possessed; therefore, till a late hour, I busied myself in little arrangements, in spite of the headache and shivering fits, which continually reminded me of the morning's agitation. At last there was



nothing for me but to go to bed; and as I had truly foretold, in the silence and the darkness arose the phantoms of lost joy. How terrible, with a headache weighing on the brows like an unrepented sin on the conscience, to lie staring into the black void, and shaping out of that thick gloom the faces of the lost for ever.

It was Ernest's last night in England—it was my first under a friendless roof. I fancied I saw before me the huge ship lying on the waters, springing from the anchor which held her fast, as a mastiff tries to spring from the chain of his kennel. I saw Mrs. Marchmont sad and resigned, looking back on the country of her long and not untroubled life. And Ernest, did he feel no sorrow? Ah! had he not said he had once dreamed to make me happy in his way; and could he already have learned indifference, though I was unworthy to be loved? I thought I saw his face turned landward, as the bark bore him to the outward-bound: his deep emotion, his kindly pity; for in that hour the parted were like the dead—mere errors were sacred from scorn. And then, as imagination went on to paint the freed vessel darting forwards on the blue waters, with her white sails expanded, and her light hull bounding in the breeze, then I remembered my first sight of the sea—the ecstatic tears—the meeting with Ernest—the instantaneous and rapturous love. Alas! alas! physically and morally I was shaping phantoms out of black darkness.

Life was now stripped of the "purple light of love." The tallow candles of poverty were to be my stars, without even the snuffers of friendship to trim their flickering dim rays.

Next morning I was doomed to pay the never-failing penalty of over excitement and over fatigue.

I had a very long and dangerous illness. No one knew where I had gone, and therefore I was utterly alone. Had I been able to write, my pride would have yielded to my extreme distress; but I was delirious, and could not hold a pen or write a coherent word, or even dictate a message.

After some days, when I recovered my reason, the little shabby dusky chamber of my lodging confused and puzzled my bewildered memory.

"Where am I?" was my faint question; a young woman came to the bed, and replied—

"You are in your own room, Miss Studleggh; and my father, who is a surgeon, is attending you. I am sure he will be glad, on his return, to see the good change in your health."

"And you?" I said, half inquiringly.

"Am happy to be of any use, as I live on the same floor, and have nothing to do when papa is out."

"And how do you know my name?"

"It is in brass letters on your desk, which you left locked on the table; but as there was no address, we could not send to your friends. But indeed you must not speak any more till papa sees you."

She brought a tumbler, and made me an effervescing draught; and in compliance with her

desire I lay back in silence, and watched her as she resumed her work.

She was about sixteen, tall, and very thin, as if she had always lived on spare diet, which I afterwards learned was really the case. Her dress was very plain, but neat, and the colouring strictly that of a lady's choice. I always think the lady shows more in the hues than in the material of her dress. The head of this young girl was well set on her shoulders, not with the commanding majesty of a queen, but with the slightly bending grace of a loving and dependent woman. Her features confirmed this fancy. They were small and delicate, and flexible almost to a fault. London had made her cheeks sallow, and her lips of a dull red; but the eyes so eager, yet so shy, so sorrowful, and so joyous by turns, no fogs, no city smoke could ever affect them.

She interested me strangely with a sort of presentiment that she was to be connected with my future life.

"What is your name?" I asked abruptly.

"Not N. or M., as the Church Catechism says; only Carola Morton, at your good pleasure."

"Carola!" I repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, people call it an odd name; but to me, of course, it sounds as familiar as the wind among the chimney-pots. My mother was an Italian, and wishing to name me after her father, Carlo, she invented this feminine edition, which has the advantage of being really a name, a distinctive term, not an engine of family confusions, like a Jane or Mary, where they call all the children the same.

"But here is papa; how glad he will be to see you so much better!"

At this moment an elderly man entered, too Scotch in appearance to be handsome, but of peculiarly pleasing and gentle manners. His light hair and high cheek bones (the latter sharpened still more by age and care), his weak voice and slow accentuation did not prepossess me in his favour; but I could not long resist his expression of sincerity, his simple kindness, and refined gestures.

He found me so much improved that I might rise to tea; "but as you are still weakly, you had better keep Carola a little longer on duty; she is an experienced nurse, and actually enjoys a sick room."

"Yes," added his daughter, with a sweet engaging smile, "I am almost sorry you are getting well; you will be independent of me, and I shall be useful no longer."

My heart warmed to this innocent, generous young creature, to whom I already owed so much gratitude.

"Will you come sometimes and enliven my dulness?" I said, as her father left the room.

"I am sure we shall be good friends."

"Oh, so am I! I could love an owl if I had nursed it in a fever. I think seeing any one in great suffering raises an interest in them which we never can afterwards forget;" and she blushed as ingenuously as she had spoken.



I read at once her character, clear and firm as lake ice. We then began a friendship, which has endured through sore trials. She is now a wife and a mother, blessed above women in her home. I am a disappointed, withered spinster, with every bright hope dead, every high aspiration in the dust.

---

CHAP. V.

---

"The steps

Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,  
However wisely printed, are observed  
And construed as the lookers on presume.  
Point out thy ways, then, in such even paths  
As mine own jealousies from other's tongues  
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserved."

*The Lady's Trial.*

---

Of all the women I ever knew, Carola Morton was the most self-forgetting. Gentle she was not by nature; she had a high temper, subject to occasional outbursts of violence; but the subduing influences of a sick room, in the long decline of her mother, had led her to conquer this fault, and now the warmth of her temper had all merged itself into the warmth of her heart. She shared in common with me the peculiarities of an ardent temperament; but, unlike me, she was a plant that required a stronger stem to cling to. She had a passionate love and admiration for genius, but she was diffident of her own opinion, and certain to be swayed by her affections. She was one of those who see through the eyes of love. Her abilities were far above mediocrity, but they were uncultivated and unknown to herself; her story was brief and uneventful. Her mother, an Italian Catholic, had always been delicate; and the young girl's childhood was spent in the offices of nurse. The poor lady died when Carola was about thirteen, and her death induced Mr. Morton to leave Italy, where he had for her sake dwelt, and to resort to London to pursue his profession and his studies. He was an enthusiast, and therefore a poor man. Many years before I became acquainted with him his mind had conceived an idea with respect to some little-understood disease, which he hoped by study to mature to perfection, that should benefit mankind. I do not think he cared much for *fame* in the abstract. The love of his kind reigned in his large and gentle heart. From the commencement of his career his whole joy had been in doing good. His abilities were acknowledged; but, being without interest, the utmost he procured by them was an appointment to one of the large hospitals. This fully occupied his time, though its influence was not so apparent on his purse. The rest of his practice was either among the poor, or on the footing of a general practitioner; and it takes more five shilling visits than ever fell to his lot to give a man the income of a gentleman.

Yet unlike those whose private disappoint-

ments are a key to their abuse of the institutions of society, Mr. Morton never grumbled at the titled Charlatans who monopolized the task of healing around him; he kept his love for and faith in human nature, though it had failed to recognize his right to its praise. He brought up his only child to be simple, self-denying, and satisfied without luxury; and he had his reward in her cheerful gaiety, which never dreamed of the splendours beyond her reach.

Having thus described my new acquaintances, I need not add that we rapidly became intimate friends. Carola's heart was almost vacant; she had nothing to love but the memory of her mother, her father, and a good old Signor Suspini, a cousin by the maternal side, who had incurred the anger of his government many years previous, and had fled to England, where he lived poor and merry, with a violin, and a statuette by Canova, for the whole of his worldly possessions.

Long and weary had been the days to Carola Morton in that little plain lodging, the sole prospect from whose window was of a print-shop opposite, where the change of one old engraving for another in the window, or the appearance at the open door of some newly-arrived grim, frameless portrait, covered with dirt, and hideously smiling at beholders, caused quite a sensation in the little dull street. Mr. Morton was generally out all day, and at night too often shut up in his own room, making chemical experiments affecting his embryo discovery.

Carola had no books of her own, and no money to buy any. Her piano was a great resource, so was her needle; but one tires of working alone, and the singer cannot help often sighing for a hearer. Therefore, in spite of her liveliness and aptitude to enjoy, Carola wished continually for a friend.

I seemed to her exactly what she had wanted, and I should have been very cold and selfish could I have resisted the winning cordiality with which she sought my friendship.

As soon as I had recovered, I resolved to go to see my family. It was my duty to preserve the relationship, unreasonable as my sisters had shown themselves. Besides, I was not wholly without blame; I had been, to all appearance, capricious and ungrateful in trifling with Mr. Elphinstone's feelings—none knew how I had striven to amend my first great error, *that* was overlooked, and what seemed my fault was in reality but the working of penitence. But I could not expect others to judge me as I judged myself, and I owed to my sisters an attempt at reconciliation.

Still it was a disagreeable undertaking. I was too weak to walk the intermediate distance between my lodging in Mary Street, New Road, and Millicent's house in Grosvenor-place. I took a coach part of the way, but dismissed it before I reached my sister's. It is a silly shyness, but I have all my life dreaded encountering the insolent menials of the great, or at least imitative great ones of this ostentatious country. I felt far more nervous that day at the idea of being



admitted by the supercilious Johnson, who condescended to display his powdered head to my sister's visitors, than at meeting that sister herself.

But the weariest walk has a bourne, and I found myself at the entrance of the aristocratic mansion. To my surprise the shutters were all shut, and the blinds taken down. The family had then left London. My first thought was of joy to be spared the unwelcome interview—my second of disappointment, for there were many things requisite to an arrangement of my affairs which I could only learn from Millicent or Adelicia. I therefore rang the bell boldly, desirous to ascertain from the woman or man, or whoever it might be left in charge of the mansion, whether Lady Fitzinterest's family had likewise deserted their town residence. There were heavy steps soon heard within, a mighty clanking of chains and sawing of bolts, apparently intended to strike terror into the heart of the intruder; and after some loud *hems* of defiance the door opened gradually, till half the person was visible of a little grey woman, with quick black eyes, curl-papers of nearly the same hue sticking out of a wide-frilled cotton cap, and a mouth drawn into an extraordinary grimace, which was intended to represent dauntless courage.

"You need not come here begging," said she sharply, looking in all directions but the one in which I stood. "I know your tricks; you want to spy where you can get in at night to rob, but I've always a policeman at tea—I'm not a lone woman, mind you."

"Molly Sanders!" exclaimed I, laughing. The little old lady shook from head to foot. "Lor bless us! if the thieves have not got hold of my name; what if the policeman's a thief in disguise. Oh lor! who'd keep a great house by themselves; they'll rob and murder me, and cut me into little bits, and drop 'em separately into all the areas! I won't stay here—I'll write to-night to my lady—I shall die of terror! Goodness gracious! why if it ain't Miss Laury."

"Of course it is Miss Laury," said I, pushing the door gently back, and entering the hall; "and so Lady Hauton has gone to the country."

"Mercy me! she went a week ago. Such a rumpus as they kicked up about you, Miss Laury, I never see'd. When my lady came back from her drive, and found you off, she went into hystries, as the doctor called them; and in the middle of them down comes Mr. Elphinstone, raving like mad, when the men told him you had drove away, nobody knew where. I thought he'd have beaten Johnson because he had not heard you tell the coachman where to go; and then Miss Celia, she came to ask all sorts of questions; and lor! how she did cry her pretty eyes out about you."

My own eyes filled at this proof that I was not utterly indifferent to my beloved Celia.

"But when my lady came to herself, she sent for Lady Fitzinterest, and them two was closeted for an hour; and when they came out, Lady

Hauton gives orders at once to leave London; and I heard say in the footman's pantry that t'other lady's gone too, and Miss Celia and all of them; and Johnson told me the day they went that Mr. Elphinstone came quietly, and gave him two sovereigns, saying he was sorry for having been cross, and that he was going to Hittley immediately. So that's my story—and bad enough, for the upshot of all is that Mrs. Turner, the 'ousekeeper, left me sole and totally in charge, as she said; and feared enough I am by myself, though all the plate's took away to the Bank, and the policeman teas here regularly to keep off thieves; but he's but a little skip-jack of a man, and if I were a thief myself, I could easily knock him down. So really, Miss Laura, if you'll be writing to Lady Hauton, please, Miss, make my duty to her ladyship, and I don't like being here alone, not by no means."

The cool familiarity of this request recalled me to the reflection that I was gossiping with a servant—a piece of undignified folly very unusual with a daughter of Lady Arabella Studlegh. I hastily moved to the door, advised Molly Sanders to prefer her own petition for release in her own writing, and with a trifling donation—for my poverty did not permit me to lavish gratuities—I returned to my own lonely lodging.

When the mind has been wound up to undergo a *scene*, the non-arrival of the contemplated trial is often as fatiguing as the having borne the extremest agitation. I had rehearsed all I had to say to my sisters; and because it was left unsaid, I felt disappointed and worn out. My little room seemed darker and dingier than before. I laid my head on the table, and for the first time since my recovery indulged freely in tears.

While I was thus foolishly yielding to distress, Carola, who had heard me return, rapped gently at my door. I did not hear her, nor answer to the signal. She naturally enough entered; but seeing me weeping, her sweet sunny face overclouded at once, and she made a quick motion to withdraw.

"Nay, do not go away," exclaimed I; "you shall not see me continue to play the fool;" and I smoothed my hair from my face, and tried to smile.

"Ah, that looks sadder still, dear Miss Studlegh," cried my visitor: "do not try to force merriment. We must all weep sometimes, though I am sure since you came I have not felt half so often inclined to tears as of old."

"It is a comfort I am of some use somewhere," I rejoined. "Indeed, sweet Carola, you are the best friend hard fortune has left me, and the little gratitude I can show you is by telling you my short, luckless story."

"Oh, thank you for your confidence," cried Carola, with beaming eyes, catching my hand warmly to her bosom. "Sorrow shared is more than half soothed."

"It is, indeed," I said, as I briefly recounted the events of my life; but I did not mention



Ernest, or indeed any one by name : of Ernest's very existence I gave no hint—that was a secret for my own sad breast. Carola listened and wept with me ; she entered into all my troubles, my lonely childhood, unsympathising relatives, my hasty engagement, and bitter repentance, the struggle in my own heart, and the conditions offered by my sister, and my final resolve to work for my daily bread. In all she felt for me, and applauded my conduct in few, but strong words. My heart was relieved by this outpouring. Weeping on the bosom of that young ardent girl, to whom every effort of duty came like a home name, was very different from the feigned constraint under which I had so long struggled. Carola was too young and inexperienced to give me good advice ; but the very confidence in her kindness gave me confidence in my own strength. Sympathy strengthens as much as it softens. After speaking freely to her, I could look boldly in the face of events, and sat down with tolerable composure to frame a letter to Millicent. I tried to write calmly, yet I expressed myself decidedly on my resolutions against marriage, and in favour of independence, however laborious. At the same time I urged her anxiously to overlook the irreconcilable differences of opinion between us, and to uphold me in my difficult career with sisterly affection and encouragement.

The days lagged insupportably till the answer came : Adelicia was the writer. My heart sank when I saw her handwriting. It began—

“You know poor Millicent's weak affection for you too well, or you would not have addressed to her such a tissue of romantic absurdities. As the eldest of the family, I feel myself compelled by duty to take the management of this most unpleasant business. The difficulty of a nameless girl like you obtaining admission into the higher walks of literature, is notoriously evident ; and I am sure that neither of our dead parents would have allowed you to sully your family by sinking into a hackney scribbler for the press. It would be fatal to Celia's prospects to have her sister known as a *Times* reporter, or penny-a-liner to the *Sunday Observer*, or some such plebeian trade. In justice to her we must insist on your abandoning your chimeras, and acting rationally. The terms I offered you that last day at Millicent's house were what no sensible girl would have refused. On those terms only can you be received again among us : reject them, and we hold you no longer as a sister. I know our mother would approve of my present principle of action, and both Sir Harriman and Lord Fitzinterest concur in my views. Your brothers are indignant at the want of self-respect you show, in proposing at your age to live alone, and work like a hired drudge ; when you might, by a little address, perfectly excusable if not very agreeable to yourself, obtain as good a match as any of us have done. Besides, as the mother of growing girls, I could not conscientiously bring them into contact with a young lady so alarmingly indifferent to the opinion of the world as you have lately shown yourself to be. If, then, you still obstinately decline our overtures, the only notice taken of your letter will be a communication from the solicitor, who will pay you the remnant of your property in the name of the firm. In hopes that

your decision may be as honourable to yourself as pleasing to us, I am, your sister

“ADELICIA FITZINTEREST.”

This letter puzzled me not a little. It was Adelicia's hand, and had a good deal of Adelicia's petulance ; but the parade of moral rectitude, and attempt at severe and dispassionate reasoning, was something above my volatile and careless sister. She had had assistance in composing it ; that was clear, and very probably from the solicitor to whom I was referred. I wept much over this last cold farewell from my own family. I was indeed thrown upon strangers ; yet even at that bitterest time of trial, when everything loomed darkly on my path, not for a moment did I repent of what I had done. Difficult and painful it had been, but it had brought its reward in peace of mind. My first error was atoned for, and I felt again the exquisite contentment of treading life's path in perfect singleness of mind. I would not have undone the events of the last month not even to have been Ernest's bride. With regard to him also I felt happier. I had acted in a way that he would have approved, if cognizant of the circumstances ; and though that might never happen, though we might never, never meet again to explain the past, yet the consciousness that I now deserved his esteem was inexpressibly cheering and encouraging : moreover, I was still very young and very sanguine, and I did not despair then of seeing Ernest under brighter auspices, and of perhaps earning in after-life a reward for the trials of my youth. In the meantime two things were to be attempted—fame and daily bread ; both then seemed to me equally important. I wrote the final negative to Adelicia, and in return received the promised lawyer's letter. By the time I had paid the luckless bill for wedding-dresses at Madame Tarlatane's, my patrimony had diminished to four hundred pounds—a hundred pounds for dresses which I could not wear. It was very provoking. The same evening of the payment of this enormous bill, I was sitting in Carola's parlour, working. My young friend was reading aloud one of Wordsworth's poems : it was a great delight to her that I had brought so many delicious books with me, and that I freely gave her the use of them. I had always, as a child, laid out my pocket-money in books, and had now accumulated a very respectable library, more choice in selection than splendid in binding. I never care about the binding of a book. I like to have a book that nothing can spoil in the way of hard usage ; such, for instance, as I by forgetfulness inflicted long ago on “*The Miseries of Human Life*,” which I left in a damp wood for two rainy days, and found it after a long search imbedded in dead leaves, with a back as peeled as if it had been a soldier returning from the halberds. My books were therefore fitted to my fortunes—rough and strong—and therefore did not require that odious disguise of brown paper, in which costly calf gilt and morocco are so frequently masked, like beauty in a brown Holland domino, or a prince in a smock-frock,



But I forget, I am growing old and egotistical, while I dilate on my favourite, homely-dressed friends, which have accompanied me through so many years of trial and disappointment.

Carola had just finished reading the beautiful lines on woman, the oft-quoted verse—

"A dancing shape, an image gay,"

when her father came in with an open note in his hand.

"Have you any fancy, Cara, to enact the 'dancing shape' to-morrow evening? for here is an opportunity; a card for 'an almost impromptu dance,' as the lady said to-day in giving it to me."

"Mrs. Hampton Teddington, Fitzroy-square," read Cara, with raised colour and happy eyes. "Ah, I do like a dance, dear Papa; and though I shall neither haunt nor waylay partners, still I shall enjoy an evening's gaiety very much."

"I hope you will be more than 'a moment's ornament,'" said I; "vanity of woman never was satisfied with such an infinitesimal allowance of display."

"My vanity," exclaimed Carola, "has little to do with the matter, I think, now-a-days: it is the dress more than the lady that is admired; and my pretensions in that way are very small."

"A modest way of praising your pretensions in the other way of good looks," said her father, smiling.

"Ah, no, Papa; I am not so conceited as to think I can entirely dispense with the milliner's aid; so I cannot but long for a new gown. My old muslin is really like the dress on one of Madame Tussaud's wax ladies after a season's exhibition; but, being all I have, it must e'en do."

"My dear child," said her father, in a tone of chagrin, "if your dress is not good enough, always come to me for money; I will give you five pounds to-morrow; more I have not at present to give; but I daresay you can get a pretty silk for that."

"My dear father, cried Carola, flinging her arms round his neck with impetuous affection; "you shall never say that Carola spends your little savings on her own selfish vanity. I was only in jest, Papa; my muslin will do very nicely. I am ashamed my levity should have made you think me discontented with my regular allowance. Pray forget it, Padre Mio."

Mr. Morton rubbed his eyes: they were suspiciously moist. "Well, Cara," he at length said, "if you do not actually require the money, so much the better; for I am rather hard pressed. And so ended the subject."

However, after Mr. Morton's departure next morning, I perceived Cara very busy furbishing up a somewhat faded pink muslin. She appealed eagerly to me, "Don't you think now, that when properly ironed out, with the ribbons a little altered, it will look very tolerable by candle-light? It won't look faded then?"

I gave a very insincere assent, for it was certainly not a suitable dress for my pretty young friend. I then went out as before arranged to a

person to whom I had been recommended as a buyer of ladies' cast-off wardrobes. To her, after much chaffering and haggling—an operation that fairly disgusted me—I at length disposed of all my wedding *trousseau*, save one evening dress, and got about fifty pounds for what had cost me ninety, and had never been worn. I then ordered the remaining dress to be sent to my lodging, and returned home.

The people were not dilatory in dispatching it, and while I was still listening to Cara's eloquent defence of her ancient robe, in came the oil-cloth covered basket.

Carola's eyes dilated with wonder; but how they flashed joyful surprise when I unfolded the rich silk and presented it to her.

"Though you are taller and slighter than I am, a few of your skilful stitches will make this a perfect fit, ma mie; and who then will be the belle of the evening?"

The young girl's lustrous glances wandered over the rose-coloured stripes of the white silk, which lay before her so dazzlingly, but returned to me with an expression of painful constraint which I perfectly understood.

"You do not like to accept this expensive dress from me, Carola, because you know I am poor."

She seemed relieved by my candour.

"Yes," drawing a long breath; "yes, but I did not exactly like to say so. You have so much to do with your money as well as myself—I think so rich a dress ought to have been purchased by neither of us."

"Nor would I have bought it in my present circumstances; but it is a relic of the station from which I have descended: it was ordered for the bride of St. George Elphinstone, and will, I hope, grace the worthier bride of some as worthy man. I was obliged to pay for it, and therefore rejoice that it can be of some use after all, though I should never require that style of dress again. But come, let us try it on. Look, here is the wreath belonging to it—China rosebuds and jessamine."

Nothing ever looked prettier than Carola Morton in that tasteful garb. In spite of her generous, unselfish content with her plain dress, she shared largely in the feminine love of costly finery; and her rapture was unbounded in the first really handsome dress she had ever possessed. Her father came in while she was still dancing before the smoked round mirror on the mantel-piece; he was as happy as herself in her elegance, and his eyes followed every movement of her young lithe figure with all a parent's proud admiration.

I had never spent money more gratifyingly to myself, and enjoyed all Carola's dances by sympathy.

She often received invitations to evening parties from her father's patients, who greatly admired her; and my pleasure was, always the next morning, to hear the merry descriptions of the last night's entertainments. Not a few of my materials for composition were gathered from Carola's lively portraits, though frequently



she gave me only avowed caricatures. She had, unconsciously, a talent for observation, and a quick perception of the outlines of character, which made her not only an amusing but an instructive companion; and indeed she suited me entirely in friendship. She had such a boundless admiration for those she loved, and could not imagine them to be wrong. This peculiarity, superabundance of faith in the beloved, was a perilous gift for a young creature likely to have so much storm in her future career; it often made me tremble for her, but it certainly made me love her more devotedly. It made the risk of wretchedness more imminent in respect of her marriage, but it also made her more what man loves to dream of in woman-kind. This was the dissonance between us, which in fact made harmony. Had we been equally prone to trust, or equally self-relying and independent-minded, we should not have been the friends we were. Our opposites fitted us into each other, as in joining two tablets of wood, where there is a cavity on the one side there must be a projection on the other, and such an union is firmer ten thousand times than when two planed flat surfaces are laid closely on each other.

To Carola therefore I read a selection from my papers, and was guided by her naturally fine taste in marking those most worthy of being published.

But now in truth began my troubles. Shall I enumerate my fruitless attempts with different publishers for at least a reading of my poems? Almost everywhere I was told that poetry was a drug in the market; that nobody bought new poetry except stamped with the royal names of the kings of modern verse—Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, &c.

I returned home spiritless and disappointed, and even Carola's caresses could not revive my dejection. Next day, on receiving a similar repulse, I asked almost petulantly what then would best "go down" with the enlightened public.

"Not such poems as these," answered the man of patronage, with a condescending smile. "Only serious disquisitions on the arts and sciences, pungent criticism on politics, flagellating reviews of new works, or eccentric outbursts of egotism, like Christopher North's in *Blackwood*; or, what are even more popular, the wild witty ravings of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"A wide field!" answered I, "but as accessible to me as if I were a husbandman sent to plough the watery waste. Well, prose is the bread-giver, so I must for the present lay aside poesy, the glory-giver."

That evening, for the first time, I sat down to write an essay. Like all spontaneous poets, I found the greatest difficulty in stringing my thoughts coherently and without inelegance in the unaccustomed pages of prose. I felt what L. E. L. describes with elegance in the preface to her first novel—the favourite words that, like Monsieur Tonson in the play, would recur

at every sentence; the lame conclusions; the abrupt transitions; the prosy inanities. Heartily dissatisfied I was with my performance. Even Carola said "it read as if written without ease;" and the finale of my exertions was to consume the essay in the flames. Next morning I was up betimes, with fresh zeal. Thinking over my efforts as I dressed myself (a practice I recommend to all authors, and one I took from the example of Sir Walter Scott), I perceived where I had failed and why; the ideas which had fled, scared by the array of blank pages, returned thick and brilliant on my mind in that dreamy reverie, and by the time I had fairly finished dressing I was ready to begin writing. I had chosen a practical subject which I understood; and I carried it, when completed, to the publisher before-mentioned. He was connected with an influential magazine.

"Very fair, for a beginning," was his verdict. "I will send this to the editors, and have no doubt it will be accepted. And if you really intend to make writing your profession, I advise you to apply yourself to reviewing the new works. Ladies make capital critics of novels; and you will find it more profitable than writing poetry no one cares now-a-days to read."

With this unflattering hit at my poor verses, I went back to tell Carola how I had sped. She, foolish innocent, was far more elated than myself at this *premier pas* having been gained.

"It is everything, dear Laura. Once admitted into the brotherhood of the craft, you will soon get a right footing, and your poems will be read as well as printed."

I shook my head dubiously; but the sanguine girl ran on:—

"How little I thought a month ago I was to have an *author* for my friend. When I was a little girl, I used to fancy that genius had a divine presence of its own—the light of the star within shining through the feature-clouds; and I remember crying once because after mamma had read me some of Milton's poetry, she told me he was one of those who, by violent language, and misabused scripture-arguments, hurried King Charles to a bloody end. I never even now can fancy a great man who is not good. Byron's senseless sensuality and mocking malevolence are too evident in his writings. Even from the little I have read of his works, I see that he has not a true poet-heart. There is a want of the genial hope—the serenity of a peaceful conscience, which genius striving to benefit mankind ought by right to possess. Look at my father. The end of all his toils is unselfish, it is the good of others; but the nobleness of the aim reacts upon himself. He is not always feverishly fretting, as Byron did, about the opinions held of him by the herd; he loves that common herd, and knows that by bestowing on them the fruits of his labours he will lay them under an everlasting obligation; and this thought is all sufficing to a noble mind—a worthy heir of immortality."

Carola's pale face had kindled into lovely bloom; her expanded eyes blazed with a glorious



radiance. She adored her father, and exulted in his high aims and unselfish toils.

With such a generous enthusiast to spur the flagging energy, I wrote, as advised, various experimental reviews on popular romances. Contemptible as was the field, it was an honest way of obtaining subsistence, and it *might* hereafter pave the way to real advance in higher themes.

A few days subsequently I had the honour of a communication from the editor of the magazine to whom my essay had been sent. He said that through the inaccuracies and haste of a first composition he perceived evidence of sufficient talent to authorize his offering me the post of reviewer of novels and poetry to the periodical over which he presided.

I duly expressed gratitude, and accepted his offer. It was very little, in a pecuniary point of view, for the magnate was too politic to spoil a new drudge by overpaying her; and the remuneration was "barely decent," as Carola said, on hearing my amount of *wages*. I did not long remain in office. I found I was expected to be the mouthpiece of all the petty jealousies and time-serving flatteries appertaining to the clique at the head of affairs. They had their pet poets and their favourite aversions, and I was to pitch my review to the key-note of their humours. This was completely out of my line. Had I refused a comfortable home for conscience' sake, and was I now to lie daily for a mere *penny fee*? The advantage of a great effort of integrity in early life is this, that by it you establish with your own self-esteem a reputation which you dread ever after to sully by the slightest dereliction from honour. So strangely formed are we, that often, where principle fails, self-respect succeeds in restraining us from wrong.

My first sin against authority was praising heartily and unaffectedly a rising author, who belonged to a different set from my patrons. For this I was sternly admonished. "It was an unpardonable blunder."

"Not a blunder, indeed," I interrupted; "it was my candid opinion."

"It is a blunder, Madam," angrily replied the Editor, "to give a candid opinion on certain occasions. The interests of this periodical must be consulted."

Here the sub-editor made a diversion in my favour.

"After all, the mischief is not so great. It may be taken as an outburst of generosity, which *our* magazine can well afford to indulge."

"Pardon me," said I, "it was not generosity; it is simple justice to a deserving poet."

"Poet—nonsense!" exclaimed the head; "I tell you that Algernon Prateapace said distinctly

he was no poet. Quite discouraged by all his set, Lady Bas Bleu would not allow the poems to be read at her conversazione; and I believe Prateapace means to cut him up in a satire to be called the *Snoriad*. So you see, Miss Studleggh, we cannot mix up our name with these unknown scribblers. You must have more discrimination if you mean to continue in the magazine."

Prateapace was a fop of a drawingroom-versifier, of good family, personable appearance, and unbounded impudence. His vanity was egregious; but he had cunning enough to prevent it from disgusting his patronesses—for his encouragement came chiefly from the female sex.

He had entered the church, but much preferred dangling in the drawing-rooms of the London ladies to toiling in the obscure walks of a country parish. He had one talent in perfection, that of finding out people's weak points. Having once discovered this, he applied the battering-ram of his flattery with might and main, and generally took the citadel by storm. He wrote sugary sonnets and frothy satires, and romances in octo-syllabic metre, the very mimic of Scott's style. Indeed, at that time he had prevailed on many to believe him the true Great Unknown, on the strength of his having been a year in Scotland—a fact which he garnished with many marvellous adventures and picturesque journeys, though in his own mind he knew that he had never once stirred half a mile from his top "*land*" in the Canongate. He had, however, been successful; for success in this life is not measured by merit. He had puffed the would-be Sappho, Lady Bas Bleu, into an overweening conceit of herself, and a strong admiration for him; and as she was then forty-seven, with a good jointure from the deceased Sir Benjamin, Prateapace was in prospect of a comfortable seat in her luxurious household; and by dint of her influence in the coteries, had already achieved some reputation, such as it was—well worthy of himself and his gilt-edged, empty volumes.

Very shortly after my interview with my offended master (as he evidently thought himself), the Editor sent me a volume of Prateapace's last published works, signifying broadly that I was to expend on them the utmost amount of adulation which my pen could command.

I felt very indignant, and wrote a stinging but just satire of the worthless trash, so impudently put forth for poetry; this I despatched with a decided note that such were my truthful sentiments on the subject, and that I would not bind myself to falsehood for any salary. In reply I received my MS., with a haughty note from the Editor that "he begged to decline the honour of any further contributions from Miss Studleggh."

(To be continued.)



## THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then  
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."

LOWELL.

I hear December's biting blast,  
I see the slippery hail-drops fall—  
That shot which frost-sprites laughing cast  
In some great Arctic arsenal;  
I lean my cheek against the pane,  
But start away, it is so chill,  
And almost pity tree and plain  
For bearing Winter's load of ill.

The sombre sky hangs dark and low,  
It looks a couch where mists are born—  
A throne whence they in clusters flow  
Or by the tempest's wrath are torn.  
I turn me to the chamber's Heart,  
Low pulsing like a vague desire,  
And strike an ebon block apart,  
Till up there springs a Tongue of Fire!

It hath a jovial roaring tone,  
Like one rebuking half in jest—  
Yet ah, I wish there could be shown  
The wisdom that it hath exprest—  
Or sinking to a lambent glow,  
Its arched and silent cavern seems  
A magic glass whereon to show,  
And shape anew, our broken dreams!

I vow the Fiery Tongue hath caught  
Quaint echoes of the passing time;  
Thus laughs it at my idle thought,  
My longing for a fairer clime:  
"So—so you'd like some southern shore,  
To gather flowers the winter through,  
As if there were on earth no more  
For busy human hands to do!

"You'd like to doze in myrtle bowers,  
And taste the *far niente* cup,  
And, droused by odour of the flowers,  
Your soul to scarcely waken up!  
Or if aroused by random shaft  
To miss your Northman's priceless pearl,  
And know it melted in that draught  
You had not strength away to hurl!

"Oh, keep your pearl—your Saxon Heart  
And all the jewels round it hung:  
Ye English, do your noble part  
And teach it with unfettered tongue:  
Hold out Your Freedom for a light;  
Let darkened Europe not despair,  
Though like a raft-tossed crew at night,  
Strange perils now the Nations share!

"And guard your Own!—In this, oh mark  
High duty and the world's far fate;  
Thou art poor deluged Europe's Ark,  
Her fortunes on Thy Safety wait;  
And—couching lion at her feet,—  
In all her matron graces drest  
Let free Britannia smiling greet  
Her radiant Daughter of the West!

"The broad Atlantic flows between,  
But love can bridge the ends of earth;  
Of all the lands my race have seen  
These two the rest are more than worth;  
Not for their skies, or fruits, or gold,  
But for their sturdy growth of Man,  
Who walks erect, and will not hold  
His life beneath a tyrant's ban.

"Yet do not curl your lips with scorn  
That others are not great as ye;  
Your fathers fought ere ye were born  
And died that thus it now should be!  
I tell ye spirits walk unseen,  
Excepting by the soul's strong sight;  
Hampden and Washington I ween  
Are leaders yet in Freedom's fight!

"And shadowy hosts I need not name  
Are Legions in the cause to-day,  
From dungeon's rack, and martyrs' flame,  
Their spirits mingle in the fray;  
See how their sorrowing eyes look down  
On every craven's drooping head:  
Oh, be your loftier nature shown  
If but in homage to your Dead!

"Think how they bore the knife, the cord,  
The scaffold's hideous triumph car;  
The sharpest sword of cruel word,  
Before you were what now you are!  
So neither nourish idle pride,  
Nor sigh for sweets the south has blent;  
I vow I could such weakness chide  
If my hot breath were not so spent."

It ceased; but oh, It's words of fire  
Had dropped upon my Northman's heart,  
Rebuked a moment's vain desire,  
And slain it like a hunter's dart;  
Oh, welcome now the slippery hail,  
And welcome winter's biting blast,  
Ye braced our sires; they still prevail  
Who triumphed through the stormy past.

And as beside the ruddy blaze  
We muse or talk of mighty things,  
In clarion tone one little phrase  
Still through the heart's deep echoes rings—  
"Our Hearths—our Homes—beyond compare!"  
Those charmed circles whence there rise  
The stedfast souls that do and dare,  
And shape a Nation's destinies!

There, pile the faggots high—aslant—  
And let them crackle out their hymn—  
There is no logic—that I grant—  
In wilful words of woman's whim:  
And yet I feel the links that glide  
'Twixt English Hearths and Liberty,  
And track how We—our truest pride—  
First sheltered Her Divinity!



## GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

## No. II.

That the legends of all nations—the German especially—are occasionally suggestive of the ludicrous, is unquestionable. The bathos of grandiloquence is sometimes substituted for the sublime of terror; and not unfrequently are the two combined so as to produce associations the most incongruous. At other times the simply burlesque features will predominate, and invention plays a sort of will-o'-the-wisp game over the morass of a disordered fancy. Then, physical laws and good morals are alike set at defiance: minutest pigmies do the work of the most stalwart giants; the most delicate princesses turn arrant scolds; armies are raised by the simple dislocation of a knobbed walking-stick; the twang of the self-same fiddle annihilates and restores to life; in short, a heterogeneous mass of materials are huddled together, till the issue of the story attains to the climax of the marvelously absurd.

What has more particularly struck us in the greater portion of the last-named class, is the unprecedented advantage possessed by younger sons. Let the rest of the male part of the family be what they may, the youngest of three sons appears to be ever the favoured youth—the darling of fiction. The first-born of the house may go forth upon his travels; but his fate is hopeless from the beginning. As you read, you wish him joy; but your hopes for his career will inevitably be disappointed. It would seem that he is doomed to ill-luck from his very birth. He departs, with every possible advantage on his side; yet if you follow his steps but a few paces onward, you will be led to the conclusion that his fortunes—or rather his *mis*-fortunes—are in some inscrutable way essential to the well-being of that same hopeful younger brother: that he has, in short, no particular business in the narrative unless it be to pave the way for the infallible third comer.

His journey ended, his fortunes hopelessly and irretrievably wrecked, the second brother next sets out. But from him, too, the benighted stars hide their heads. Pursue the fortunes of this equally fated second brother a little way, and you may perceive, perhaps, a shadow of difference as to the manner in which he comes to his untimely end; but come to it he must and does. As before, the same incomprehensible obstacles rise up one after another, and are again combatted—in vain. His efforts to avenge his predecessor are futile. Fate is triumphant; and he, too, succumbs.

And now, at last, his two forerunners in the chase of life despatched out of his path, the way

is cleared for young hopeful. Let us take as an example "The lovely Princess in the garden."

"A poor widow had three sons; and, having scarcely any means of subsistence, she became so distressed that she thought her heart would break for very sorrow. She sat down and wept bitterly; and, when her three sons beheld this, they were grieved, and the eldest said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake, mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world!' Thereupon his mother gave him a cake, and mended his hose, and he departed. When he had proceeded some way upon his journey, he came to a vast forest; and he dived further and further into its depths, till at last it became pitch-dark. He then climbed up into a lofty tree, whence he beheld at a distance a faint glimmer of light. Towards this he pursued his way, and continued to wander the whole night long. When morning dawned, he found himself before a splendid castle which shone as if it were built of diamonds. Seeing the gate open, he entered; and all at once perceived that he stood in the middle of a garden more beautiful than mortal eye had ever yet beheld. As he gazed around him, he saw flowers, and trees bearing apples and pears and golden nuts. Lost in wonder and delight, he continued his way unconsciously, till he reached the end of the garden. There sat a Princess of the most surpassing loveliness. At the first glance he thought it must be an angel from heaven. He doffed his cap and said, 'Save you, lovely maiden!' 'Many thanks,' said the Princess; 'but tell me now truly, what is it that pleases you best in all my garden?' He answered, 'Ah! lovely lady, the bright flowers delight me most.' 'Ha! thou stupid lout,' said the Princess, 'dost thou know of nothing fairer? Then away with thee to the cellar!' And with that she seized him by the collar, and thrust him into the cellar."

Furnished with a cake, and sent forth, or rather led by a remorseless fate—his stockings well darned—the eldest son begins his career by climbing a tree. From this one would suppose that, although the eldest son, he has scarcely yet outgrown his juvenile propensities. Arrived in front of the castle, the spirit of mischief leads him to pass through the open gateway; and on finding himself within those mysterious garden-bounds, he is evidently attracted, schoolboy-like, by the apples, the pears, and the golden nuts. Well instructed, however, by his very amiable and industrious mother, in the laws which pertain to well-regulated society, he makes no surreptitious attempt to possess himself of the inviting banquet spread out upon the tree-tops. Persevering, too, in his nature, he unhesitatingly goes on to the very end of the garden. There, meeting the Princess, in whom—poor youth!—he fails to see the intended of his more fortunate



younger brother, and dazzled by her attractions, he likens her to an "angel from heaven." But mark his after error. The dominion of beauty is here all in all. More exacting than Cunigunda, she demands that her features shall please him more than all those ripe melting fruits, or even the lovely flowers; and because he refuses to like her better than a "winking Mary-bud," calls him a stupid lout. "Know you of nothing more tempting?" she cries; "then away with you to the cellar!" expediting his movements by a sort of female lynch-law, furthered in its operation by the application of her hand to his collar.

"As the eldest son failed to return, the second son said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake; mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world.' So his mother gave him a cake, mended his hose, and he departed. He journeyed on, till he came to the same vast forest, and at last to the castle. He also entered and wandered round the garden, till at last he reached the bower, where sat the charming Princess. 'Save you, fair lady,' said he. 'Many thanks,' said the Princess: 'but tell me now truly, what is it that pleases you best in all my garden?' Thereupon he answered, 'Ah! lovely lady, the things which please me best are the ruddy apples, the yellow pears, and the golden nuts.' 'Ha! thou stupid lout!' returned the Princess, 'dost thou know of nothing more charming? Then away with thee to the cellar!' And she took him by the collar, and thrust him into the cellar."

So far from entertaining any misgivings as to the fate of the first, the second brother is seen setting out as if nothing had happened, in the happy consciousness of a probable fortune to be had for the seeking. He too, poor boy, gets a cake like the first. This cake, by the way, as also that of the first brother, we must suppose to have been eaten in the forest, which will account—setting morality aside—for the fruit not being touched! This second brother goes not only along, but *round* the garden. The result, however, is the same: whatever difference there may be in the means, the inevitable end is there. Yonder sits the inexorable Princess in her bower. Little dreaming of the cellar, or of the old companion he is to find awaiting him in its hungry depths, he bravely and openly declares his preference for the "ruddy apples, the yellow pears, and the golden nuts." He, too, falls a victim to his want of taste; and, in spite of his innocence and tender youth, is thrust incontinently into the cellar!

"Now, as the second son did not return, the youngest son said to his mother, 'Mother, give me a cake, mend me my hose, and I will go out into the world.' Thereupon his mother gave him a cake, mended his hose, and he departed. He journeyed on and on, till he came at last in the same manner to the forest and to the brilliant castle. He marvelled greatly at the abundance of the various lovely flowers and inviting fruits; and he was seized with a sudden desire to taste the latter; but he repressed the inclination, and continued his way till in the distance he caught a glimpse of the Princess. 'Never,' said he to himself, 'never, in all my life,

have I beheld so enchanting a maiden;' and he lifted his cap, approached her more nearly, and greeted her respectfully. 'Save you, loveliest lady,' 'Many thanks,' answered the Princess: 'but tell me now truly, what is that in all my garden which seems most charming in your eyes?' 'Ah! it is thyself, most enchanting Princess!' replied he very quickly; 'for, near you, one sees neither flowers nor apples; in short, nothing whatever but thy beautiful self! Then the Princess fell upon his neck, and said, 'Then thou art mine, and I am thine; and thou shalt be my own dear husband!' And the Princess led him into the castle, and the next day she became his wife, and they lived contented and happy with each other."

Now was ever injustice equal to this? With an admiration equal to that displayed by the two former heroes for the delicious fruits and flowers presented to their eyes, the moral perceptions of this favoured youth were surely less acute than theirs. In a moment it occurs to him that he would like to *taste* of the fruits: still, early education is too strong to allow of so unwarrantable a depredation; and, repressing the forbidden desire, the luck-led youth pursues his way, *till*, at a distance, he catches a sight of the Princess! That he *might*, by possibility, have caught this glimpse of the owner of the garden *previous* to the magnanimous combating of his forbidden craving for the golden nuts, is an unfortunate suggestion; and we have no after-clue to enable us to exonerate him. As before—"A thousand thanks," says the Princess; "but what in this garden pleases you best?" Very *quickly*—feeling doubtless some unpleasant twittings about his collar, and oppressed by an instinctive warning of the cellar—he replies, "It is thyself, O loveliest Princess!" The issue is as unprecedented—except in legendary lore—as it is startling. Falling at once upon the neck of this no doubt long-looked-for younger brother, the Princess—presuming it Leap-year, we suppose—makes her proposal of marriage without delay. Without delay, too, the nuptials are celebrated; and the youthful couple are represented as living contented and happy together. For the sake of good morals, we are glad to find one reservation made as to the *continuance* of this happiness. When we remember that not one word is said of the incarcerated elder brothers, whose fates are left in a most uncomfortable state of "primeval darkness;" and when we consider how their probable end—by starvation or otherwise—must weigh upon the conscience of the bride, if she has any ruth in her, our misgivings are manifold. In tales of this kind, the duration of wedded felicity is generally announced as being eternal, the parties being stated to exist even up to the present time in an uninterrupted state of connubial endearment. Here, however, it is otherwise. Beyond the immediate contentment of the pair, nothing is said; and the reader is left to form his own conclusions upon the probable issue of so hasty and ill-judged an arrangement. With anything but comfortable feelings, therefore, we take our leave of the "younger brother."



## WILD FLOWERS OF MARCH.

"The sun yrisen hatho,  
 The birdes bin singen clere,  
 The larke with cheerie laye  
 Awakes the blushing morne.  
 Up, up, mie love, nor longer staye,  
 But through the verdaunt meades let 's straye;  
 Or bie the babbling brook,  
 Or 'mid the foreste danke;  
 And gather, as we go,  
 The gemmie flowers that growe,  
 Now all besprente with dewe."

OLD MS.\*

I hope that the readers of this magazine are lovers of flowers. It is in the belief that they are that I purpose presenting them with an occasional bouquet of "Wild Flowers," freshly culled from the fields and woods, from the blooming hedgerows and the flowery banks of the mountain stream.

Humble in growth, and modest in colouring, the native wild flowers of our land often seek to shun the vulgar gaze by meekly retiring beneath the overhanging woodland bough, the shady rock, or the long green grass of the meadow. Unlike the gay ornaments of the garden *parterre*, they seek not to court the eye of admiration; but on that account they are all the more worthy of our regard, and the enjoyment of them is reserved for those genuine lovers of nature, who obtain their delight from the contemplation of her humblest objects in their quiet haunts of seclusion. But all of the native flowers are not of this character; on the contrary, some of them present a conspicuous appearance in the landscape. As the gorgeous blossoms of tropical lands give to tropical scenes much of their grandeur and beauty, so many of the gentle flowers of our northern isle come forth from their shy retreats to deck the merry plains of old England, and to begem the "land of brown heath" with brighter beauties than the poet dreamt of while depicting her features of stern grandeur. If the southern forest can boast of its tree ferns† rising in stately majesty, o'er-topped by the towering palm, and of the less grand, but not less lovely, productions that luxuriate in the deep shade, or festoon the branches of every tree, can we not point the finger of admiration to the golden glow of our summer fields, the glory of our shady dells, brightly blue as the heavens o'er our head, with hare-bells and forget-me-nots? Or, with a prouder feeling still, can we not direct the eye to our lofty mountains, covered far and wide with their mantle of bright purple heather, with here an oak and there a pine forest waving in

the mountain breeze, and sheltering beneath their rough boughs many a modest gem of loveliness, linked in its associations with the finest feelings of the human heart? Beautiful in their lowliness, the humble wild flowers claim our warmest sympathies. They are the dear things that adorn our native land, the remembrancers of many a hallowed scene, and of many a long-cherished love and friendship. In an especial manner are they entwined around our hearts: *they* have "a soul in every leaf," and we call in their aid to give expression to the highest and holiest emotions and feelings of our nature. The poets have lavished on them many a line of praise, and adorned with their fragile forms many a tale of love and innocence, joy and sorrow: and even the botanist often cherishes them as dearer than the bright and beautiful blossoms, that unfold beneath the sunny Indian sky:

"Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem  
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,  
 Than those that flourished by a garden wall."

March is not garlanded so richly in flowers as some of the months that follow her; but at this early season of the year, when we begin to behold the returning verdure and floral beauty of vegetation, we prize each humble blossom as a holy thing, a pledge of summer's coming, her lap filled with the woodland flowers:

"Cold is the heart  
 That, bending o'er the first-seen flower of spring,  
 Feels not the glow of joy and thankfulness  
 Through all his senses gushing. Spring's first  
 blossom!

It seems a pledge of blessing manifold  
 From Him who is all love and mercy."

The reigning floral beauties of March are the violet and primrose: it is to them that our woods and hedgerows chiefly owe their gaiety at this season, and in their presence all the other wild flowers of the month hide their diminished heads. How vividly does the prince of Nature's poets call to our mind the vision of—

"A violet by a mossy stone,  
 Half hidden from the eye,  
 Fair as a star when only one  
 Is shining in the sky."

\* Leighton's *Flora of Shropshire*.

† Lovely examples of this—the grandest of all vegetation in its physiognomic character—may be seen in the great palm-house at Kew.



There is a considerable number of distinct species of violets, native in Britain, some of which are very common; while others are more circumscribed in their geographical range. The violet of the poets is the "sweet violet," known in botanical language as *Viola odorata*, and is familiar to all as one of our earliest and most odorous flowers. It is cultivated to a considerable extent for its early flowers, to form bouquets: but in the woods in many parts of England, and in the South of Scotland, we find at this season a profuse abundance of

Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

Their delicious fragrance pervades the air we breathe; and the early woodland bees, invited by the sweet odour, wander from flower to flower, gathering nectar such as no other blossom but the "violet in her greenwood bower" could give. The true wood-violet (*Viola sylvatica*) is readily distinguished by its greater abundance of more showy flowers, which are moreover destitute of scent. It is the commonest of our British violets, and in early spring the green and grassy banks in the woods and shady places are often completely covered with its bright array of blossoms. The pansy of our gardens is derived from a species quite distinct from the two we have mentioned, and to it we shall have occasion to allude at the proper time, when its blossoms invite our admiration.

The violet—early flower of poet's delight—meets with a meet companion in the pale primrose, one of the gayest flowers of the season, and a universal ornament of every scene of rural seclusion. In advance of surrounding vegetation, it is seen

"Starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak;"

and when seen clustering in the sheltered nooks of the shady bank or along the quiet margin of the stream, it has an imposing effect on the early spring landscape, giving a lightsome air of summer beauty that makes the green turf look fresher, and seems to call forth the forest leaves before their appointed time. The golden glow of a primrose-bank is a scene of passing loveliness, and cannot fail to enchant the imagination of even such unimaginative beings as Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth wrote:—

"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Nicoll beautifully depicts the primrose, and its peculiarity of universal diffusion:—

"The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
The primrose hides below,  
And on the lonely passer-by  
A modest glance doth throw.

"The humble primrose' bonnie face,  
I meet it everywhere;  
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,  
It comes and nestles there;

"Like GOD's own light, on every place  
In glory it doth fall;  
And where its dwelling-place is made  
It straightway hallows all!

\* \* \* \* \*

"On field-paths narrow, and in woods  
We meet thee near and far,  
Till thou becomest prized and loved,  
As things familiar are.

"I love the fireside of my home,  
Because all sympathies,  
The feelings fond of every day,  
Around its circle rise.

"And while admiring all the flowers  
That summer suns can give,  
Within my heart the primrose sweet  
In lowly love doth live."

Closely connected with the primrose in Botanical characters, as well as in general appearance, are two plants well known in the realms of poesy, and as often associated with the primrose in the poet's lay as in the shady woods—these are the oxlip and cowslip; both distinguishable from the primrose by their flower-stalks bearing a plurality of flowers, instead of one as in that plant. The blossoms of the oxlip are nearly as large as those of the primrose, and have a gay aspect; but the cowslip is altogether a modest, pensive thing, its flowers drooping shyly, and often hid from view, seldom bursting their petals through the tear-like dew-drop with which the dewy morn has invested them.

Moist banks, and rocky springs by the margins of streams, are now adorned with the lively verdure and minute flowers of the golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium*), of which there are two kinds readily distinguishable, the one having its leaves opposite each other on the stem, and the other having them alternate. Botanists therefore name them respectively *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, and *C. alternifolium*. Besides these, on the moist earthy banks, the lesser celandine exhibits its glistening flowers, and reflects the sun's rays in its bright, golden, shining petals. Although belonging to a family of acrid and poisonous plants, the root of this one is used to some extent; but the tubers are so very minute that a successful display of horticultural skill in their fuller development will be required to introduce them as a feasible substitute for the potato.

On the tops of turf-capped walls and on bare rocky banks exposed to sunshine and drought, the little *Draba verna* is now to be found. It is one of the smallest of our native flowering plants, and a complete plant of it has been grown in a morsel of earth placed upon a sixpence, and there produced its roots, stem, foliage, and flowers! Such a tiny garden—one can scarcely imagine such a thing beyond the regions of fabled fairy-land!

"The prickly furze, with knops of gold,"

now sheds a golden glory over our commons and hill-sides, and reminds us of the rapture with which Dillenius first beheld it, when he fell upon his knees in an ecstasy of admiration.



The English and Scotch furzes are quite distinct; and although their distinctions are not readily conveyable to the reader in general terms, still they present physiognomic characters of a totally different kind. The English furze is known by botanists as *Ulex nanus*; it is an autumn flowering plant, the Scotch one, *U. europæus*, being the one to which we would draw attention at the present time, being in all its glory.

Last, though not least, we add to our wreath of wild flowers that old favourite the daisy, the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

which was so sweetly sung of by Scotia's ploughman-bard.

Wordsworth cherished the daisy as one of the dearest delights afforded to him by the floral world, and he had many kind things to say in its favour:—

"Bright flower, whose home is everywhere,  
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And oft the long year through, the heir  
Of joy or sorrow.

"Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough."

This common flower is always in bloom; "at all times and at all seasons" it expands its "soul-

like wings." So pure and lovely is it "that it has been consecrated by the Celts to infancy," and called "The flower of innocence—the flower of the new-born." It is a plant we all regard with the most pleasurable emotions, and although we meet it in every walk, we never tire of admiring it; our affections become the more strongly entwined around it, and we cherish it more dearly than any other flower.

In depicting the beauties of our March Flora, I have been led to indulge freely in the fancies of poesy. Should any of my readers incline to be critical, I would remind them that "Poetry, like truth, is a common flower: God has sown it over the earth, like the daisies, sprinkled with tears or glowing in the sun, even as He places the crocus and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death!"\* Poetry and flowers are inseparably connected; we cannot think of the one without recurring to the other. I have purposely drawn my illustrations of our native Flora from "common things," deeply impressed with the belief that all are beautiful, and not forgetting that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The plants mentioned are therefore flourishing in all their native beauty around the dwelling of every reader, and only have to be looked upon to be admired and loved.

## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

### LITTLE ANN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

Author of "Mrs. Anderson's School," &c., &c.

"Clara, my dear," said Mrs. Denham to her daughter, "how would you like to go and spend your holidays with Aunt Hannah?"

Clara left off playing with Ponto's ears, and half rose from the sofa on which she was lounging, as she exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma! I should like it of all things! that is, Mamma, if they are really to be holidays, and I am not to do any lessons. Aunt Hannah is always for making me do something when she is here, and I don't mean to do anything all the holidays—any lessons, or practising, or drawing, or plain-work, I mean. There's no fun in coming home from school, you know, if one is made to do those things."

"Do you think there is more fun in lying for two hours together on a sofa, and playing with Ponto and the cushions?" inquired her mother, smiling.

"Oh, yes, Mamma!" And she took his little black head between her two little white hands, and kissed Ponto's nose. But Clara was a sensible little girl, although sadly inclined to be idle; she was also very fond of her mother; and after a minute more of play with the little dog, she got up and put him out of the room, and went and sat down on a stool at her mother's feet,

Mrs. Denham was an indulgent mother, perhaps a little too indulgent; but she had not good health, and that was some excuse for the idle habits which Clara, her youngest child, had acquired. Fearing that these habits would be strengthened if she remained at home, Mrs. Denham had sent her to school six months before, when she was just ten years old. As Clara was a clever child, she got on very well with her lessons, upon the whole; but her teachers all found that she was not fond of work. If she could ever get off a task she would never do it. This was a great pity, because she never enjoyed the pleasure of being entirely absorbed in her employment. I am sorry to say that she was really very idle, and hated work; and, in consequence, she was not half so happy as she might have been. She had yet to learn that the greatest and most difficult of all tasks is to do nothing; and that people who give themselves up to that task generally find their temper, health, and spirits give way under it.

Clara came home for the Midsummer holidays with some few proofs that she had *done* something in the course of the half-year; but Mrs. Denham did not think she had improved in the art of employing herself. For the first three days the little girl went, like the goosey goosey gander in the nursery rhyme, up stairs and down stairs, and in all the ladies' chambers, and

\* Ebenezer Elliot.



in some of the gentlemen's too, for she was extremely curious about what new things her sisters and brothers had bought or had given them in her absence. When she had examined every new thing in the house about fifty times, and had run about the garden till all was familiar to her again; when she had asked and answered all sorts of questions, she began to find the time hang heavily on her hands. One of her sisters suggested that Clara might do a little needlework; and another that she had better practise on the piano for at least half an hour a day. William offered to set her some sums to amuse her, and Tom volunteered to hear her read French every day. But the little lady shrugged her shoulders, or made grimaces at all these kind proposals, and replied—

"No, indeed! It was quite enough to do all sorts of horrid lessons and needlework when she was at school! It was not fair to want her to do anything in the holidays." Only, when her mother gently suggested that there were some pretty stories in such and such a book, did Clara bestir herself. She was very fond of reading tales, but she was too idle to sit steadily to read them; and I am sorry to say she would loll on a sofa with a book in her hand, in a very indolent fashion, even when visitors were in the drawing-room. This gave occasion for such remarks as the following—

"How very badly that child is brought up! It is a sad thing to see a little girl so lazy! Mrs. Denham neglects that youngest daughter shamefully!"—"Did you see the disrespectful rude way in which she continued to lie on the sofa and read, after we came into the room?"—"She is very young, certainly; but she is quite old enough to behave better."—"If her mother does not take care, little Clara will grow up dreadfully indolent and self-indulgent."

Clara was so fond of her mother, that if she had had an idea that *she* would be blamed by strangers for her indolent tricks, I do think she would have made an effort to cure herself, young as she was. It was something very different from hearing the observations of others that first made Clara feel strongly the evil of being idle; it was her own observation of another little girl who was, in almost every respect, the opposite of herself. I must tell you how that happened.

When Clara had been at home a week, she had read nearly all the stories which were considered fit for her to read; and the time began, as I said before, to hang heavily on her hands. Mrs. Denham received a letter from her maiden sister, Miss Hannah Spencer (Aunt Hannah, as she was called in the Denham family), inviting her niece Clara to come and spend the holidays with her at Sherbrook. Clara would enjoy herself, Aunt Hannah said, "because there was a great deal to see and to do just now in the country. The hay was being cut on all the farms round Sherbrook: the flowers in her garden were very abundant, and wanted tying up, and keeping free from weeds; and there was a great deal of fruit that wanted picking for pud-

dings and preserves." When Mrs. Denham read this part of the letter to Clara, she said—

"I shall like being in the hayfields of all things, Mamma! it will be so nice to play with Ponto there, (I shall take Ponto, of course—may I, Mamma?) I shall like to gather lots of flowers; but I am not going to tire myself with weeding, and tying up, and all that. It will be very nice to pick the fruit and eat it; but Aunt is quite mistaken if she thinks I shall like to keep on picking fruit for pies and puddings."

Mrs. Denham desired her to be quiet just then, as she had some other letters to attend to; and Clara and Ponto went on with their play. At last Mrs. Denham returned to her sister's letter, and thinking it would be a great advantage for her idle little girl to stay a few weeks with her active industrious aunt, she addressed Clara again on the subject. "How would you like to spend your holidays with Aunt Hannah, Clara, my dear?"

When the little girl had turned the dog out of the room, and taken her seat on the little stool at her mother's feet, they had a long talk together about Aunt Hannah and her pleasant ways, and her great kindness, and her wonderful cleverness, and her pretty cottage at Sherbrook. This cottage (Woodbine Cottage, it was called, on account of the profusion of woodbine that grew over the porch and up the walls) Clara had heard a great deal of, ever since she could remember. All her brothers and sisters had been there, and considered it a great treat to go there at any time; but she had never yet been. Her aunt's invitation came at a very opportune time, for she was tired of doing nothing at home, and was ready for any novelty. Her mother was very glad, for various reasons, to send her to Sherbrook, but especially because she hoped that Clara would acquire some taste for employing herself usefully while she was with her aunt, who was not an invalid like herself, but an industrious lady, who lived on a very small income, and contrived to do a great deal of good with it.

Two days after Aunt Hannah's letter came, Clara was taken down to Sherbrook by her brother William, who returned home the same evening, leaving Clara in excellent spirits, running about the flower-garden of Woodbine Cottage, "and looking," as he told his mother on his return, "as if there was nothing to be done in this life but to run about a garden, and consider which one likes best, roses or pinks. Happy little thing! she thinks no more than a rose or a pink about troubles and cares. Would it could be always so with her!"

"Nay, William," said Mrs. Denham, "that is not a very wise or a very kind wish for her. To become a good and useful woman (which is a better thing than the best rose or pink) our little Clara must learn to *do* something, and to take care and trouble in the doing of it. I have allowed a great deal of mischievous idleness and self-indulgence to creep over her. I wish she were less happy in her indolence. If it made her uneasy I should be more sure she would



become industrious in time. But I trust this visit to her aunt will be beneficial."

"I am sure it will," replied William. "She won't be lazy there—she *can't*; the very atmosphere of Woodbine Cottage is destructive of all laziness."

Little Clara felt that truth very soon, without understanding it. At half-past eight o'clock the evening of her arrival, Aunt Hannah called to her from the parlour window—

"You must come in now, and go to bed, Clara."

"Go to bed, aunt! I don't want to go to bed yet—I'm not at all sleepy. I never go to bed till ten o'clock at home: I don't like going to bed early."

"I'm sorry you don't like it, my dear," said her aunt, mildly, yet firmly, "because I never allow little girls to sit up late. I could not expect them to be good and active all day. While you are here you must go to bed early, and get up early."

"Get up early! How early, aunt?" asked little Clara, who began to think coming to Woodbine Cottage would be as bad as going to school.

"As soon as you are awake," replied her aunt.

"Oh! I never wake till I am called, at half-past seven, at home," said Clara. "Do you call that early, aunt?"

"Oh dear, no!" said her aunt, laughing; "I breakfast every morning at half-past seven. If you are not down before a quarter to eight, I fear you will find the breakfast things all cleared away, and my maid Kitty will not like to give any one hot milk and bread after that time."

Clara was a little perplexed at the idea of having no breakfast. "Aunt, will you call me when you get up to-morrow morning? for I don't think I shall ever wake unless I am called."

"I will call you, my dear; but I shall be surprised if you are not awake—going to bed early is the surest way of waking early. Now, my dear, I will go with you to your room, and see you comfortably in bed." Clara followed her aunt to the bottom of the stairs, when she pulled her sleeve—

"I have had no supper, aunt—I always have supper at home."

"That is a very bad habit.—Now, if I were to let you have supper, I could not expect you to get up early. Take my advice, and do not eat supper till to-morrow morning. Kitty, give me one or two biscuits. There, you shall take these up stairs with you, and if you feel hungry while you are dressing in the morning, eat them then."

"But I am rather hungry now, aunt."

"That is fancy, I believe; you cannot be

really hungry, for it is only two hours since you made a capital meal. Suppose you try my plan for once, and go to bed without supper: it will make you sleep all the better. You shall, however, do as you like; there are the biscuits, eat them now or in the morning, as you please."

Clara was fond of Aunt Hannah, and though she thought it rather hard to be made to go to bed without supper, and long before her usual time, and to be threatened with the loss of breakfast if she did not get up very early, still she did not like to be perverse or disobedient. She went to bed that night at half-past eight, fell asleep directly, and awoke in the morning with the sun shining on her face, and the swallows' twittering song in her ears. She soon got up, and amused herself with watching the operations of the birds in and around their nests just under the eaves; she could see them very well by going close to the window. As she stood there, half-dressed, looking up at the swallows, she heard a voice in the garden below, calling "Little Ann! Little Ann!" Then she looked down and saw Kitty, her aunt's maid, standing in the gravel-walk almost under her window, with a mug of milk in one hand and a thick slice of brown bread in the other. "Come here, child," she called again. Clara looked over the garden, and soon saw a little girl, very poorly dressed, jump up from weeding one of the flower-beds, and bringing a large basket in her hand, come towards Kitty.

"What! have you picked out all those this morning?" said Kitty. "That's a very good hour's work. Now, come and sit down on the step, and eat your breakfast."

The little girl looked pleased, and said, "I am very thirsty," and was just going to drink some of the milk, when she stopped suddenly, and said, "Oh! if you please I would rather have some water, if you will let me take this milk home for little Charley: mother cannot get any milk for him from the vicarage this week."

"No, no, child," said Kitty, kindly; "you drink that milk, and I will give you some more to take home."

"Thank you, aunt," said Little Ann, making a curtsy, and taking the bread and milk. She then sat down on the door-step, and began to eat it with a good appetite. Kitty went away into the house, and Clara watched the little girl, and tried to dress herself at the same time.

When Little Ann had finished her slice of bread, Clara thought she looked as if she could eat some more if she had it; and just as she herself was going to eat the biscuits her aunt had given her the previous night, she restrained herself, and opening the window, she put her head out, and called in a cheerful voice, "Little Ann! Little Ann!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

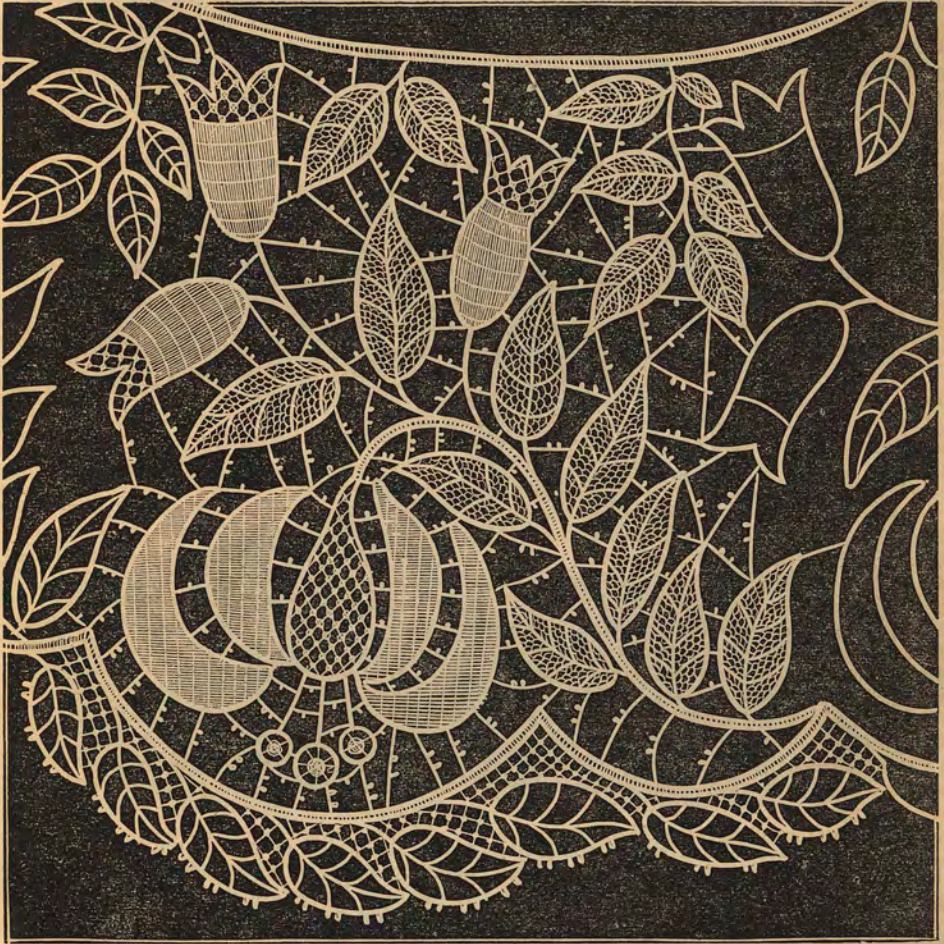


## THE WORK-TABLE.

## DEEP POINT-LACE.

FOR SLEEVES, &amp;c.

MATERIALS.—Evans's Point Lace Cottons, and Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 80 and No. 1. No Braid whatever.



The pattern (a section of which is given of the full size) is to be drawn and lined according to the instructions given for the collar in our last month's number. It will be observed that a single pattern of the edge consists of a small and a large scallop, both being required for each spray of the Turk'scap lily. The outlines are done entirely in thread; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 1, being used for every part except the leaves which form the edge, for which No. 80 is required. The scallops, and principal stem, which, in the engraving, have the appearance of braid, are worked in a new stitch, or rather in one of the very oldest in existence.

As it will be found in many future patterns, I

will describe it fully here, and term it the *braid* stitch. Four threads are laid on, instead of *one*, for the outline, two quite close together, and with about the breadth of a thread between them and the next two, which are also close. All are put on separately, and perfectly parallel. These are formed into a braid, by working backwards and forwards from the centre with finer Mecklenburgh, slipping the needle just under one pair of threads, and then under the other, and taking the stitches, always *quite close to each other*. For covering these outline threads, Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, may be used.

The centre petal of the lily is filled in, in English lace, with Evans's Boar's Head, No.



90, the outline being covered with button-hole stitch. The outlines of the other petals do not require to be button-holed, as in the barred Brussels lace (see collar No. 2, in this Magazine for October). The threads are twisted round the edges, and all the four are filled up with the same stitch, in Boar's Head, No. 70.

The lower parts of the buds are done in the same; the upper part in English lace, and the outlines, as well as the stems, covered with close button-hole, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

The leaves are filled in with common Brussels lace, in Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100. The outlines are button-holed closely, and the veinings are Venetian bars, worked over the Brussels, and not in any way connected with it.

The leaves which form the outer edge are worked in the same way, without any Brussels, and finished, as in the engraving, with Raleigh dots, placed in pairs. The space between the leaves and scallops is filled with English lace, in Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

A rosette is made in the centre of each stamen, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, the outlines being button-holed.

The whole grounding is worked in Raleigh bars, with Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

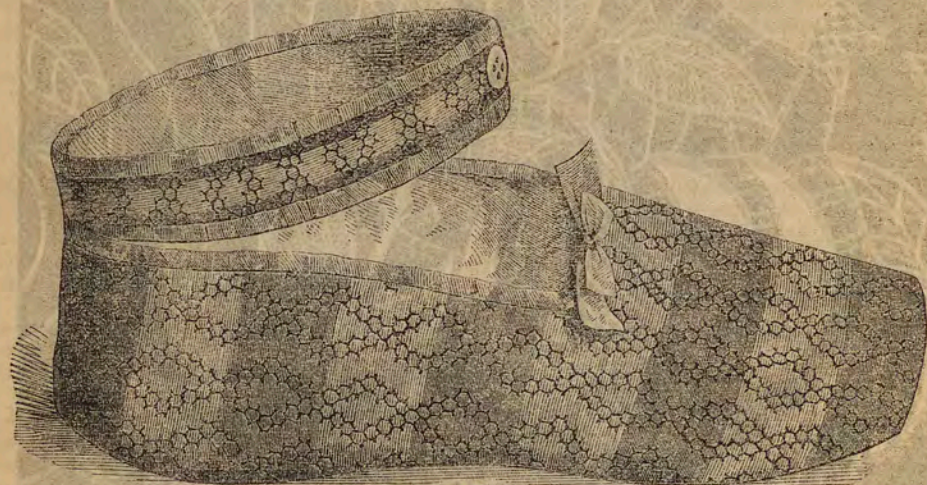
This pattern might easily be increased to a proper width for a berth.

AIGUILLETTE.

## INFANT'S SHOE.

IN TAPISSERIE D'AUXERRE.

**MATERIALS:**—A piece of black Net, large enough to cut out a pair of infant's shoes; 4 skeins each of pink and light stone Berlin Wool; 2 yards of narrow pink Sarsnet Ribbon (the same shade as the wool). Sewing Silk to match, and a pair of Cork Soles.



Tapisserie d'Auxerre is a simple and pretty kind of work, and very fashionable in France. It is merely darning black or white net with wool, so as to produce a pattern on each side of the net. Common net, with the holes of the hexagon shape, is the sort used for this purpose.

Mark the shape of the shoe with white thread, allowing for turnings in. The ankle-strap is done separately. Darn across the foot of the shoe, and continue the sides in the same direction, doing the patterns alternately in each colour. (The selvedge comes across the toe.)

1st row. Pass the needle under two threads, and over two, across the toe, the wool thus alternately covering three holes of the net, and being under one.

2nd row.  $\times$  pass under two threads of the next line of net, on a line with the last two threads raised, taking them in a direction to in-

crease the width over two, under 3, over 2, under 2, over 1,  $\times$  across the toe.

3rd row. Worked in the next line of the net, under 4 and over 2, all along the row, increasing one diamond, whilst bringing the alternate one to a point.

4th row. At the increasing diamond run under 2 threads, over 1, under 2—over 2 in the space between—under 3, at the decreasing, over 2, in the space between.

5th row. At the increasing diamond run under 2, over 2, under 2, over 2, all along the row: this is the widest part of one diamond, and the narrowest of the intermediate. Now decrease the one, and increase the other in the same way, and when one perfect diamond is done, change the colour of the wool, and do a diamond in the new colour.

When the shoes are darned, cut them out, and line them with linen. Bind them, and close the



backs with the sarsnet ribbon, stitched very neatly. Darn and bind the ancle-straps, and add them. Bind the soles with ribbon, and sew

them together with the work, and add small neat bows in front, with buttons and loops at the straps.

AIGUILLETTE.

## PASSION-FLOWER BORDER.

FOR THE CURTAINS IN OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.

MATERIALS:—Evans's Bear's Head Cotton, No. 4; Bolton's Crochet-hook, No. 16.

The flowers are done separately, each one being united, at the last round, to the previous one, by the small connecting eyelet-hole. Begin with the star in the centre of the flower.

9 ch, miss 1, 4 sc on the next 4,  $\times$  5 ch, miss 1, 4 sc on the other 4,  $\times$  twice sc on the remaining 4 of the 9th ch.

2nd round.  $\times$  sc at the point, 8 ch,  $\times$  4 times.

3rd. Without breaking off the thread, work under the chains of 8, 13 sc, and one at the points, so that there are 56 stitches in the round. Break off the thread.

4th. (Forming the 8 points.)

7 sc on 7, of which the centre one must be that over a point of a star. 1 ch, turn, 6 sc under the 7, 1 ch, turn, 5 sc under the 6, 1 ch, turn, 4 sc under 5, 1 ch, turn, 3 sc under 4, 1 ch, turn, 2 sc under 3, 1 ch, turn, 1 sc under 2. Cut off the thread, leaving about two inches. Repeat this 7 times more, four of the points coming over the star of the centre, and four between 5th round,  $\times$  sc on the point of one of the former, 13 ch, sc on the tip of one of the intermediate, 13 ch,  $\times$  4 times.

6th round. Sc on every stitch, and the wheel is complete.

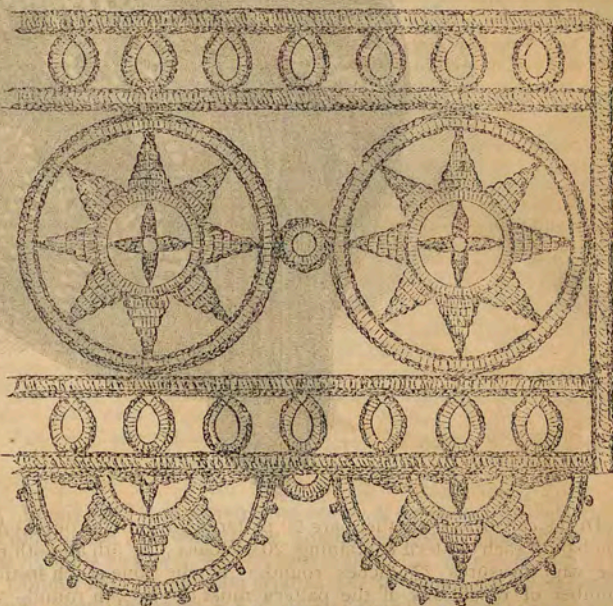
The second, and following wheels, are done exactly like the first, only that when three-fourths of the last round are done, and you are at the tip of a point, you will make the eyelet-hole and connect it with the last wheel, thus: 10 ch, close it into a loop, do 9 sc under the loop, connect it with a corresponding part of the last wheel; 9 sc more under the loop, and complete the round.

Observe that all the ends of thread must be worked in as you proceed.

A chain is then made, connecting the wheels up each side: begin with 20 ch; 3 sc over a point of a wheel  $\times$  39 ch. 3 sc over similar points of the next wheel,  $\times$  repeat.

Do another chain, to correspond with this, on the other side of the wheels, and at each end.

On the chain work a row of dc, making an



eyelet-hole of 14 chain, under which 26 sc are worked, at every part over a point, and at regular intervals between. In the engraving the distance is every 11th stitch; but perhaps if they were made near enough to touch, and were each connected with the preceding one, the border would be stronger.

Another chain is added, beyond the eyelet-holes, and a row of dc beyond that.

Scallop border.—1 slip, 4 sc, on the dc row, over the point of the wheel, taking the five stitches before the one which is just over that point. 5 ch, miss 1, sc on 4—sc on 4 of the dc, missing the one after the last from sc, 1 slip. Turn the work on the wrong side. 8 ch, sc on point, 8 ch, sc on first slip; 1 sc on dc. Turn the work. 13 sc under chain, sc on point, 13 sc under chain, 1 sc on point, sc on dc.

Do 3 points, as on the wheel, and 2 half-points at the side of the dc row.

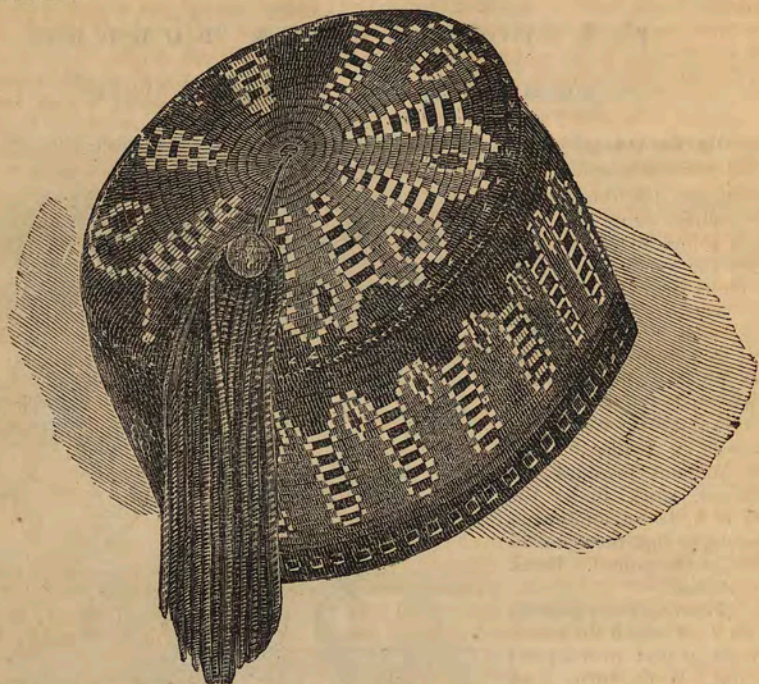
Connect all these points, with a chain of 13 between each, as in the wheel, and work on that a row of sc, with a picot of 4 chain, every fifth stitch. Repeat the scallop for every wheel.

AIGUILLETTE.



## SMOKING CAP.

**MATERIALS:**—24 skeins each of very coarse black and green netting silk; and about 60 yards of coarse gold thread; a ball of twine, such as is generally used for tying up parcels; and a handsome green and gold tassel.



In the cap before me there are 20 patterns in the band, each pattern containing 20 stitches; the cap measures 27 inches round. As the number of repetitions of the pattern must depend on the size of the cord selected, it is very important that this should be neither too fine nor too coarse. If not procured from myself, the best mode of ascertaining the correctness is to measure the size, after working the proper number of stitches for the first round, before closing it; and then if it be found too small, enough for another pattern may be added, or a thicker cord substituted.

The band round the head is done first; then the crown, which is finished off by joining it into a round.

Begin by working on the end of the cord, with the black silk, 402 stitches, and close it into a round.

2nd round.  $\times$  4 gold, 2 black  $\times$  repeated all round.

3rd round. Here the gold is introduced in a new manner; that is, instead of the stitch being worked entirely in gold thread, it is begun with the silk, which is drawn through the chain of the row below, the stitch being completed with the gold thread. By this mode of working, the part of the stitch which covers the cord is silk, whilst the chain along the top is gold. I shall call stitches so worked, *gold and silk*.  $\times$  1 gold, over the first of four gold, 2 gold and silk, 1 gold, 2 silk  $\times$  all round.

4th round. All black silk, decreasing 1 stitch.  
5th and 6th rounds. All green silk, decreasing one stitch in the latter.

7th round.  $\times$  4 green, 3 gold, 13 green  $\times$  20 times. Every future round begins over the same stitch.

8th.  $\times$  2 green, 2 gold, 3 black over 3 gold, 2 gold, 11 green  $\times$  20 times.

9th.  $\times$  3 green, 5 gold, 12 green  $\times$  20 times.

10th.  $\times$  1 green, 2 gold, 5 black over 5 gold, 2 gold, 10 green  $\times$  20 times.

11th.  $\times$  3 green, 5 gold, 12 green  $\times$  20 times.

12th.  $\times$  2 gold, 6 black, 2 gold, 10 green  $\times$  20 times.

13th.  $\times$  2 green, 6 gold over 6 black, 12 green  $\times$  20 times.

14th. Like 12th.

15th. Like 13th.

16th.  $\times$  2 gold, 7 black (over 6 gold), 2 gold, 12 green  $\times$  20 times.

17th.  $\times$  2 green, 7 gold, 6 green, 2 gold, 4 green  $\times$  20 times.

18th.  $\times$  2 gold, 7 black, 2 gold, 3 green, 1 gold, 2 black (over 2 gold), 1 gold, 3 green  $\times$  20 times.

19th.  $\times$  2 green, 7 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 2 green  $\times$  20 times.

20th.  $\times$  2 gold, 7 black, 2 gold, 2 green, 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold, 2 green  $\times$  20 times.

21st.  $\times$  1 gold, 9 black, 2 gold, 2 green, 1



gold, 1 black, 1 gold, 2 green, 1 gold  $\times$  20 times.

22nd.  $\times$  11 black (over 9 black and one gold at each side), 3 gold, 3 black, 3 gold  $\times$  20 times.

Do four rounds all black silk; then one round of alternate gold and black stitches, and finish the band with a round of black.

#### FOR THE CROWN.

Begin in the centre, by working 16 stitches with the green silk, and closing it for a round.

In the next round do 24 stitches; and increase, in the following three, sufficiently to keep it perfectly flat. In the last have 57 stitches.

1st pattern round.  $\times$  2 gold, 6 green over 5,  $\times$  8 times. End with 2 gold over the last of the 57 green.

2nd.  $\times$  2 black over 2 gold; 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, all eight over the 6 green;  $\times$  7 times. End with 2 gold, 7 green.

3rd.  $\times$  3 gold (over 2 black of last round), 8 green,  $\times$  7 times. 3 gold over 2 black, 8 green, 2 gold over the two last green of last round.

4th.  $\times$  3 black over 3 gold, 2 gold over one green, 6 green over 6, 2 gold over 1 green,  $\times$  7 times; 3 black, 2 gold over 1 green, 9 green.

5th.  $\times$  4 gold over 3 black, 10 green (over 2 gold, 6 green, 2 gold),  $\times$  7 times; 4 gold over 3 black, 9 green, 2 gold over last 2 green of last round.

6th.  $\times$  5 black over 4 gold, 2 gold over 2 green, 7 green over 6 green, 2 gold over 2 green,  $\times$  7 times; 5 black, 2 gold, 10 green.

7th.  $\times$  5 gold over 5 black, 12 green,  $\times$  7 times; 5 gold, 11 green, 2 gold over the last 2 green of last round.

8th.  $\times$  6 black over 5 gold, 2 gold over 2 green, 9 green over 8, 2 gold over 2 green,  $\times$  7 times; 6 black over 5 gold, 2 gold, 12 green.

9th.  $\times$  6 gold over 6 black, 13 green,  $\times$  7 times; 6 gold, 6 green over 2 gold, 3 green; 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold.

10th.  $\times$  6 black, 2 gold, 5 green over 4, 2

gold over 1 green, 5 green over 4, 2 gold,  $\times$  7 times; 6 black, 2 gold, 4 green over 3, 1 gold, 3 black over 2 gold, 1 gold, 6 green.

11th.  $\times$  7 gold over 6 black, 6 green, 1 gold, 3 black over 2 gold, 1 gold, 6 green,  $\times$  7 times; 7 gold, 6 green, 2 gold over 1, 3 black, 2 gold over 1, 4 green, 2 gold.

12th.  $\times$  7 black, 2 gold, 4 green, over 3, 2 gold, 3 black (over 3), 2 gold, 4 green over 3, 2 gold,  $\times$  7 times; 7 black, 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold over 2, 3 black, 2 gold, 6 green.

13th.  $\times$  7 gold over 7 black, 6 green, 2 gold over 2, 3 black over 3, 2 gold over 2, 6 green,  $\times$  7 times; 7 gold over 7 black, 7 green (the last over 1 gold), 2 gold, 1 black, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold.

14th.  $\times$  7 black, 2 gold, 5 green (the last over a gold), 2 gold, 1 black, 2 gold, 5 green, 2 gold,  $\times$  7 times; 7 black, 2 gold, 6 green, 3 gold; the middle one over 1 black, 5 green, 2 gold (the last coming over the *first* of the two that completed the previous round).

15th.  $\times$  11 black (over 7 black and one gold at each side), 2 gold, 5 green, 3 gold (the centre over one black), 5 green, 2 gold,  $\times$  7 times, 11 black, 2 gold, 4 green, 2 gold, 2 black over the centre one of 3 gold, 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold (the last over the 1st of two).

16th.  $\times$  13 black, 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold, 2 black (over centre one of 2 gold), 2 gold, 3 green, 2 gold,  $\times$  7 times; 15 black, 3 gold, 6 black (over 2 gold, 2 black, 2 gold), 3 gold over 3 green.

17th.  $\times$  18 black, 3 gold over 3 green, 7 black, 3 gold over 3 green  $\times$  7 times; 32 black.

18th. All black.

19th. Work in the band, so as to join them, putting the hoop at once through the last chain of it and of the crown,  $\times$  3 black, 1 gold,  $\times$  all round. Take care so to join them that the closing of the rounds in both comes together. Draw the cord of the tassel through the centre of the crown, and fasten it on, letting the fringed part fall over the closing of the rounds.

Fasten off the ends.

AIGUILLETTE.

## SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.\*

Some few months ago we drew the attention of our readers to this Society, believing it to be one in which every right-minded and thoughtful Englishwoman must take an interest. Continental events which have happened since then only convince us the more deeply of the solemn duty of the one land in Europe which is blessed with freedom, showing throughout its length and its breadth by every significant token its abhorrence of that black "hoof" of despotism which is treading down liberty, and rolling back the tide of human progress and virtue.

It was therefore with no common feelings of sympathy and interest that we attended the first

Conversazione of the Friends of Italy which took place at the Freemason's Tavern on the 11th ultimo. We congratulate the Society on the success of its experiment—for success may safely be acknowledged by the presence of five or six hundred persons met for one purpose and animated by one feeling. A glance round the Great Hall, crowded as it was in every corner, was sufficient to convince an observer that he was in an assemblage composed of the aristocracy of mind. About one-fourth were ladies, many of them elegant women, whose appearance would have attracted attention at a mere fashionable place of amusement; while on every countenance, either male or female, an enthusiasm and an intelligence were expressed which

\* Office, 10, Southampton Street, Strand.



gave the scene a peculiar charm. And when Mazzini entered the room, accompanied by the Committee of the Society, and Mr. Peter Taylor, who—in the absence from indisposition of Lord Dudley Stuart—took the chair, the hearty and renewed cheers, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs which greeted the Italian patriot, had something so inspiring, that the scene might have communicated enthusiasm even to the coldest. After a brief address from the Chairman, terse and to the purpose, the very model of what such a speech should be, Mazzini commenced a Lecture on the present state of Italy—a Lecture which we sincerely hope will be published. We envied the short-hand writer's accomplishment, which might have enabled us to take down certain passages in which the great questions at issue seemed most admirably condensed; yet, after all, it would have been unfair to present detached portions of such a production. Enough that the illustrious Exile not only delivered in glowing language the history of the Italian struggle, but by dates, names, and *historical facts* rebutted the vile charges which have been made against the republican party. Charges, however, which have never been believed by one individual who, with eyes unblinded from the bandages of prejudice, has examined and thought for himself. Born and bred in a country where freedom is as the air we breathe—a country which is the only one in the world which combines all the opposite advantages of a monarchical and republican form of government, we are convinced that a large mass of English people, Englishwomen especially, but faintly realise the horrors of military despotism, which is in other words the triumph of brute force over mind, of superstition over true religion, of ignorance over knowledge, of vice over virtue—a Satan's rule in God's world!

Think for a moment that in Italy, the land of Dante and Michael Angelo; the land whence literature, and art, and civilization, once flowed as from a fountain, such a peaceful meeting as that at the Freemason's Hall would have been held as treason to the state; that it would have

been dispersed by armed men; its promoters imprisoned for years, if not for life, or banished, or condemned to some painful and degrading punishment among felons of the deepest dye; that every individual present would have been a "marked" person, henceforth to be watched by spies, who might invade his house at all times, and pry into his most secret affairs; that the possession of an old fowling-piece or a rusty weapon, is enough to occasion imprisonment to its owner; that a faded ribbon in a lady's drawer, because associated with an obnoxious symbol, is enough to bring disaster on a household; that to speak of politics is prohibited; and for three friends to assemble and read the Bible is against the law! Yet in the teeth of spies and soldiers, enthralled in this meshwork of tyranny, so unanimous are the people, that even now they are corresponding among themselves and organising measures for their deliverance.

This very fact proves that the nation is worthy of freedom; and the marvellous forbearance exercised by the patriots in the brief season of their power, is an earnest how nobly they will use it when again it is theirs. We say *will*, for the right must conquer; and sooner or later the Italians will be free from foreign domination and military rule.

The most moderate donation to the Society of the Friends of Italy is something thrown on the waters to return after many a day; and the terms of membership are so low, that every well-wisher of the cause may easily join it. Of course an increase of funds is greatly to be desired; for the distribution of tracts—the correspondence of the Society—its means of gathering, conducting, and circulating information, all require the mighty engine of money; and it is through these means that the moral influence at which it aims is to be acquired and spread.

After the Lecture tea and coffee were served; the assembly broke up into groups; pleasant introductions took place; and animated conversations, mingled in that agreeable buzz, which is a sure sign that intelligent discourse is going on. Altogether it was an evening to be remembered and marked in detail in one's diary.

## TESTIMONIAL FROM AMERICA TO MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

Paragraphs have gone the round of the newspapers, describing the elegant tribute which "a few ladies and gentlemen of America" have presented to the compiler of the "Shakspeare Concordance;" but the event itself is so happy a token of the kind and right feelings of our well-beloved cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, that at the risk of repeating a thrice-told tale, we must chronicle the circumstance in our pages. Besides, Mrs. Cowden Clarke is one of our own most valued contributors; and so world-wide an acknowledgment of female talent and patient industry as in her person has been received, seems to claim particular attention from us.

While this charming writer was busy with her "Girlhoods of Shakspeare's Heroines," pouring out one after another of these curiously clever productions, her admirers in America were busy gathering together subscriptions—limited to five dollars each—for this testimonial. The list contains names from Maine to Mexico, and embraces some of the most distinguished American *literati*. Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, South Carolina, and even the far-west Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois have contributed. The tribute consists of a most elegant Library Chair, with rosewood writing-desk moving on a silver-plated crane. The chair is of rosewood, exqui-



sitely carved in appropriate designs. In the centre of the top rail is the face of Shakspeare, carved in ivory from the Stratford bust, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and oak-leaves, while the wings of two swans extend over the head in a sheltering manner. Lower down are the masks of Tragedy and Comedy, with their emblems. The seat, and centre of the back of the chair, are covered with a rich satin brocade, of a quality almost unique, we should imagine, for substance and richness of design. The production altogether does credit to the taste no less than the generosity of the donors; for, while it is essentially magnificent, it is also most truly elegant. We believe the wife of the Hon. Daniel Webster and the wife of the Hon. Edward Curtis chose the setting. There is a gold plate under the head of Shakspeare, inscribed as follows:—

“To Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, this chair is presented by a few ladies and gentlemen of America, as

a tribute of gratitude for the unequalled industry which gave the readers of English throughout the world her Concordance to Shakspeare.”

Acknowledgments of sympathy, appreciation, and regard from unknown friends have always a peculiar charm; and this one we are quite sure has proved a very sweet guerdon for years of patient toil, which yet to the great Shakspeare student of our day must have been a labour of love! May she live scores of years to rest upon her laurels, and enjoy health and happiness! May she live to see the roses of rich brocade fade to neutral tints, and its substantial texture crack with hard service. No matter how many times the brocade be replaced—when a grey head rests near the “ivory cheek” the tribute from America—the Shakspeare Chair—will surely in old age be not the least pleasant memorial of the labours of her youth!

## NEURALGIA.\*

Some short time ago Dr. Downing brought out a brochure on this important subject, which excited so much attention, that he has expanded it into a valuable and an elaborate work. In its improved state it has gained the prize awarded by the Royal College of Surgeons; and as it is probably the most ample and searching work on the formidable species of disease of which it treats, it is no doubt destined to be the standard authority. Dr. Downing has done for this particular kind of malady what Dr. Franklin did for the thunder-cloud—made the mystery manageable, grappled with the thing itself, mastered its difficulties, and made it subservient to an intelligible law of operations.

Those who suffer from *tic-douloureux* have now simply to learn that, in nine cases out of ten, by trying Dr. Downing’s “new method of treatment,” they need suffer no longer. His principal remedial agent “is a kind of fumigating instrument, in which dried herbs are burned, and the heated vapour directed to any part of the body.” This external application, combined with skilful internal medical treatment, is so successful, that the world can now no longer disbelieve in its efficacy.

What is Neuralgia? A nervous spasm, the cause of which has, however, not been satisfactorily and conclusively demonstrated; but we may, perhaps, obtain a clearer view of its nature, if we look upon it as connected with “morbid nutrition.” Every one knows that the system is, or ought to be, constantly subject to a law of waste and repair, and if the operation of this law is impeded by “cold,” “mental excitement,” or any other baneful condition, diseases more or less unpleasant must ensue. The *vis nature* uses certain particles of matter in form-

ing nerves; others in forming membrane, bones, juices, &c., &c.; while used-up particles are expelled altogether from the system. We can readily conceive that each order of atoms is used by a distinct function, and has a different mission; and any morbid perversion or mingling of their separate destinies must end in disorder and suffering—Nature’s violent endeavour to restore the regularity of her operations. A cough is simply an effort of the lungs or bronchiæ to remove some offending intruder that ought to be doing duty elsewhere; and may we not call neuralgia a *cough of a nerve* to get rid of a disagreeable oppression—Nature’s legitimate *coup d’état* to put down and transport those “red socialist” particles that would interfere with the regularity of its constitution? Let us fancy, for a moment, a delicate little army of atoms marching obediently along, to form new nerve in place of the substance that is wasting away: another little army of carbonaceous particles have just received orders to pack up their luggage and be off, to make way for the advancing nerve-battalion; but in their exodus they are met by a fierce destroyer, in the shape of an east wind—a Kafir that suddenly throws the ranks of General Carbon into disorder, and drives them back upon the brilliant and pug-nacious array of General Nerve: a battle royal is the result. General Nerve immediately places lance in rest, and advances to the charge with the unsparing war-cry of “Mr. Ferguson, you don’t lodge here;” and if Kafir East-wind is not despised and trifled with, he is generally beaten for a time; but great are the sufferings of humanity—the scene of this encounter—while the fight is raging. Fortunately, like a *deus ex machinâ*, Dr. Downing has come to the assistance of Generals Nerve and Carbon, and by strategically depriving their enemies of arms and ammunition, has rendered victory more rapid and secure.—N. C.

\* “Neuralgia.” The Jacksonian Prize Essay for 1850. By C. Toogood Downing, M.D., M.R.C.S. (John Churchill, London.)



## THE ROYAL PARDON VINDICATED.\*

This brilliant specimen of pamphleteering is perhaps one of the most conclusive and unanswerable *brochures* that has ever come under our notice. The fact of its having reached a fourth edition is a better proof of its merits and value than any commendation of ours.

The time, labour, and great ability which Sir George Stephen has devoted to the cause of Mr. Barber, mark him out as a man after our own heart. He will perhaps draw down upon himself some sneers and censures from those in authority, and from Mr. Barber's persecutors and libellers; but he may bide his time with perfect confidence that the principles for which he has fought will ultimately prevail; and though Courts of Law may "cough down" his advocacy, he may rest assured that his truth and manfulness will be recognised by a higher tribunal—"in the Walhalla and the assemblies of the Gods."

The work before us is not only remarkable for the logical faculty it displays—it is as interesting and affecting as any novel, and as a tale of real life it is almost without a parallel in modern times.

It is curious to watch how the question respecting the guilt or innocence of Mr. Barber has narrowed itself in the eyes of his enemies. At one time they considered him to be the arch-criminal; afterwards he was suspected of being a mere accomplice, and at last his opponents are driven from point to point into the strange belief, unsupported by any evidence, that Mr. Barber was wilfully blind to the frauds of which he was made the instrument, although he gained nothing by the indulgence of this "wilful blindness," but jeopardised thereby every prospect in life for which he had most earnestly struggled. Those persons who thus self-stultify themselves in argument are just those who are opposing Mr. Barber's readmission to the ranks of his profession. In judging of this case we must not overlook Mr. Barber's personal qualifications; and on this subject we have received a copy of a letter which was recently addressed to Lord Campbell by a gentleman who has perhaps more carefully studied Mr. Barber's case than any one in England, except Sir George Stephen, Mr. Serjeant Wilkins, and Mr. Stevenson. The following is the letter:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD CAMPELL.

"MY LORD,

"If I did not feel persuaded that one of your highest aims is the elucidation of truth under all circumstances, I should not venture to commit the

indiscretion which I am about to commit, of addressing you on a subject respecting which I feel a painful degree of interest—I mean the case of Mr. Barber, which has recently occupied your Lordship's attention. For years past, at frequent intervals, I have been seriously engaged in investigating every particular connected with the career and habits of this unfortunate gentleman; and I have arrived at such a decided opinion in his favour, that no earthly consideration can restrain me from expressing the solemn conviction I entertain of his entire innocence of any kind of complicity in the perpetration of the will forgeries. I sought out this man in the first instance, in order to sift him and his case most thoroughly; and after weekly, and I may say almost daily, intercourse with him since his return to England—after seeing him under every kind of temptation from adversity and ill-usage—after narrowly observing his words and actions when he has been most off his guard, and when he has been least aware that I was scrutinizing him, I have been compelled to believe that he is one of the most virtuous, sensible, and honourable men with whom I am acquainted. Under all his trials and struggles I have never discovered in him any trace of meanness or duplicity: on points of conduct his moral tone is always true—there is nothing counterfeit in his modes of thought and action. I can quite fancy that at one time he was likely to err on the side of a gentlemanly and courteous confidence, but his misfortunes have no doubt cured him of the weakness of putting too much faith in the virtue of his fellow-creatures. His feelings towards his opponents and persecutors display that forbearance and magnanimity which can only be fostered in an upright and a noble nature.

"I can assure your Lordship that it would be a worthy and discreet act to restore this man to his professional status, and recompense him for the sufferings he has endured. No single circumstance or chain of circumstances can be pointed out which proves him to be guilty of connivance at the frauds which were perpetrated, or even justifies the suspicion that he knew something wrong was being committed through his instrumentality. I would challenge any one to mention a fact in evidence in this case which does not admit of a satisfactory interpretation in Mr. Barber's favour.

"You have, I believe, refused to listen to any further explanations, although Sir George Stephen, in his unanswerable pamphlet on this subject, has told us what he meant by inserting in the affidavit the dubious clause which excited your Lordship's severe comments. Surely Mr. Barber—in a matter which affects him much more than either life or death—ought to be allowed every opportunity of giving explanations to satisfy any doubts in your Lordship's mind; and I am quite certain that he could, if you would allow him the opportunity, convince you of his entire innocence.

"I am quite aware that I have violated the rules of etiquette in thus freely writing to you, but higher motives than a regard for conventional delicacy have prompted me to this deed. If I were to study my own comfort and convenience; if I wished to spare myself something more than anxiety, I should never have interfered in a case in which I cannot possibly

\* THE ROYAL PARDON VINDICATED IN REFERENCE TO THE CLAIMS OF MR. W. H. BARBER ON THE JUSTICE OF THE COUNTRY. By Sir George Stephen, Barrister-at-Law. Fourth Edition. (J. Crookford, London.)



have anything to gain or lose, except so far as its success will give me mental composure or its failure mental anguish.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

"NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Hyde Vale, Blackheath,  
9th Feb. 1852."

This of course is only an individual testimony, but it is valuable as expressive of the general

opinion of Mr. Barber's supporters; and though the practice of writing to the Judges is obviously objectionable, it must be recollected that Mr. Barber's case is unprecedented, and only requires to be understood to be triumphant. We may be sure that the letter we have printed, and which a postscript informs us was written without the knowledge of Mr. Barber or any one else, could only have proceeded from the sternest and most overpowering conviction that Mr. Barber is the victim of strange injustice.

## GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, February 21.

MY DEAR C—,

As all "wars and rumours of wars" are over, for the time being at all events, and everything has fallen into its usual routine, or rather into the course it is desired to pursue in future, there is, happily for this distracted country, an absence of the stirring events and intelligence that for the last two months formed food for the journals and newsmongers; the "Prince President," calm in the midst of victory, decrees, arranges, commands, and directs; and France, weary of revolt and struggles, obeys, almost without a murmur. Of course there is still much of individual discontent and thirst for vengeance; and but a short time since, a plot was discovered to assassinate the Prince and General St. Arnaud at a grand ball given by the latter at the Ministère de la Guerre; Louis Napoleon in consequence did not go, and the fête passed without disturbance, as his absence gave the alarm, and prevented the intended injury to the Minister.

The confiscation of the Orleans property has, in many quarters, given rise to much dissatisfaction. One of the members of the President's own family, the Princesse M—, having taken upon herself to remonstrate with great importunity on the subject, Louis Napoleon (perhaps not without reason, as the matter touched the Bonaparte family as well) accused her of becoming an *intriguante*, and a considerable coolness was the result.

At a dinner-party the other day, the Orleans affair being the subject of discussion, one of the party exclaimed:

"Ah, ce n'est que le premier vol de l'aigle!"

A great *scandale* has been excited by the Abbé Lacordaire, one of the most eloquent and popular preachers of the day, denouncing the late acts of the Government, from the pulpit, in the most energetic and vehement terms; he has, in consequence, been temporarily suspended and forbidden to preach, by the President's request to the Archbishop of Paris.

I must confess, that whatever may be the private opinions of the clergy on political matters, I think such subjects are not suited to

the pulpit; the church ought to be a spot where in the most troublous times, peace should dwell—a refuge from the terrors, the trials, the troubles of the outer world; not a ground where the passions of the multitude, already excited, should find fresh food for discontent and resistance, even where resistance may be legitimate; in short, where temporal arms should be sheathed for the time being, even if Liberty calls for their use afterwards.

The Protestant clergy of Paris have, I believe without an exception, adopted an opposite course; they have, while abstaining alike from praise or blame, exhorted their flocks to order, to moderation, to brotherly love—in short, "As much as in you lieth, live peaceably with all men," has, from the first, been their precept and their example; for a more truly religious, zealous, and excellent body exists not. Surrounded on all sides by a people of another creed, their study, individually and collectively, is to "give none occasion of offence;" to make charity, piety, and liberality the rules of the private and public life, and while vigilantly guiding and guarding their own faith, seeking not to insult or condemn that of their fellow-citizens. The religious education of Protestant children in France is pursued with a care and a zeal that is by no means unworthy to give an example in countries where the reformed faith is the religion of the land; all the clergy hold, *gratis*, during many months of the year, preparatory schools, where young persons, of both sexes and all classes, attend regularly twice or thrice a week on different days, to undergo a course of instruction previous to confirmation, which ceremony without this preparation is not performed.

We went some time since to visit an establishment of the Eglise Reformée, called the Maison des Diaconesses—a sort of Protestant convent, without the vows of seclusion, celibacy, &c., but an institution comprising schools for the lower classes, from infancy to a comparatively advanced age; a retreat for those unhappy outcasts who wish to retrieve past errors; a chapel and an hospital for the poor of both sexes. This admirable establishment, which of course is of great extent, is conducted entirely by the *sœurs* or diaconesses, who choose to



devote themselves to so pious a work, but who are not bound by any vows to remain in it longer than they feel disposed. A detailed account of the institution would occupy more space, perhaps, than a mere letter should occupy; but suffice it to say, that never did a place breathe more of the spirit of order, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and industry, or appear more completely to fulfil its object.

I picked up, the other day, from one of the most eminent and intelligent physicians in France, the favourite pupil of Dupuytren, some curious scraps of medical lore, that perhaps may amuse you; and coming from a man whose liberality of opinion is only equalled by his great skill and intellect, are certainly worthy of perusal, and might afford valuable hints to science. A lady who had formerly been a patient of his, but whom in consequence of her removal from Paris, he had not seen for some time, came to him lately to say that her daughter was afflicted with violent rheumatic pains. As she still resided in the country, however, Dr. C. could not do more than give her some general counsel, deferring the actual treatment till she should bring her daughter to Paris. In a few days she returned, telling him that her sufferings were completely removed, in the following singular manner:—One night, being seized with an attack, the violence of which was intolerable, the mother, in despair, sent to the only medical practitioner of which the village boasted—a man who, by the help of a little self-taught lore, and a certain knowledge of simples and old-woman's remedies, treated the peasants satisfactorily enough. No sooner did our Galen arrive, than he directed that all the empty bottles that could be collected should be placed on the floor, the mattresses laid over them, and the sufferer extended thereon. The effect was magical; in a few minutes the patient experienced the greatest relief, and finally a complete cessation of suffering; and though the attacks had afterwards returned, they never failed to yield to this singular remedy. The solution of the mystery (of which the village doctor was quite ignorant) Dr. C.

found at once. Electricity, it appears, is the great aggravator of all such maladies; and of this force, glass is a non-conductor. If, then, the electric current is cut off from contact with the patient, immediate relief is the consequence. Profiting by the hint, Dr. C. has since, in all such cases, caused thick glass cylinders to be put under the feet of the *malades'* bed, and with a success the most complete. Another case was a cure where consumption had actually commenced, and had some progress, by passing five or six hours a day in a butcher's shop. A third, where what was considered a fatal affection of the spinal marrow in a young girl, completely yielded to a process of sun-burning, the patient being stripped to the waist, and placed facing a south wall during the hottest part of the day.

Here is one of the stories on the passing events. A house-painter, employed to efface the now obsolete "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" substituted, as more descriptive of the present rule, "*Infanterie, Cavalerie, Artillerie.*" "*Et le Génie?*"\* inquired a passer by, "*Inutile avec tout ça!*" replied our *artiste*.

Have you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry-work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colours, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass: and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair-seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved: it will at least outlast the freshness of the work. And now, my dear C., adieu for the present; à revoir till next month, and believe me, yours ever,

P\*.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, England's most eminent chemist, was born in 1794, the son of a poor blacksmith. He was early apprenticed to one Ribeau, a bookbinder, in Blandford-street, and worked at the craft until he was twenty-two years of age. Whilst an apprentice, his master called the attention of one of his customers (Mr. Dance, of Manchester-street) to an electrical machine and other things which the young man had made; and Mr. Dance, who was one of the old members of the Royal Institution, took him to hear the four last lectures which Sir Humphry Davy gave there as professor. Faraday attended, and seating himself in the gallery, took notes of the lectures, and at a future time sent his manuscript to Davy, with a

short and modest account of himself, and a request, if it were possible, for scientific employment in the labours of the laboratory. Davy, struck with the clearness and accuracy of the memoranda, and confiding in the talents and perseverance of the writer, offered him, upon the occurrence of a vacancy in the laboratory in the beginning of 1813, the post of assistant, which he accepted. At the end of the year he accompanied Davy and his lady over the Continent as secretary and assistant, and in 1815 returned to his duties in the laboratory, and

\* It may not be useless to inform some of our readers that "*genie*" means both *engineers* and *genius*.



ultimately became Fullerian Professor. Mr. Faraday's researches and discoveries have raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, while his high faculty of expounding to a general audience the result of recondite investigations makes him one of the most attractive lecturers of the age. He has selected the most difficult and perplexing departments of physical science, the investigation of the reciprocal relations of heat, light, magnetism, and electricity; and by many years of patient and profound study has contributed greatly to simplify our ideas on these subjects. It is the hope of this philosopher that should life and health be spared he will be able to show that the imponderable agencies just mentioned are so many manifestations of one and the same force. Mr. Faraday's great achievements are recognized by the learned societies of every country in Europe, and the University of Oxford in 1832 did itself the honour of enrolling him among her Doctors of Laws. In private life he is beloved for the simplicity and truthfulness of his character, and the kindness of his disposition.—*Men of the Time.*

**AFTERNOON ON THE GLACIERS.**—At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling, that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-by to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever. In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough; every minute the bridges over the crevice were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a detour. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of

snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like, rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad, but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.—*Albert Smith's Ascent of "MONT BLANC."*—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**FLEURS DE LIS.**—Next to the origin of heraldry itself, perhaps nothing connected with it has given rise to such controversy as the origin of this celebrated charge. It has been gravely asserted that it was brought down from heaven by an angel, and presented to Clovis, King of the Franks. Upton calls it "*flos gladioli*;" and his translator, Dame Juliana Barnes, tells us that the arms of the King of France "were certainli sende by an Aungell from Heaven, that is to say, iij. flouris in manner of swordis in a field of azure, the which certain armys were giuen to the aforesaid Kyng of Fraunce in sygne of euerlasting trowbull, and that he and his successors always with battle and swords should be punished." It has been also called a toad, and the head of a spear, and Dallaway and Lower incline to the latter belief. I am not going to record all the arguments which have been from time to time brought forward in support of this or that theory. My province is to state facts, and leave you to draw your own deductions. As an ornament, the Fleur de lys is seen on Roman monuments, and as the top of a sceptre or sword-hilt from the earliest periods of the French monarchy. As a badge or cognizance it first appears on the seals of Louis VII. of France, called *Le Jeune*, and also surnamed Fleury, from the Abbey of that name, the favourite retreat of the French kings, and where Philip I. was buried. By Philip II., surnamed Augustus, the contemporary of our Richard I. and John, it was borne both singly and repeated "*sans nombre*;" and analogy supports the conclusion which one of the most intelligent of French writers on this subject came to long ago—that the Fleur de *Lys*, or Flower de *Luce*, was merely a rebus, signifying Fleur de Louis or Flower of Lewis.—*J. Planche.*

**THE COUNT DE VIRI** was a native of Savoy; he had been originally a monk. In the reign of George the Second he was appointed minister to the English Court. Viri had the sagacity to foresee the position Lord Bute would eventually hold, and paid his court to him so effectually, as to gain a complete ascendancy over him; indeed, the love of intrigue and mystery of the wily Savoyard found a responsive feeling in the breast of the favourite. The conduct of the peace was not the only commission with which Lord Bute charged Viri. It appears by the Hardwicke Papers, that he had assigned to him the scarcely less difficult task of reconciling the Duke of Newcastle to part with the power, while



he retained the title of Minister. His services were amply rewarded. The King granted him a pension of a thousand a-year, on the Irish pension list, under the name of Charles, and allowed his son to succeed him at the Court of London. On his return to Sardinia, Viri retired to his estates in Savoy, on the plea of ill health, but in reality to avoid the Marquis de St. Germain, the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who he knew could not endure him. But hearing that the Marquis was ill, he so timed his visit to Turin, as to arrive when his enemy was at the point of death. Viri knew that he was in no good odour at court. He had reason to suspect that the King of Sardinia was aware of the intrigues that he had set on foot, to prolong his stay in England. The day after the death of M. de St. Germain, he appeared before the King and made his peace with His Majesty, by presenting him with a magnificent suit of Gobelin tapestry, which had been given him by Louis the Fifteenth. M. Dutens, the author of "*Memoirs of a Traveller in Retirement*," was at this time Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Turin, and went frequently to see Viri. He was treated with much apparent confidence by the Count, who seemed anxious to know who was spoken of as the new Foreign Secretary; Dutens telling him that the Count himself was considered the successful candidate: he replied, "I am tired of business, I have already one foot in the grave, and how could any one be so simple as to imagine that I would now go to mix in the bustle of courts and politics?" This assurance he repeated several times. He was

actually at the time the Foreign Secretary. Dutens, on another occasion, applied to Viri on behalf of a friend. Some time after, the Minister sent for him as early as eight o'clock in the morning; and spoke in high terms of his friend, and satisfied him that his request would be granted. Dutens had scarcely got home when he saw his friend, who laughing, told him he knew all that had happened. "Count de Viri," said he, "sent for me at seven o'clock; he wished me to witness how much he had my affairs at heart, and made me conceal myself behind a screen, while he was talking to you." This love of concealment manifested itself in the most trifling concerns. He had once a slight wound on one of his legs, and sent for a surgeon to examine it. A similar accident happening to the other leg, he put that under the care of another surgeon, so that it might not be known that he had hurts on both legs at the same time. When Viri died, his secretary said, in answer to an inquirer, "He is dead, but he does not wish it to be known;" and the King of Sardinia, when he heard of his death, said, "that he would have made a mystery of it if he could." The negotiations with France were carried on by Count de Viri through the medium of his countryman the Bailli de Solar, the Sardinian Ambassador at Paris. The Bailli had been previously ambassador from his own court to that of Rome, at the same time that Choiseul was ambassador from France. A warm friendship had, since that period, subsisted between them. —*Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries.*

## NEW BOOKS.

MRS. SMITH and her COUSIN FANNY.

*Fanny.* No, cousin, positively I cannot stir till I have finished this third volume.

*Mrs. Smith.* Then I must be patient. I confess to the evil design of urging you to an hour's practice, because having finished the second volume of "*Ardennan*"\* myself, I am looking at the third, in your hand, with most covetous gaze.

*Fanny.* Is it not a charming book? It is so intensely interesting, that I feel my heart go pit-a-pat, as if the circumstances described were real events happening around me.

*Mrs. Smith.* It is a very faithful picture of life, and of human nature; and interesting even to the point of excitement as the story is, one is surprised at the simple natural course of events out of which it is woven. This is a true triumph of art, the perfection of art being to hide the artifice. I believe it is no secret that this novel is the production of a very young lady; and it does her honour to have portrayed her characters with so bold and broad a touch. It

is unquestionably one of the healthiest novels of the day.

*Fanny.* That is just what I feel. I remember once being told that there was a sure test by which to know if one had been in "good company" or not. If we feel wiser, better, and happier, strong in good resolves and noble aspirations, with an increased contempt for the littlenesses and meannesses of life, we may be pretty sure we have been benefited by our associates. If, on the contrary, we feel discontented with our lot, envious, jealous, suspicious, with our ideal drooping to a low standard, we may be pretty sure we have been under what somebody calls "the demoralizing influence of inferior society;" and I have often thought it is just the same with books.

*Mrs. Smith.* And even in a more marked degree. There are many brilliant and fascinating works of fiction, which yet do strongly confound right and wrong, and especially are they dangerous when they set Love and Duty in opposition, the author spending all the glamour of his genius on Love, which the heroine—it may be—dies rather than relinquishes, and never for one moment sets about combating and conquering.

\*"*THE HEIR OF ARDENNAN*;" a Story of Domestic Life in Scotland. By the author "*Anne Dysart*." 3 vols. (Colburn & Co.)



*Fanny.* Yet dear Caroline Irvine, in the "Heir of Ardennan," does not combat or conquer her love?

*Mrs. Smith.* No, because her love, though for so long apparently hopeless, is never opposed to duty. But though she does not conquer it, she combats her own weaknesses, and succeeds in establishing the strong affection of her life as a thing apart, which in no way mars the outward current of her existence—nay, it gives a refining and an ennobling influence to her character, and this because he whom she loves is a good man.

*Fanny.* He is certainly not the least in the world a common-place hero, "half savage, half sad."

*Mrs. Smith.* On the contrary, the rare combination of an intellectual man, with a high moral tone, and a thorough man of the world, taking this expression in its best sense. A most creditable ideal of a man; and rarely, I think, have the depth and purity of a young girl's first and well-formed attachment been more truthfully and more delicately depicted than in these pages. The scenes in which Malcolm Gordon calls Caroline his "little friend," when she is striving to console him, while his manly heart is nearly broken by the wrongs he has received from another woman, are most touching.

*Fanny.* And Agnes, the old maid sister, how admirably is her character drawn!

*Mrs. Smith.* And what gleams of genuine humour do we discover in the descriptions both of the well-born poor, and the vulgar rich in these pages! Altogether it is a work of great power, of genius in contradistinction to mere talent, and with passages of gentle wisdom welling up perpetually. It comes triumphantly through your test, Fanny; for one feels to have been in "excellent company" when laying it down. But I have another book which you have not yet seen—something totally different from a novel—which, when you have finished "The Heir of Ardennan," we must have a talk about. Don't hurry; there are a dozen passages in "Verdicts" \* I want absolutely to study.

*Fanny.* "Verdicts!" what a strange title! Surely not a horrid law-book!

*Mrs. Smith.* Assuredly not; but finish your own book.

*Fanny.* I have just done—and, woman like, have looked at the end.

*Mrs. Smith.* "Verdicts" is the title given to a satirical poem, of such merit, that my curiosity is piqued to guess the author.

*Fanny.* I am not fond of satirical writing generally: I like the humorous much better.

*Mrs. Smith.* I will promise that you shall enjoy this. Satirical it certainly is, but not with the satire that wounds like a poisoned weapon. Shrewd, clear-sighted, and witty as the author proves himself, there is not on one page the rankle of ill-nature or envy. This makes me think that, though he chooses to maintain his incognito, he is neither an unknown nor an unsuccessful writer.

*Fanny.* But what are the "Verdicts" about?

*Mrs. Smith.* They are about the Poets of the last half century. A semi-classical, but humorous idea is made the groundwork of the thing. The scene is Olympus. Jupiter, or Zeus—the Greek term being adopted—is described as yawning for "want of something to do," and sick "for a pleasure that's new." Suddenly he determines to look over the judgments which have been passed by Minos for the last fifty years, and Mnemosyne is deputed to read them.

*Fanny.* A very good idea. I suppose all the poets mentioned are dead?

*Mrs. Smith.* Not all; for we have side allusions to Tennyson, the Brownings, Bailey the author of *Festus*, and others, and a few absolute verdicts about authors whose writings, I suppose, have been so long before the world, that their fame and position may be considered to be established—Miss Mitford, the Howitts, Walter Savage Landor, for instance. The varieties of individual taste must always lead people to differ about the merits of poetry; but taken as a whole, I am inclined to think these "Verdicts" very fairly represent what the general ultimate opinion of the world will be.

*Fanny.* What does Minos say about Wordsworth?

*Mrs. Smith.* The verdict on him forcibly expresses what is the strong under-current of opinion about him. Somehow or other it has, of latter years, become a point of morals to admire Wordsworth unconditionally. Now, as you and I are of those who confess that he was a regenerator in literature, and has done some things which place him in the highest rank of English poets, yet nevertheless feel that side by side with those noble productions are effusions which to our poor judgment seem tame, trite, cold, and purposeless, we cannot but feel our opinion fortified by the following extract from a Verdict. I must tell you, however, that much warm and discriminating praise goes before.

"I know that with some 'tis their critical rule  
To hold him who can't like all Wordsworth a fool.  
Now here, for a moment, allow me to pause,  
To speculate what was the principal cause,  
Besides that already I've had to relate,  
That kept men so long from believing him great,  
That kept them from throning him straight on the  
height

Where he sits on Parnassus in all the earth's sight,  
Now at once its instructor, its pride, and delight:  
Then I venture to say you'll not go far amiss,  
If you hold that fools' praise was the prime cause of  
this.

You'll remember that those who the first show'd  
him love,  
Rank'd his dulness and nonsense his beauty above;  
That those—strange to say—who bow'd down to him  
first,  
Liked his best pretty well, but fell flat to his worst,  
For his wisdom and truth did not go far amiss,  
care,  
As for just those bare bald things that make people  
stare

\* "VERDICTS." (*Effingham Wilson.*)



Which these fools went about spouting everywhere,  
And, not dreaming their silliness made a vile jest of  
him,  
Ask'd men to believe were the wisest and best of  
him."

*Fanny.* Do you think the people who talk so much about Wordsworth have really studied his poetry?

*Mrs. Smith.* To speak honestly, I fear not; as I have said before, the under current of opinion, when one can get at the truth, is, that we should like his wheat well sifted from the chaff. But here is a burst of enthusiasm about Keats with which I am sure you will sympathise:—

"Young shade, whose white brows greenest laurels  
entwine,  
In whose deep eyes the fires of fine genius shine,  
Welcome, Keats, thou, Olympus's favourite and  
mine!  
Ah, well may men bless thee! again they behold  
Homer's Gods, throned for awe in their mansions of  
gold;  
Again, lightning-wielder, thy dread thunder-nods  
Mortals watch in white fear for, with awe-stricken  
Gods;  
All of beauty and fear that the great ancient told  
Rise in great breathing forms, half as fair as of old;  
Once more Aphrodite gleams up from the foam  
And lustrous in whiteness, seeks heaven, her home;  
Again to the pale shades the winged Hermes speeds;  
Again Pan hears Syrinx lament 'mid her reeds;  
We watch, 'mid dim woods, not for Dryads in vain,  
And Oreads fleet by in the sunbeams again;  
Naiads haunt stream and river, and Syrens the  
main,  
Lulling ocean's soothed waves with their old luring  
strain;  
Would you have the great white brows of Heré  
appear?  
Would you gaze on fierce Pallas at rest on her  
spear,  
Or through swart Hades' realms roam in scarce-  
breathing fear?  
To your aid the strong power of his high genius call;  
For ever before you they breathe, one and all.  
Bless him and be blest; a new world you have won,  
As fair as the real world that lies 'neath the sun;  
Here shall you find peace from existence's strife,  
Here a refuge, afar from the worst ills of life.  
Had he lived, who had boasted of loftier fame?  
Had not Earth searched in vain for a much greater  
name  
Than his that 'the Quarterly' held up to shame?  
And this was a genius for bigots to shriek at!  
For Giffords and such things to gibber and squeak  
at!  
For a Jeffrey to see, after some year or two,  
Had merit sufficient to suit his Review,  
To be patted and petted with pretty half praise,  
That was more meant the critic than poet to raise!  
O glory unto the two mighty Reviews  
That fame, to those having it, never refuse,  
That one or the other have tried to write down  
Every name they now lackey with praise and  
renown,  
Once their scorn, now their idol to praise to the  
town!  
Well, thank God! truth wins, spite of all they can  
pen,  
And genius, in spite of them, is seen of men;

They struggle to stifle its lustre in vain,  
And only succeed with their blundering disdain,  
In giving such natures as Keats's some pain,  
And perhaps, when great genius hangs on a breath,  
In impoverishing the world with its weak body's  
death,

But never, believe me! the death of its mind,  
Whose fine inspiration's left breathing behind,  
In due time, its due meed of reverence to find.  
Blest is he who their scorn with unmoved contempt  
meets,  
And their sneers with unruffled indifference treats!  
Blest are they who are stronger in frame than was  
Keats!  
Well, well, he has gone where Reviews sting no  
more,  
And left us his volumes to love and gloat o'er,  
One whose poems we treasure—whose fame we  
adore.

"Have we no great poem, as Wilson has said?  
Who can say it, that has once 'Hyperion' read,  
With its Titan-like strength, and its grand primal  
gloom,  
Crushing down the awed soul with the fallen Gods'  
doom,  
Till you shudder and think that 'tis Milton is here,  
And half you see drear Pandemonium appear,  
With its forms like to Gods, that you love with  
strange fear;  
Like to those glorious Greek shapes, that so ever  
tax man  
For wonder and worship, the outlines of Flaxman.  
Then his 'Lamia' read over—his sweet 'Agnes'  
Eve,  
His 'Pot of' sad 'Basil,' and if you can leave  
Even these (though they want the full strength that  
he grev to  
In his great epic fragment) without feeling few to  
Such fulness of beauty can truly lay claim,  
I hold you a critic in nought but the name,  
And hold him, in spite of you, high up to fame.  
Then, if what rarer beauty he yet has, you'd learn,  
To his odes, that I turn to so often, O turn,  
To that sung 'to Autumn' and 'to a Greek urn,'  
And if you would hear yet one strain higher still,  
Let the hushed air the gush of his 'Nightingale'  
fill,  
And in you all thoughts but of high rapture kill;  
If saddened by losses, or sorrow, or pain,  
Pour the joy of its gladness, full flood through your  
brain,  
Then sober to sadness, and quaff it again.  
High honour to those who the God on earth knew,  
Cowden Clarke, Leigh Hunt, Severn—the fine  
faithful few,  
Who, in life and in death, to his greatness were true;  
And honour to Milnes who has ventured to tell  
The tale of his struggles and sorrows so well;  
And high honour to Shelley, the greatest among  
His fellows, who, when in the grave the sweet tongue  
Of our poet was stilled, his sweet Elegy sung,  
In a strain of sad music—of linked word on word,  
Such as was from young Milton for Lycidas heard;  
Hark! and while your full heart to its sad sweet-  
ness beats,  
Drop a blessing and tear to the memory of Keats."

*Fanny.* The author, whoever he may be, does not at any rate seek to propitiate the great reviews.

*Mrs. Smith.* He speaks the truth, and tha propitiates a better power than even the great



Quarterlies. I should read half the book to you were I to dwell on all the passages with which you would sympathize. The pages devoted to Scott, Moore, and Byron, are among the ablest—and again most justly reflect in glowing language what thousands have felt. The author of "Verdicts" has a bold, independent spirit, a habit of looking straightforward to the heart of things; and though he chooses to set up for a mere satirist, he shows so much of the true poet's nature in himself, that we are actuated by a sort of unconscious reverence, and acknowledge that he has a right to judge.

*Fanny.* I should judge that he has an intimate knowledge of literary history and biography.

*Mrs. Smith.* Unquestionably; hence he brings many adjuncts to bear on each theme. Altogether, it is a poem that we should place on our shelves beside the Poets, as a sort of elaborated index to them. A considerable space is devoted to Byron, but how much that is descriptive of his works is summed up in these two lines—

"Keep them out of your boys' hands and girls' heads, and then  
Put them into their way when they're women and men."

Strange is it that Byron's highest merits are those which are only to be appreciated after experience of life, and yet that his poems are favourites with the young; perhaps I should say *were*, for I am old enough to remark the change in popular taste, and to observe that the youthful scribblers, who a dozen years ago would have mimicked Childe Harold and The Giaour, now affect the rhythm of the "May Queen," or warm their hearts at the glow of the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." But we will not talk of these masterpieces just now.

*Fanny.* I forgot to ask you what book it was from which you were reading some amusing extracts yesterday.

*Mrs. Smith.* A gossiping work about the West of England,\* full of vivid descriptions of men and manners, and pleasant places. The Great Exhibition is made the thread on which to string shrewd observations, while historical anecdotes and legendary stories lead the reader back every now and then to those curious links which cement the past and present. The work is very charmingly illustrated, and appropriately dedicated to the Earl of Granville,

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HAYMARKET.

The event of the month at this theatre has been the production of a new five-act play, entitled "Woman's Heart," which met with a success as deserved as it was brilliant. The plot may be rapidly sketched as follows: *Isolina*, a blind girl of unknown parentage, has been adopted by an old Italian peasant, whose son *Angiolo*, an enthusiast in art, becomes a sculptor. He has imbibed his idea of beauty from the blind girl, and her fine character completes the charm. A devoted attachment exists between them, and nothing seems likely to hinder their union, till the fame of the artist having reached the ears of royalty, he is lured to Court, where a new passion, Ambition, arises in his mind, and, for a time, subdues that of love. *Isolina* becomes heart-broken at the discovery of his coldness; but meanwhile her noble parentage is revealed, and her sight is restored. The *Prince* becomes a suitor to her hand, and commissions *Angiolo*, who is a painter as well as sculptor, to take her portrait. The scene in which they meet is very effective, for *Angiolo* has been commanded to keep silence, and it will be remembered that *Isolina* has never seen him. The contrition and anguish of *Angiolo*, and the magnanimity of the heroine, work out the denouement. The play is beautifully written, and the plot is very artistically conducted. Add to this, that the principal actors, Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and Mr. Howe, performed their parts with admirable ability, and that Miss Vandenhoff was the complete realization of *Isolina*, and the enthusiastic reception of this fine play is readily

understood. A great mystery about the authorship had been maintained; but after repeated and vociferous cries for the author, Mr. Vandenhoff led on his daughter, and announced that the actress and the authoress were one! If applause had been hearty before, it was deafening now, though the enthusiasm had something soft and touching in it. We are grieved to be obliged to say that the second performance of "Woman's Heart" was delayed for many nights in consequence of the serious illness of Miss Vandenhoff—exposure to cold and the excitement of the evening having occasioned complete prostration.

The opera of "Aminta," and various stock pieces, have alternated with each other at this theatre, giving great satisfaction to the most fastidious of playgoers; for certainly the Haymarket audience is the most critical in London. We must not forget to mention the revival of Douglas Jerrold's charming piece, "The House-keeper," which afforded Miss Reynolds an opportunity of proving how steadily and yet rapidly she is gaining ground in public favour. She has ceased to be a "promising" actress, but is, in fact, one of the most finished and accomplished performers in London.

### ADELPHI.

A lively, sparkling piece, adapted and modified from the French, but with all the fun left in, whatever else may have been taken out,

\* THE WEST OF ENGLAND AND THE EXHIBITION, 1851; by Herbert Byng Hall, K.S.F., Author of "Scenes at Home and Abroad, &c. &c. (Longman and Co.)



has been produced here under the title of the "Leghorn Bonnet." It keeps the audience in a roar of laughter, as may be guessed from the following sketch of the plot, which we extract from the "Musical World," premising that the gentleman who is sent in search of the bonnet is the butt of the piece, and introduced on the scene in a sufficiently comic manner:—

"A lady who was weak enough to give a rendezvous to a military gentleman—not a militiaman, but a real terrific, warlike officer, personified by Mr. Worrell—and was also careless enough to leave her Leghorn bonnet hanging on the branch of a tree, while she herself was hanging on the arm of the officer aforementioned, had her bonnet devoured by a horse belonging to a gentleman about to be married. The lady is in an awful state: she cannot meet her husband again, for—oh, that I must say so, she is married—until she has got a Leghorn bonnet like the one that has been devoured. The officer, like an officer, insists that the gentleman, who is about to be married, shall find one, and sends him on the search, while he and the lady occupy his apartments. The gentleman runs about, rushes, in the first place, to a fashionable *Magazin de Modes*, and is horrified to recognize in the fair mistress of the establishment a former flame of his. Of course, he does not get the bonnet; all he does get is a little abuse. He now directs his steps to the house of a lady who is said to possess such a bonnet as he desires. She is not at home, but he introduces himself to the husband, who, in the course of the scene, discovers that the bonnet that had been eaten belonged to his own wife. He vows vengeance, and the gentleman who is about to be married, &c., is nearly driven to distraction by the various parties annoying him on all sides, and, more especially, by a large father-in-law, at the head of a number of country cousins, who have followed him all through the piece, making the most atrocious blunders without having the least idea what they are about. At last, however, a bonnet, that answers the purpose exactly, is discovered by accident, and the affair is concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

"We would strongly advise all young ladies to go and see the 'Leghorn Bonnet,' at the Adelphi, for it will convey a most useful lesson to them in a very funny shape, as a tender mother gives her child medicine enveloped in a spoonful of jam. Messrs. Wright and Bedford are exceedingly comical, and Mr. Emery excessively good. Their efforts are rewarded with shouts of laughter, and will, we are sure, render the 'Leghorn Bonnet' (Adelphi pattern) very popular."

Several old favourites have drawn crowds to the Adelphi lately; among them "Paul Pry," in which Wright's impersonation of the hero is said by old play-goers to rival that of Liston, which five-and-twenty years ago was the town's talk. We remember an old song, the burthen of which was, after enumerating queer things seen and heard—

"But I never heard a hearty laugh  
From out a villain's throat."

Nor did any one else either we believe. Therefore, to those genial natures who enjoy legitimate mirth, we recommend a visit to this theatre.

## THE MARIONETTES.

All the world of sight-seers are talking about the Marionettes now exhibiting at the Adelaide Gallery. The performance is irresistibly comic, and certainly deserves patronage. The following is from an esteemed contemporary:—

"The puppets thrive. The public goes to witness this exotic entertainment; the literary world is pleased to recal the days when puppets of old amused Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith; and the satirical find occasion to remark, that performers whose heads are professedly wooden are at any rate more honest than many human artists, who, though similarly provided in the upper story, are not equally candid in confession. The sense of their growing importance is visibly set forth in their movements. They no longer wave timidly in the air, as when they first appeared; but they plant their feet firmly on the stage, as if aware of the stability of their position. The notion of their freedom from a Chamberlain's *surveillance* seems to have penetrated their little solid skulls, and in their newest exhibitions they abuse the French President with an Aristophanic license, which, if they are lucky, may draw upon them the reprobation of the House of Lords. A very clever little piece, called 'The United Services,' has been written for these Marionettes by a gentleman of considerable literary emirance. The plot, turning on the clandestine invitation given to a policeman and a life-guardsmen by a brace of female servants, is slight enough; but the rhymed dialogue, bristling with allusions to topics of the day, is smartly written, and elicits new peculiarities in the performers. The swell life-guardsmen is a most fascinating personage, and the manner in which the inanimate party sits down to a supper-table might furnish a subject for the illustration of a book on good behaviour. Then there is the pantomime, costumed after the Neapolitan fashion, in which a little man with a hoop does astounding feats to the amazement of a Pierrot, whose stupidity is scarcely less clever. Altogether, the puppets, as we have said, are in a thriving condition."

## WOOLWICH.—MISS EDITH HERAUD.

We have again occasion to call attention to the acting of this young lady, whose success, it seems, induced the management to renew her engagement. On Monday, Feb. 2nd, she performed *Ophelia*, in "Hamlet;" on Wednesday, the 4th, *Mariana*, in "The Wife;" and on Saturday, the 7th (being for her benefit), *Julia*, in "The Hunchback," and *Katherine*, in "Taming of the Shrew." In all these characters Miss Heraud manifested that spontaneity of histrionic aptitude, which we believe to be the soul of all art. Miss Heraud acts as she feels; hence her *Ophelia* was a touching and beautiful impersonation. In the part of *Mariana*, from the same cause, she achieved a perfect triumph—interesting the audience in the maiden, the wife, the betrayed duchess, and the faithful woman. The sympathy she excited, through all the phases of the pathetic story, was deep-seated, and the applause consequently genuine. *Julia* is an elaborate stage-built part, which requires the practised actress; but Miss Heraud proved herself equal to its most difficult situations, and



rose to the sublimity of the final appeal to *Master Walter's* equity and sense of mutual responsibility. There was in this a rhetorical display required, the weight of which has sunk many an aspirant. Miss Heraud's fine voice and physical energy carried her not only safely but victoriously through this passionate and vehement strain of declamation. Nor was she less powerful in *Katherine*, the "Shrew," in which she not only showed much comic *vis*, but evidently entered into the character and business of the scene with an evident love for the production of mirth, and a buoyant vivacity that were perfectly delightful. We understand that she will probably soon appear at Woolwich again, in some new characters.

### SOIREEES MUSICALES.

In our last number we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Aguilar's series of classical concerts at the New Beethoven Rooms; and since we wrote, the second and third of them have taken place. These thoroughly intellectual entertainments will long be remembered by those who were present. On the 10th ultimo, Mr. Aguilar's solo performances were Beethoven's sonatas in B flat, Op. 22, in E Op. 90, and in G, Op. 79; productions very different in character, though all evincing the power of the great master. They afforded Mr. Aguilar the opportunity of proving his own varied powers, and establishing himself yet more firmly in popular favour. Combining as he does so thorough a mastery over mechanical difficulties that the careless observer is apt to forget their existence, his whole soul is occupied in the truthful and effective rendering of the composer's idea. This is surely the perfection of music, and the combination of excellencies in this young artiste entitles him to take rank as a pianist of the highest order. Mr. Aguilar also played a sonata with Herr Lutgen, a violoncellist of great merit, which was most brilliantly executed. These four sonatas were pleasantly divided by vocal performances of Mrs. C. S. Wallack and Miss L. Baxter. At the second soirée, Miss Messent was the vocalist, and acquitted herself with her usual distinction. On both occasions the rooms

were crowded with a select and discriminating audience.

The first of Mr. Handel Gear's musical soirées took place at his residence, 17, Saville Row, on the 18th ultimo. The concert opened with the Andante, Scherzo, and Finale from Mendelssohn's second trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, admirably played by the youthful pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr A. Pollitzer, and Herr H. Lutzen. Horsley's glee, "See the Chariot at Hand," was most effectively rendered by the Messrs. Foster, Handel Gear, Stretton, and Staines. Miss Dolby was deservedly encored in the beautiful ballad of "Ida," and sang an Italian song, and also in a quartet. Late in the evening Miss A. Goddard executed a favourite fantasia of Thalberg's, in a perfectly wonderful manner, and Miss Amy Dolby sang a duet with her sister. We must not omit a word of praise to Miss Birch, who sang an Italian cavatina, and took part in a quartet, in a style which showed the true musician as well as vocalist. The attendance was very numerous, and we may congratulate Mr. Gear on his deserved success. His last soirée is announced for the 9th of March.

On the 9th ultimo, Mrs. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, gave a musical entertainment at the New Beethoven Rooms, of a novel and very attractive character. It consisted of a Lecture, literary, critical, and musically illustrated, on Sacred Music, and was a very happy idea most ably carried out. The vocal illustrations were from Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, Mehul, Pergolesi, and other composers, and were given by Mrs. Gibbs in a manner that elicited universal admiration. It would be well if certain of our popular singers would take a lesson from this lady, imitate the distinctness of her articulation, and that chaste method which is so essential to exponents of Sacred Music. The pure and expressive style of her singing is beyond all praise. Why is it that we do not hear of Mrs. Gibbs more frequently in our Metropolitan Concert Rooms, or at Exeter Hall, or other Oratorios, where she could not fail to be a great acquisition? Her execution, the evening of the lecture, of "Angels ever bright and fair," and of "He was despised," from the Messiah, were models of what sacred music should be.

### THE GARDEN.—MARCH.

"There is a blessing in the air,  
Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
And grass in the green field."

WORDSWORTH.

*Greenhouse.*—Calceolarias are now in a very active state of growth. Continue shifting them as occasion requires, which will ensure a succession of blooming plants. The earliest shifted ones have now their pots full of roots, and are throwing up for bloom; therefore give them now and then some

clear, weak manure water; but every care will be in vain if the green fly gets ahead; therefore it is most important that they should be slightly fumigated every ten days, or a fortnight at most. Pelargoniums required for late flowering should now have their final shift; persevere in training out the for-



ward plants, and be careful in removing all decaying leaves. In some of the tenderer fancy varieties these will often cause the stems to rot. The greater part of the fancy sorts are now throwing up the trusses for bloom, which in plants required to flower late had better be picked off. A few annuals for the decoration of this house or the conservatory had better be sown in pots on a gentle bottom heat, such as *Schizanthus*, *Nemophilla*, *Clintonia*, *Rhodanthe*, *Brachycoma*, *Cockscombs*, and *Amaranths*.

**Conservatory.**—Most of the permanent inmates of this structure are now started into growth, and will require a liberal application of water. Oranges, Camellias, *Rhododendrons*, and indeed most free-rooting plants, when in a healthy state, are apt to get very dry towards the centre of the mass of roots. When such is the case—and a practised eye will soon detect it by the appearance of the plant—take a good-sized iron prong, and probe the border in several places to let in the water. The forward pruned climbers will now be making growth, and should be kept constantly trained out; thin out the shoots where too much crowded, in order to produce finer flowers and foliage. Continue to introduce a succession of plants into the forcing-house, particularly some of the earlier raised hybrid *Rhododendrons*, which are better adapted for forcing than any of the hardier ponticum varieties, and their beauty is in every way superior.

**Peach House.**—The final thinning of the fruit may now be given in the earliest houses, taking care to leave a few over what the tree is calculated to bear, to make up for such as fall in stoning. It is observed, however, that where the process of thinning the fruit and disbudding is commenced early, and gradually carried on, much less fruit will fall in stoning than where those operations are more generalized. Be careful that the roots do not want for tepid water at this stage, to which a little liquid manure may sometimes be added with great advantage.

**Cherries.**—See that plants setting fruit do not want for water at the roots, and keep up a growing humidity in the atmosphere with occasional syringing, and take every opportunity of favourable weather to admit a free circulation of air.

**Figs.**—These will require to have a humid atmosphere maintained, with abundance of tepid water and liquid manure at the roots. Increase the heat as the plants advance in growth. Thin out the branches where too much crowded, and stop the young branches when long enough.

**Pits and Frames.**—Maintain a brisk bottom heat, ranging from 75 degrees as a medium to Cucumbers in fruit; plants for succession must also be kept in a free growing state, and well stopped as they advance. Melons for an early crop should now be planted out, and receive the same attention with regard to temperature and general treatment; sow seed of the later sorts for the main crops. The same will apply to Cucumbers, of which a good stock should now be sown. Sow seed of *Capsicums* and *Chillies* for an early crop. Keep plenty of fermenting materials in readiness for immediate service.

**Shrubbery.**—Planting of all kinds should now be brought speedily to a close; not only for the good of the plants, but because every day will now bring a variety of imperative spring-work, the neglect of which will tell very much against the beauty and high keeping that will be looked for by-and-bye.

**Flower Garden.**—Some Ten-week and German Stocks for early flowering should now be sown in

pots or pans, and placed on a gentle bottom heat. Sow also a pan of *Delphinium sinensis* for autumn flowering. Look well to all advancing beds or patches of bulbs, and stir the surface-soil about them, and dress with soot and ashes. Hand-lights placed over choice herbaceous plants should now be removed every fine day, and only kept on at night when frost threatens.

**Fruit Garden.**—Peaches and Nectarines should now be pruned and nailed immediately; and, when completed, previously to applying the protective coverings, syringe them forcibly with the garden-engine, with water in which soft-soap and sulphur have been dissolved. The best water for the purpose is that which has been poured into a tub on some quick-lime, and allowed to stand to get quite clear. Some branches of evergreens, placed as a protection to the choicer kinds of Pears, will often ensure a crop. Partially remove coverings from Fig-trees. In digging through the beds of Gooseberries and Currants, apply a liberal dressing of hot quick-lime both to the trees and to the soil, which will greatly tend to keep down the Gooseberry caterpillar.

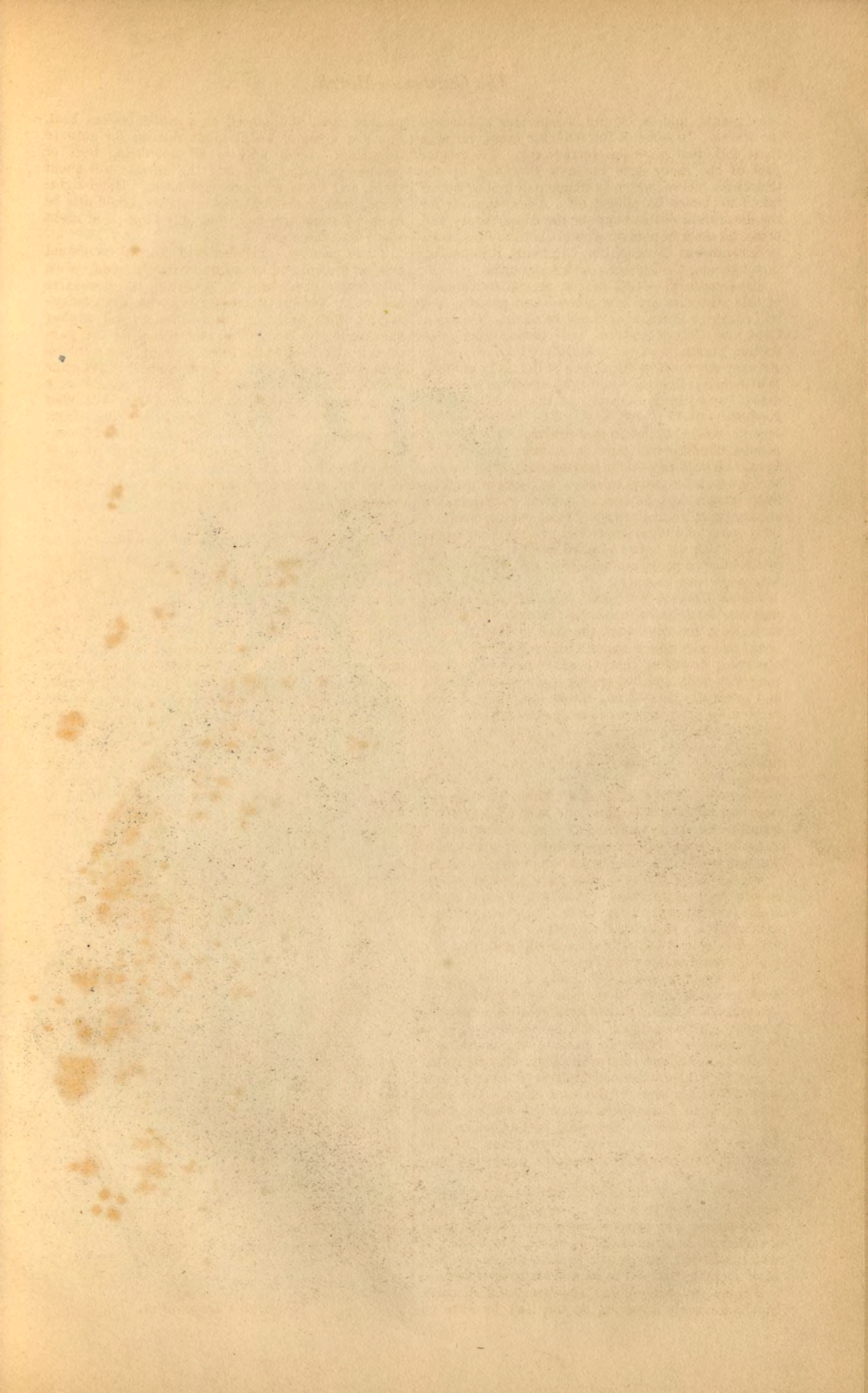
#### NEW AND RARE PLANT.

**GALEANDRA DEVONIANA.**—(Lindl.—Pact. Fl. Garden.)—To those that cultivate Orchids, this is perhaps one of the finest and most valuable of the South American kinds, as its flowers, when once become expanded, may be kept for a long time in perfection. Although it was introduced to English collections before 1840, yet few remain more scarce even at the present time. It is a terrestrial species, of great beauty, and requires to be grown in the warmest division of the orchid-house until the flowers are expanded; then if it is removed to a cool department they will remain for two months in perfection. The terrestrial kinds have usually roundish oblong or ovate pseudo-bulbs; but this species is quite destitute of them, the stems being similar to *Phajus alba*, clustered, and uniform to the base,



*Galeandra Devoniana.*











leafy above, with the leaves much sheathing the stem, and are deciduous; the flowers are large, few, and are produced in a terminal panicle, sepals and petals spreading and slightly ascending; lanceolate, of a darkish purple green at the margin, and at the base externally; lip very large, projecting, white tipped, and streaked with purple. This species was detected by Schomburgk, near the Rio Negro, a river which discharges itself into the Amazon. He

found it growing in clusters or patches five or six feet high, and ten or twelve in circumference. What would our exhibitors say to such a mass of this rare orchid, on the table of an exhibition-tent! The largest plant of it that we have seen is in the magnificent collection of S. Rucker, Esq., Wandsworth, and consists of a few stems not more than two or three feet high.

## THE TOILET.

### COSTUME FOR MARCH.

[All information concerning Dress or Fashion has either been directly communicated by MADAME DEVY, 73, Grosvenor-street, London, or appears under her sanction.]

The fashions for the spring season, as every one knows, cannot be considered settled till after Easter; for the display made in Paris at the *fête* of Longchamps by the leaders of *ton*, establishes what is, and what is not to be worn. Still there are premonitory signs already afloat to indicate the style that is likely to be in vogue.

A decided novelty is the *soie arc-en-ciel*. This "rainbow silk" is made in various colours, but we may describe two or three dresses. One has a deep flounce, shaded in shot from a dark to a light blue, the deep flounce being surmounted by five narrow ones, shaded to correspond. The skirt itself, but little of which is seen, is blue *glacé*, a shot of the dark and light blue. It must be borne in mind that, though these flounces have the characteristics of shot silk, the deeper shades always appear towards the bottom, and graduate in the delicate manner which gives the silk its name. Another, in a similar style, has all the shades of rose colour shot with white, the flounces being edged with a white silk fringe. A third is shaded from a full blue to white. The *corsages* of these dresses are high, and together with the pagoda sleeves, are trimmed with narrow *volants*, shaded to correspond with those on the skirt.

Flounces continue to be much worn in thin materials; and brocades and *moire* antique silks have frequently the pattern woven in breadths to represent them. For morning dresses, however, trimmings down the front are preferred.

We have already described several waistcoats, and need only observe that they continue in high favour—a circumstance not to be wondered at, from their convenience and comfort. They are made in black and coloured silks, richly and variously embroidered, both black and white bugles being introduced. A lavender-watered silk, embroidered in black, is very appropriate for half mourning. And there is a white cashmere, embroidered with silk and white bugles, which is particularly elegant.

Silk aprons, either to contrast or correspond with the morning dress, are little likely to go out of favour. Those of rich black silk, either watered or *moire* antique, trimmed with velvet or *dentelle de laine*, or embroidered in silk and bugles, are generally preferred, although coloured ones are also worn.

The *broderie Anglaise*, either with or without the addition of Valenciennes lace, is indispensable for the morning toilet, the chemisette and hanging

sleeves being made of course to correspond. Perhaps few adjuncts of dress are more important, or more mark a correct taste, than elegant *lingerie*.

The bonnets are very open just in the front, but rather less round than they were some time ago. One called *chapeau écossais* is particularly adapted for the early spring, its brightness affording a relief to the winter garments, which the cold winds of this season compel us yet to retain. This Scotch bonnet is composed almost entirely of plaid ribbon and black lace, only a small portion of open straw being visible: it is remarkably pretty, and a little coquettish.

There is a sufficiently warm bonnet of white silk, trimmed outside with blonde and white bugles; the inside being ornamented with narrow loops of that beautiful green called *vert d'Iseley*, with white flowers resembling azaleas.

A very simple, but elegant bonnet, is composed of pink silk, black velvet, and narrow black lace; the cap being of pink roses, white blonde, and black velvet ends.

A yet more wintery bonnet is of garnet-coloured velvet, and black and white fancy straw: it has a feather shaded from black to garnet colour, and white flowers underneath. The strings are of a rich white ribbon, with black and yellow edge.

Evening dresses have still the *corsage Louis Quinze*. For young unmarried ladies the *coiffure* is generally of flowers. There is a new fancy wreath composed only of green leaves of several shades, and silver tendrils and pods. It is very chaste, and may be worn to advantage with any colour except blue. The Bacchante wreath of grapes and flowers is still occasionally seen.

For married ladies there are many new and elegant head-dresses. One of the prettiest is of blue *glacé* silk, white blonde, and a drooping bunch of *roses pompons* on each side. Another is made in two pieces, and is composed of black or coloured velvet, pearls, and short white feathers. A network of velvet and pearls covers the back of the head, a small feather being fastened at each side; then a plaited roll of velvet and pearls—which might be worn alone—comes across the head, and may be brought low on the forehead when that style is becoming.

As a rule it may be said that *coiffures* remain very full at the sides, though drooping flowers or ends of velvet hang therefrom. The rings and loops so much worn last year are quite gone by, but



bugles, both black and white, are much used. Both for dresses and bonnets bright colours have the preference, the dull shades of cinnamon, brown, and stone colour, which there was an attempt to introduce, having dropped out of notice. There is no wonder at this; for, except to extreme youth, and a

particularly brilliant complexion, they are very unbecoming.

Our plate represents two evening dresses. The one is of black lace—a double skirt—over gold colour satin. The other is composed of pink silk, pink tulle, white lace, and quillings of ribbon.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again remind our numerous correspondents that we cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, or write about them, unless postage stamps are sent to cover the expense.

We have received the following information which was sought in our last number:—"In answer to the inquiry of 'Simplicia,' in your last number, I beg to inform her that the lady Quakers mostly *make* their own caps. The principal bonnet establishment in town is that of Sparkes and Pumfrey, 76, Houndsditch, London; where, no doubt, caps may also be procured.—FREDERICA."

**FEMININE SUPERIORITY.**—The following extract from a newspaper will probably interest many of our readers:—"As 'lords of the creation,' our vaunted superiority of intellect has received a severe and humbling rebuke in connection with progress and talent displayed by the pupils at the Government School of Design in Dublin. In a report which has just come under our notice, of the distribution of prizes to the students, Professor Harrison, in the course of his report to the annual meeting, says prizes had been awarded to sixty-eight pupils. The competition had been general, but the 'female pupils had obtained the larger share of them.' It was remarkable also that, in the adjudication of the medals for good answering, 'the female students had carried away all the honours.' 'In botany the medal for good answering had been taken by a female student, and the same had been the case in chemistry, in geometry, and in optics. The *only branch* in which a male pupil had obtained a medal for his answering was anatomy, and it was to be observed that from that course of lectures the female pupils had been excluded.' At the close of the report we read thus:—'Silver medals for proficiency in science applied to the fine arts: Botany, Louisa Brady; zoology, Louisa Brady; optics, Elizabeth Kelly.' This seems all but an unconditional surrender of the lordly pretensions, and the application of the term 'weaker sex' would seem in need of being reversed."

X. is informed that memorial windows, and all other manufactures in painted and stained glass, can be procured at Powell's warehouse, Temple-street, Whitefriars. This is, we believe, one of the best establishments in the metropolis, and moderate in its charges.

**THE YOUNG LADY WHO SIGNED HERSELF A VERY YOUNG LADY, &c.,** must not think us wanting in courtesy in not paying earlier attention to her request, but the fact is that we have had so many poems for months past, and not been able to find room for them, that we are greatly in arrears in complying with the wishes of our correspondents. Her verses are, however, in the hands of the printer, and shall duly appear.

**ALPHA BETA.**—The above remarks apply equally

to this correspondent; we will look over his new poems at our first leisure moment.

**INFELIX.**—Do not despair. Consult Dr. Tilt's work "On the Preservation of the Health of Women" (*published by Churchill*), which is the most valuable little treatise on the subject we know. It was reviewed in our January number. In the name of all that is precious, we conjure you not to quack yourself.

**CAB REFORM.**—We have much pleasure in informing our readers that this most desirable object is at last in a fair way of being accomplished, by the formation of "THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER CAB COMPANY;" one of the very few companies of the kind—perhaps the only one—entitled to the entire respect and confidence of the public. The directors are honourable and practical business-like men; and as they intend not to enter into any contracts or give any orders until they have the money to meet them, they cannot incur any debts or liabilities. The project must succeed if it is only fairly supported by the public; and we do not hesitate to invite this support, as it is very certain that the present cab nuisance can only be abolished by such a combination. The fares will be 6d. per mile, and the drivers will be responsible and picked men, and distinguished by liveries. The estimates, which we have seen, are most satisfactory: after allowing for every conceivable expense on the most liberal scale, with an addition of £50 per week for contingencies, the estimates prove that if the cabs are employed for only *one quarter of the time* they are plying for hire, they will realize a *profit of 20 per cent.* on the capital invested:—thus, if a cab is on duty from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening—fourteen hours—it need not be actually at work for more than three hours and a half each day to realize the profit we have mentioned. Strike off 10 per cent. for losses of different kinds, and then there remains a very handsome dividend. Gold mines are just now very showy and attractive speculations; but surely there can be no more worthy, safe, and legitimate investment than "THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER CAB COMPANY."

**FRITZ.**—Accepted.

**SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS,** whom we will not more pointedly identify, have sent us for insertion short poems, which we are sorry to say do not come up to our present standard. Progress is being made in everything else, and why should poetry not improve with the times? Verses that would have suited, if not pleased us, three years ago, will neither suit nor please us now.

**MRS. H., or MRS. K.,** Dublin (for the initial is very illegible).—The Victoria Braid may be procured by post, or otherwise, from Mrs. Pullan, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London.

**M. D. and A SUBSCRIBER.**—The patterns mentioned will appear in an early number.









*J. Bentinck*



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

APRIL, 1852.

## MEMOIR OF MADAME DU DEFFAND.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

(Concluded from page 117.)

However disposed to make allowance for the effect likely to be produced on the temper of the Marquise du Deffand, by the calamity that befel her in the total loss of sight, this infirmity fell less heavily on her than it might have done on a woman fond of the beauties of nature, and finding her greatest pleasure in the contemplation of the countless charms which it offers to those who can appreciate them. We find no indication in her letters that she possessed any love of nature. Sunshine, by so worldly-minded a woman, was valued only as a medium of warmth: its brilliant beams playing on trees, plants, and the bright flowers it opened into bloom, delighted her not; and as it glanced over hills and dales, giving various hues to distant mountains, or sparkled on the bosoms of lakes and rivers, she heeded not its effect—an effect that can make the nerves of more sensitive mortals thrill with delight, and lift their hearts to the Creator. Content with the conversation of the clever persons around her, she cared not to look into their faces to see how far the expression of their countenances corresponded with that of their lips. From early youth, whatever happiness she had experienced had been artificial, derived wholly from the gratification of her selfishness, and the society of those who resembled her in many points; and this happiness was still spared to her, for she was not in her blindness and age deserted by those with whom she had passed her better days, except by the persons whom she had quarrelled with for adhering to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. The separation from this individual, after a companionship of above ten years, produced no change, awakened no reflections on her own faults in Madame du Deffand. That Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was much more kindly disposed is proved by the following letter addressed by her to the Marquise, a month after their separation:—

“You fixed a term, Madame, for me to have the honour of seeing you. That term appears very long to me, and I should be very happy if you would shorten it. I have nothing nearer to my heart than the desire to merit your kindness; condescend then to grant it, and give me the dearest proof, in according me the permission to go and renew in person

the assurance of a respect and affection which will only end with my life, and with which I have the honour to be, Madame, your very humble and obedient servant,

“ESPINASSE.”

The answer, sent the next day, was as follows:—

“I cannot consent to see you so soon, Mademoiselle; the conversation which I had with you, and which led to our separation, is still too fresh in my memory. I cannot believe that it is the sentiment of friendship which makes you want to see me. It is impossible to love those by whom one knows one is detested, abhorred, &c., &c.; by whom one's self-love is incessantly humiliated, crushed, &c., &c., &c. These are your own words, and the result of the impressions which you formed for a long time of those whom you said were your true friends. They may have been so, and I wish with all my heart that they may procure for you all the advantages which you expect; pleasure, fortune, and respect, &c., &c. What could you make of me at present—of what use could I be to you? My presence could not be agreeable to you; it would only serve to remind you of the commencement of our acquaintance, of the years that followed it; and all this is good for nothing but to be forgotten. Nevertheless, if hereafter you should happen to recollect me with pleasure, and that the recollection produces in you some remorse, some regret, I do not pique myself on a firmness austere and cruel. I am not insensible. I can comprehend well enough the truth. A sincere return of good feeling may touch me, and revive in me the inclination and the tenderness which I once had for you; but until then, Mademoiselle, let us remain as we are, and content yourself with the wishes which I offer for your happiness.”

This letter conveys no favourable impression of the writer: it proves how retentive was her memory of the reproachful expressions wrung in a moment of anger and indignation, occasioned probably by her own injustice, from Mademoiselle l'Espinasse.

It was in a few months after her separation from her companion that the Marquise du Deffand formed the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, an acquaintance which led to as warm a friendship as was consistent with the natural



character of both, but which contributed little to the happiness of either. The *ennui* to which the lady had been more or less a victim all her life, assailed her with greater force as she advanced into it, and she was prone to seek a relief from this malady in aught that could excite in her even a temporary interest. It was perhaps in this feeling that her friendship with Horace Walpole originated, while his probably had its source in his curiosity to become initiated in the coteries then so prevalent in Paris, and into which a better opportunity of penetrating could not be furnished than by frequenting the circle of Madame du Deffand, where the most remarkable persons in the French capital then congregated. Horace Walpole's own account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Madame du Deffand is very graphic, but proves that he then entertained no very flattering opinion of her. It is given in a letter to his friend, the Hon. H. S. Conway:—

"There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old President Hérault is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's—an old blind debauchée of wit, where I supped last night. The President is very deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar."\*

Three months after this we find Horace Walpole more pleased with the Marquise du Deffand, whom he terms "the old blind charming Madame du Deffand."

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Gray, dated Paris, Jan. 25, 1766, he again refers to the old lady:—†

"Madame du Deffand was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old, and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these four-score years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she rarely falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgment on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love or hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved—I don't mean by lovers—but a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher

rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich."

What a picture of the woman and the eaters of her suppers! However amusing it might have been to Horace Walpole, it saddens the heart to contemplate it.

All her visitors were not as he described them. Several of them entertained for her a sincere regard, and sought her society when they might have enjoyed the most agreeable and brilliant elsewhere. Horace Walpole left Paris for England in April, 1766, to the great regret of the Marquise du Deffand, who indulged a sorrow on this occasion much more consonant with the feelings of a young woman at the departure of her lover, than of an old one at that of a friend, and a friend too of only a few months' standing. The warmth of her expressions and the depth of the regret they conveyed alarmed him to whom they were addressed, lest he should be exposed to ridicule—an evil which to a mind like his was the most serious he could imagine. The Marquise, then in her sixty-ninth year, and he in his forty-eighth, might certainly entertain a friendship free from the dread of scandal. Nevertheless, he was haunted by this dread, and had neither generosity nor delicacy enough to conceal it from her, or to submit to the exaggerated expressions of regard so peculiar to the woman and to her country, which she lavished on him, and which no one but himself could suppose would lead to misrepresentation. He warned, he prohibited, he reproached the poor old woman for every phrase indicative of affection, which slipped from her pen, careless of the pain he inflicted, and proving that he cared more not to incur the chance of a ridicule which he ought to have despised than to forbear humiliating one who drew on herself his unkindness by the excess of her attachment to him. That his representations and expostulations on this subject greatly pained and humiliated her, is testified by her answers to his letters. The very first he wrote to her on his route to England contained injunctions on this point, for she replied to it:—

"\* I commence by assuring you of my prudence; I do not suspect any dissembling motive for the recommendation you have given me. No one shall know of our correspondence, and I will follow exactly all that you have laid down. I have already commenced by concealing my chagrin, and except to the President† and Madame de Jonsac‡ to whom I could not avoid speaking of you, I have not uttered your name."

In another passage of the same letter she writes:—

"My age, and the confidence I have of not passing for a fool, naturally would give me the security of being safe from ridicule."‡

In her second letter, written to him in answer to

\* Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 80.

† Idem, p. 110. ‡ Idem, p. 124.

\* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 2.

† The President Hérault.

‡ Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 37.



one received from Amiens, she thus expresses herself:—

“If you were French, I should not balance in thinking you a great fool; you are English, and are only a great fool. Where, I pray, have you found out that I give myself up to indiscretions, and romantic fits of passion? Indiscretions may pass, as the utmost that may be said; but for *romantic fits of passion*, it puts me into frenzy, and I would willingly tear those eyes which are said to be so fine, but which assuredly you cannot suspect to have turned my head.”

The style adopted by Mr. Walpole towards Madame du Deffand was certainly not calculated to console her for his absence. In May he wrote to her as follows:—

“On my return to Strawberry Hill, I found your letter; which could not but have caused me some chagrin.\* Are your lamentations then, Madame, never to finish? You make me greatly suspect my frankness. It would have been better to have confined myself to a simple interview. Why did I avow my friendship? It was to satisfy you, and not to augment your cares, suspicions, and perpetual anxieties. Truly, if friendship is to have all the *ennui* of love without the pleasures, I see nothing that tempts me to seek it. In place of showing it to me under its best face, you present it all in clouds. I renounce friendship if it only creates bitterness. You turn the letters of Heloise into mockery, and yours become a hundred times more lacrymose. Take back your Paris; I love not *ma mie au gue*. Yes, I should love her well enough if gay; but very little when sad. Yes, yes, *ma mie*, if you wish that our intercourse should last, place it on a less tragic footing. Be not like the Countess de Suge, who wasted herself away in elegies on a ridiculous person. Am I made to be the hero of an epistolary romance? And how is it possible, Madame, that with so much wit as you have, you adopt a style that revolts your Pylades; for you would not have me consider myself an Orondales? Speak to me as a reasonable woman, or I will copy the answers to the Portuguese letters.”

The Marquise du Deffand's answer to the above letter proves that it mortified and wounded her feelings.

“I don't know,” wrote the lady, “whether the English are harsh and ferocious; but I know that they are vain and insolent. The proofs of friendship, the attentions, the desire to meet again, the cares, the sadness, the regret for their separation—they take all this for the proofs of a violent passion; they become weary and tormented, and declare it with so little delicacy, that one feels as if detected in a crime; one blushes, one is ashamed and confused, and one would fire a hundred cannons against those who are so insolent. This is the feeling I entertain towards you; and it is only the excess of your folly that obtains your pardon.”†

In another letter she says:—

“You have produced such an effect by your lessons, your precepts, your scoldings, and the worst of all, by your irony, that you have almost arrived at rendering me false, or at least dissembling.”

There is a want of feeling in the reproaches

of Horace Walpole to this poor old blind woman, that is very revolting; and the more so that they must reach her ear through the medium of her secretary, Wyast, who was also her servant, which must have increased her humiliation. This faithful and devoted servant, who had entered her service many years before, justified the confidence she placed in him; and, by the following letter which he addressed to Horace Walpole, on the 24th of September, 1766, proves that although of humble birth and station, he had more delicacy and tenderness in his nature than that gentleman:—

“SIR,\*—I dare to humbly supplicate you to order one of your people to put in the post twice a week a bulletin of the state of your health. I cannot tell you to what point the curiosity of Madame extends. I take the liberty of telling you this unknown to her, because I know she has formed a resolution not to write to you, in order not to give you the trouble of writing an answer, which would fatigue you in the state of weakness you are in. But, sir, I ask you as a favour to have a little bulletin in English sent twice a week; I have at present an English master who comes to give me lessons every day, and who will translate what you will have the goodness to have written. Do not take the trouble, sir, of writing yourself. I cannot express the anxiety in which Madame is about your health; she tells every moment that I must set out for England, that I could perhaps be useful to you, and a great resource to her. I should be very happy, sir, if I could hope to be of any service to you; and I would not postpone my departure a moment. I assure you that this is very true and sincere. I can answer, sir, that if true friends exist, you may boast to have found in Madame a friend such as there are few examples of. Relieve her from anxiety as often as it is possible. If you could see as I do the state in which she is, it would excite your pity; it prevents her from sleeping, and makes her feverish. I apply myself diligently to the English language, in order to be able to translate your letters; but I foresee that I cannot do this before four or five months hence. But, sir, I repeat, don't give yourself the trouble of writing yourself; one of your people can write the bulletin in English, and my English master, who is every day here at the hour that the postman brings the letters, will translate it at the moment. I ask a thousand pardons, sir, for the liberty which I take, but I believe it to be my duty to inform you of the anxiety of Madame about your health; this furnishes me also, sir, with an occasion for thanking you for the kindness you have condescended to have for me. I supplicate you to be persuaded of my attachment and respect.

“WYAST.”

There is something peculiarly touching in the above letter, which offers a forcible contrast to those addressed by the person to whom he writes, to the old and infirm lady, and the contrast is not calculated to elevate Horace Walpole in our esteem.

Many years previous to the friendship formed by the Marquise du Deffand for Mr. Walpole she had indulged one for M. Pont de Veysle, which lasted nearly half a century, and finished not until his death. Though much more de-

\* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 37.

† Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 36.

\* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand, vol. i. p. 59.



voted to her than ever Horace Walpole had been, M. de Pont de Veyle's society did not afford her much consolation in her blindness, for though a writer of considerable talents, he was grave and silent, and seldom permitted to escape in conversation the amusing and original ideas to be found in his novels, parodies, and songs. In the President Hérault, and Monsieur Pont de Veysle, the Marquise du Deffand found her most constant, though not her most entertaining friends. The first kept one of the best tables at Paris, which was frequented by excellent company, who were not deterred from partaking of his luxurious suppers by his extreme deafness, which compelled all who spoke to him to strain their voices to the utmost pitch, if they wished to be audible. Madame de Jonsac, his niece, an amiable and well bred woman, did the honours of the President's house; and there might Madame du Deffand be seen, ay, and heard too, every night that he received company, occupying the seat of honour by her host, as she was more frequently appealed to by him when he wished to know what was going on around him, than any one else. The President Hérault had been many years superintendent of the Palace of the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth, and was said to have assisted the Duchesse de Luynes, the aunt of the Marquise du Deffand, in procuring from their royal mistress the grant of a pension of six thousand livres a year for the Marquise when she became blind.

The friendship of the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul for Madame du Deffand continued unabated to the end of her life. While the Duc was prime minister, this intimacy reflected credit on the old lady, for people believed that she exercised an influence over him that might be turned to account for her friends, which was not, however, the case; but when, owing to his opposition to the new favourite, the Comtess du Barry, he was exiled to Chanteloup, Madame du Deffand evinced a devotion to him and his amiable Duchess, which proved that in adversity she could adhere to her friends even more warmly than in prosperity. She always spoke of, and treated the Choiseuls, as her relations, although they were only remotely connected with her, and called them by the endearing epithets of "grand papa" and "grand mamma." The following verses were addressed to them on the anniversary of the birth of the Duchesse:—

"A la cadette des mamans,  
Des enfans la doyenne,  
Avant le jours des complimens  
Présente son étienne.  
Tout prouve mon empressement,  
Ainsi que ma constance,  
Puisque j'aime ma grand' maman  
Du jour de sa maïssance.  
  
Du grand papa  
Je ne suis plus petite-fille  
Du grand papa  
Quand on n'est plus jeune et gentille,  
On est exclu de la famille  
Du grand papa." \*

These verses give no favourable notion of the talent of the Marquise du Deffand, and lead the reader to doubt the assertion so frequently made that the verses attributed to her were written by some of the literary men who frequented her house. Indeed, of all the verses said to be written by this lady, there is not a single one that justifies her reputation as a *bel esprit*.

A very characteristic scene is described as having taken place between her and Monsieur Pont de Veysle a short period before his death. The parties are represented as follows:—The Marquise is seated in her large easy chair, which had been often compared to the Tub of Diogenes, and her old friend reclined in a *bergère* at the other side of the fire. The lady calls—

"Pont de Veysle?"

And he answers—

"Madame."

"Where are you?"

"By your fire-side, reclining, with my feet on the fender, at ease, as one is at a friend's."

"One must admit that there are few friendships that have lasted as long as ours."

"Yes, Madame, that is true."

"It has now endured fifty years."

"Yes, fifty years have passed."

"And in that long interval not one cloud, not even the semblance of a quarrel."

"A circumstance which I have often reflected on, Madame."

"But Pont de Veysle, may that not have been owing to our having always in reality been very indifferent towards each other?"

"Yes, Madame, this may well have been the cause."

During the last illness of Comte de Veysle the Marquise du Deffand treated him with more attention than could have been anticipated from a woman with so little feeling; but on the evening he died, she, to the surprise of all the company, came to a large supper party given by Madame de Marchais. When that lady offered her the customary consolation on the loss she had so recently undergone, the Marquise replied, "Alas! he died this evening at six o'clock; otherwise, you would not see me here."

La Harpe gives this anecdote as a proof of her hardness of heart; but may not her reply have originated in the philosophic spirit that she would not have left him while he lived, and sought relief from her regret by coming into society? La Harpe adds, that the Marquise did ample justice to the supper. Madame du Deffand was not only a *gourmet* but a *gourmande*, and fond of delicate fare; herself believed that it would be the surest attraction to draw her guests to her house. "Be sure," she would often say to her cook, "that the supper is excellent; for I have more need of society than ever."

When the President Hérault's last days were approaching, Madame du Deffand referred to

\* Correspondence du Baron Griman, tome iv. p. 365.



his loss of memory in a letter to Horace Walpole\* as follows:—

“Ah! my God, what a sad state the head of the poor President is in! I have just received a letter from him written by himself, in which he tells me of a fall he had yesterday in his room, and of which he told me last evening. He has no longer any memory. This pains my heart and disgusts me with life. How can one wish to grow old? But let us speak of other things.”

In 1768 Mademoiselle Senadon took up her abode as companion to Madame du Deffand, but being very inferior to her predecessor in that office, in talents and information, was unfitted to do more than read aloud to her, and failed to interest by her conversation. The result was an increase of *ennui* to the Marquise, who often complained of it, and it must be owned that her helpless state, which rendered her wholly dependent on others for amusement in this world, and the want of a religion that would have led her to anchor her hopes in a future and better one, must have caused her last years to be a burthen to herself, if not to others. Society, a relaxation and amusement only in the lives of most other persons, became the sole business and pleasure of hers; and the dread of losing it continually haunted her, and even embittered the pleasure she derived from it. It was a melancholy sight to see a woman capable

of so largely contributing to the enjoyment of others by her powers of conversation, unable to amuse herself in any way except by talking or listening to the talk of others.

In 1778 the Marquise du Deffand ventured on another experiment to secure herself from the fear of solitude that continually weighed on her spirits. She summoned her nephew, the Marquis d'Auban, and his wife to come and reside with her in Paris. This experiment to increase her comfort was unsuccessful, and in little more than a year they returned to their homes, both parties, in all probability, desirous for a separation. Her infirmities had considerably increased during the latter years of her life. To a mind embittered by discontent and *ennui*, was now added a languor of circulation, and weakness of frame, that must have warned her of the inevitable result of such symptoms at her very advanced age. In the summer of 1780 she became sensible of her approaching end, and in the autumn was unable to leave her bed. It is creditable to her friends that they did not desert her in this crisis; but continued their visits as punctually as ever, to the last. She retained her senses until within a few days of her death, when she fell into a state of drowsiness from which she never awoke, and resigned her breath on the 24th of September, 1780, aged eighty-four.

### I MOURN FOR THEE, SWEET JOSEPHINE.

Sweet cousin, still I weep for thee,  
Though years are passed since thou art gone;  
And many a care hath saddened me  
Since first I wept for thee alone:  
Thou wert so loving, kind, and true,  
With placid look and smile serene;  
The earliest grief I ever knew  
Was losing thee, sweet Josephine!

How oft have we together strayed,  
To cull the fragrant summer flowers;  
Or 'neath the leafy mountain shade,  
Have whiled away the gentle hours!  
I little deemed those flowrets gay,  
We loved to twine with ivy green,  
Ere that same year had passed away,  
Would deck thy grave, sweet Josephine!

True types of thee those flowrets fair,  
So lovely in their summer day;  
The winter's cold they could not bear,  
But bloomed and faded swift in May:  
On thee this world shone pleasantly,  
No sorrow had as yet been thine;  
But may be 'twas in store for thee,  
Hadst thou not died, sweet Josephine.

The wild birds 'neath the summer sky  
Were not more bright, more pure than thou;  
Life's morning light shone in thine eye,  
And sweet content beamed on thy brow;

Each day more sweet thou didst appear,  
More clearly were thy virtues seen;  
Each day to us thou wert more dear,  
Our fond and cherished Josephine.

For thee our tears will ceaseless flow,  
But on thee sweetly angels smiled;  
As though to soothe thy mother's woe,  
Who mourns her cherished summer child.  
But for a time, love, thou wert given,  
To cheer us with those smiles of thine;  
And draw our spirits nigher heaven,  
By loving thee, bless'd Josephine!

But wherefore should we mourn thee so—  
Is it thou wert so good and kind?  
For, loved one, thou art happier now  
Than those whom thou hast left behind;  
Thou wert too pure to linger long  
In this cold world of grief and pain;  
The angels sought thee for their throng,  
And called thee hence, sweet Josephine!

Nov. 9.

I \*\*\*\*\*.

### HOME.

BY ALBERT TAYLOR.

Home! blessed home! dear watchword of the heart!  
Where is the bosom doth not glow with feeling—  
Thrill with regret, the thoughts of thee impart,  
When in the hour of solitude comes stealing,  
Like scent of violets on the balmy wind,  
Remembrance of the home we've left behind?

\* Lettres de la Marquise du Deffand and Horace Walpole, vol. i. p. 99.



Home of our childhood, on the mother's breast,  
Like fragrance in the early bud imbedded,  
The mind asleep, and passions all at rest;  
And little lips to that soft bosom wedded,  
And eyes upturned to those dear eyes of love,  
That watch above us like the brooding dove!

Home of our youth—home of our boyhood's hour!  
Time of the game and toy, and bosom yearning  
For that which cannot be—for fairy's bower,  
Enchanter's wand! or, when from school re-  
turning,  
We rush into the outstretch'd arms that wait  
Our coming by the dear old garden gate.

Home of our dawning manhood, when the heart  
First to the sense of Woman's beauty waking,  
Thrills like a lute beneath her touch, with start  
To new-born life, and soft delicious aching,  
Yielding in rapt entrancement to her spell—  
Ah, who but minds that parted hour full well!

Home of our manhood, when the anxious brain  
Fraught with the future—not that future glowing  
With fairy dreams of youth, but one of gain,  
And loss, and care, and doubts for ever growing—  
Oh, what a bliss, to turn our backs, and flee  
Far from the busy haunts of men to thee!—

To thee, where Peace sits brooding, and where sure  
The gentle sister's, mother's arms embracing;  
The all of grief we have, or may endure,  
With gentle word and kiss of love effacing;  
Or when we lay the head, with sorrow rife,  
On the sweet bosom of the loving wife.

Home for the wanderer from the distant strand,  
After long years the haunts of childhood gain-  
ing—

Home for the sea-boy, for the wished-for land,  
The land of home, his dizzy eyeballs straining.  
Home for the soldier, when, his warfare o'er,  
He lays his weary limbs at rest once more.

Home for the peasant, from the distant field  
At evening's hour with weary step returning:  
What though the tempest rages, and no shield  
To guard his head? he sees the bright fire burning  
In his far cot, and soon salutes his ear,  
The blessed sound, "He comes! the father's here!"

Home—blessed home! thou little island spark,  
Sun-bright with love, set in life's stormy ocean;  
To thee the tempest-batter'd steers her bark,  
And anchors safe without the waves' commotion—  
To thee the broken-hearted, too, will fly,  
And lay his head on thy loved hearth—to die!

Home! home! yes, home—a blessed home for all!  
Woe to the wretch who has it not! who, losing  
His all by Fate's decree, doth darkly fall  
Down the deep well of solitude, sad musing,  
For ever musing with regretful pain,  
On that lost home he ne'er shall see again!

But oh! home dies not here. Beyond the sky  
There is a home of love and joy unfleeting—  
This earth our school, from which we turn and fly  
To our eternal holidays, and meeting  
With those departed dear ones, who await  
Our last home coming, by high Heaven's gate.

## FOR THE FUN OF IT.

(An American Sketch.)

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Just look at that pair of lovers!" said Harry Mears, glancing from his companion to a young man and maiden, who, for the moment unconscious that they were in the midst of a large company, were leaning towards each other, and looking into each other's faces in rather a remarkable manner. "Isn't it ridiculous? I thought Fisher had more sense than to do so. As to Clara Grant, she always was a little weak."

The friend looked at the couple, and smiled. "It is ridiculous, certainly," he remarked. "Why haven't they sense enough to keep these little love-passages for private occasions?"

"Clara, with all her silliness, used to be a right pleasant companion," said Mears. "But since this love affair between her and Fisher, she has become intolerably dull and uninteresting. She doesn't care a fig for anybody but him, and really appears to think it a task to be even polite to an old acquaintance. I don't think she has cause to be quite so elated with her conquest as this comes to; nor to feel that, in possessing the love of a man like Fisher, she is independent of the world, and may show off the indifference she feels to every one. Fisher

is clever enough, but he is neither a Socrates nor a saint."

"He will suit her very well, I imagine."

"Yes; they will make a passable Darby and Joan, no doubt. Still, it always vexes me to see people who pretend to any sense acting in this way."

"I think it is more her fault than his."

"So do I. She has shown a disposition to bill and coo from the first. At Mangum's party last week she made me laugh. I tried to get her hand for a dance; but no. Close to the side of Fisher she adhered, like a fixture, and could hardly force her lips into a smile for any one else. The gipsy! I'd punish her for all this, if I could just hit upon a good plan of doing it."

"Let me see," remarked the friend, dropping his head into a thoughtful position, "can't we devise a scheme for worrying her a little? She is certainly a fair subject. It would be fine sport."

"Yes, it would."

"She evidently thinks Fisher perfection."

"Oh yes! There never was such a man before. She actually said to Caroline Lee, who



was trying to jest with her a little, that Fisher was one of the most pure-minded, honourable young men living."

"Oh dear!"

"It is a fact."

"Was she serious?"

"Yes, indeed—serious as the grave. Caroline was laughing to me about it. Nearly every one notices the silliness of her conduct, and the weakness she displays in for ever talking about and praising him."

"I would like to run him down a little when she could overhear me, just for the fun of the thing."

"So would I. Capital! That will do exactly. We must watch an opportunity, and if we can get within ear-shot of her any time that she is by herself, we must abuse Fisher right and left, without appearing to notice that she is listening to what we say, or, indeed, anywhere near us."

"Right! That's the very thing! It will be capital fun."

Thus, the thoughtless young men, meddling themselves in a matter that did not concern them, determined upon a very questionable piece of folly. All that they said of the lovers was exaggeration. It was true that they did show rather more preference for each other in company than just accorded with good taste; but this, while it provoked a smile from the many, irritated only the few.

Clara Grant, notwithstanding the light manner in which the two young men had spoken of her, was a girl of good sense, good principles, and deep feeling. She had been several times addressed by young men before Fisher offered his hand; but, with all their attractions, there were defects about them, which her habits of close observation enabled her to see, that caused her to repel their advances, and in two instances to decline apparently very advantageous offers of marriage. In the integrity of Fisher's character she had the most unbounded confidence; and she really believed, as she had said to Caroline Lee and to others, that he was one of the purest-minded, most honourable young men living.

Judge, then, with what feelings she overheard, about half an hour after the plan to disturb her peace had been formed, the following conversation between Mears and his companion, carried on in low tones and in a confidential manner. She was sitting close to one side of the folding-doors that communicated between the parlours, and they were in the adjoining room, concealed from her by the half-partition, yet so close that every word they uttered was distinctly heard. Her attention was first arrested by hearing one of them say—

"If she knew Fisher as well as I do."

To which the other responded—

"Yes; or as well as I do. But, poor girl! it isn't expected that she is to know everything about young men who visit her. It is better that she should not."

"Still, I am rather surprised that common

report should not have given her more information about Fisher than she seems to possess."

"So am I. But she'll know him better one of these days."

"I'll warrant you that—perhaps to her sorrow; though I hope things will turn out differently from what they now promise. Don't you think he is pretty well done with his wild oats?"

"Possibly. But time will tell."

"Yes, time proves all things."

Some one joining the young men at this point of their conversation, the subject was changed. Greatly amused at what they had done, they little thought how sad the effects of their unguarded words would be.

Five minutes afterwards, the young man named Mears, curious to see how Clara had been affected by what he knew she must have heard, moved to another part of the room in order to observe her without attracting her attention. But she had left the place where she was sitting. His eye ranged around the room, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm afraid we've hurt Clara more than we intended," he said, rejoining his friend. "She has vanished."

"Ah! Where's Fisher?"

"He's at the other end of the room."

"We didn't say anything against the young man."

"Not in particular. We made no specifications. There was nothing that she could take hold of."

"No, of course not. But I wonder what is going to be the upshot of the matter?"

"Nothing very serious, I apprehend."

"No. I suppose she will go home and cry her eyes half out, and then conclude that, whatever Fisher may have been, he's perfection now. It's a first-rate joke, isn't it?"

Clara Grant had not only left the parlours, but soon after quietly left the house, and alone returned to her home. When her lover, shortly afterwards, searched through the rooms for her, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Clara?" he asked of one and another. The answer was—

"I saw her here a moment since."

But it was soon very apparent that she was nowhere in the rooms now. Fisher moved about uneasily for half an hour. Still, not seeing her, he became anxious lest a sudden illness had caused her to retire from the company. More particular inquiries were made of the lady who had given the entertainment. She immediately ascertained for him that Clara was not in the house. One of the servants reported that a lady had gone away alone, half-an-hour before. Fisher did not remain a single moment after receiving this intelligence, but went direct to the house of Clara's aunt, with whom she lived, and there ascertained that she had come home and retired to her room without seeing any of the family. His inquiry whether she were ill, the servant could not answer.

"Have you seen anything of Clara yet?"



asked the friend of Mears, with a smile, as they met about an hour after they had disturbed the peace of a trusting, innocent-minded girl, "just for the fun of it."

"I have not," replied Mears.

"Where's Fisher?"

"He's gone also."

"Ah, indeed! I'm sorry the matter was taken so seriously by the young lady. It was only a joke."

"Yes. That was all; and she ought to have known it."

On the next day, Fisher, who had spent a restless night, called to ask for Clara as early as he could do so with propriety.

"She wishes you to excuse her," said the servant, who had taken up his name to the young lady.

"Is she not well?" asked Fisher.

"She has not been out of her room this morning. I don't think she is very well."

The young man retired with a troubled feeling at his heart. In the evening he called again; but Clara sent him word, as she had done in the morning, that she wished to be excused.

In the meantime, the young lady was a prey to the most distressing doubts. What she had heard, vague as it was, fell like ice upon her heart. She had no reason to question what had been said; for it was, as far as appeared to her, the mere expression of a fact made in confidence by friend to friend, without there being an object in view. If any one had come to her and talked to her after that manner, she would have rejected the allegations indignantly, and confidently pronounced them false. But they had met her in a shape so unexpected, and with so much seeming truth, that she was left no alternative but to believe.

Fisher called a third time; but still Clara declined seeing him. On the day after this last attempt, he received a note from her in these, to him, strange words:—

"DEAR SIR,—Since I last met you, I have become satisfied that a marriage between us cannot prove a happy one. This conclusion is far more painful to me than it can possibly be to you. You, I trust, will soon be able to feel coldly towards her whose fickleness, as you will call it, so soon led her to change her mind; but a life-shadow is upon my heart. If you can forget me, do so, in justice to yourself. As for me, I feel that—but why should I say this? Charles, do not seek to change the resolution I have taken, for you cannot; do not ask for explanations, for I can give none. May you be happier than I can ever be! Farewell.

"CLARA."

"Madness!" exclaimed Charles Fisher, as he crumpled this letter in his hand. "Is there no faith in woman?"

He sought no explanation; he made no effort to change her resolution; but merely returned this brief answer—

"Clara, you are free."

It was quickly known among the circle of their friends that the engagement between Fisher and Clara had been broken off. Mears and his

friend, it may be supposed, did not feel very comfortable when they heard this.

"I didn't think the silly girl would take it so seriously," remarked one to the other.

"No; it was a mere joke."

"But has turned out a very serious one."

"I guess they'll make it up again before long."

"I hope so. Who would have believed it was in her to take the matter so much at heart, or to act with so much decision and firmness? I really think better of the girl than I did before, although I pity her from my heart."

"Hadm't we better make an effort to undo the wrong we have done?"

"And expose ourselves? Oh no! We must be as still as death on the subject. It is too serious an affair. We might get ourselves into trouble."

"True. But I cannot bear to think that others are suffering from an act of mine."

"It is not a pleasant consciousness, certainly. But still, to confess what we have done would place us in a very awkward position. In fact, not for the world would I have an exposure of this little act of folly take place. It would affect me in a certain quarter—where, I need not mention to you—in a way that might be exceedingly disagreeable."

"I didn't think of that. Yes, I agree with you that we had best keep quiet about it. I'm sorry; but it can't be helped now."

And so the matter was dismissed.

No one saw Clara Grant in company for the space of twelve months. When she did appear, all her old friends were struck with the great change in her appearance. As for Fisher, he had left the city some months before, and gone off to a southern town, where, it was said, he was in good business.

The cause of estrangement between the lovers remained a mystery to every one. To all questions on the subject, Clara was silent. But that she was a sufferer every one could see.

"I wish that girl would fall in love with somebody and get married," Mears remarked to his friend, about two years after they had passed off upon Clara their good joke. "Her pale, quiet, suffering face haunts me wherever I go."

"So do I. Who could have believed that a mere joke would turn out so seriously?"

"I wonder if he is married yet?"

"It's doubtful. He appeared to take the matter quite as hard as she does."

"Well, it's a lesson to me."

"And to me, also."

And, with this not very satisfactory conclusion, the two friends dropped the subject. Both, since destroying, by a few words spoken in jest, the happiness of a loving couple, had wooed and won the maidens of their choice, and were now married. Both, up to this time, had carefully concealed from their wives the act of which they had been guilty.

After returning home from a pleasant company one evening, at which Clara was present, the wife of Mears said to him—



"You did not seem to enjoy yourself to-night. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes; I feel quite well," returned Mears.

"Why, then, did you look so sober?"

"I was not aware that I looked more so than usual."

"You did, then. And you look sober now. There must be some cause for this. What is it, dear?"

Mears was by no means ignorant of the fact that he felt sober. The presence of Clara distressed him more, instead of less, the oftener he met her. The question of his wife made him feel half inclined to tell her the truth. After thinking for a moment, he said—

"I have felt rather graver than usual to-night. Something brought to my recollection, too vividly, a little act of folly that has been attended with serious consequences."

His wife looked slightly alarmed.

"It was only a joke—just done for the fun of the thing; but it was taken, much to my surprise, seriously. I was innocent of any desire to wound; but a few light words have made two hearts wretched."

Mrs. Mears looked at her husband with surprise. He continued—

"You remember the strange misunderstanding that took place between Clara Grant and young Fisher, about two years ago?"

"Very well. Poor Clara has never been like herself since that time."

"I was the cause of it."

"You!" said the wife, in astonishment.

"Yes. Clara used to make herself quite conspicuous by the way she acted towards Fisher, with whom she was under an engagement of marriage. She hardly saw anybody in company but him. And, besides, she made bold to declare that he was about as near to perfection as it was possible for a young man to come. She was always talking about him to her young female friends, and praising him to the skies. Her silly speeches were every now and then reported, much to the amusement of young men to whose ears they happened to find their way. One evening, at a large party, she was, as usual, anchored by the side of her lover, and showing off her fondness for him in rather a ridiculous manner. A young friend and myself, who were rather amused at this, determined, in a thoughtless moment, that we would, just for the fun of the thing, run Fisher down in a confidential undertone to each other, yet loud enough for her to hear us, if a good opportunity for doing so offered. Before long, we noticed her sitting alone in a corner near one of the folding-doors. We managed to get near, yet so as not to appear to notice her, and then indulged in some light remarks about her lover, mainly to the effect that, if his sweetheart knew him as well as we did, she might not think him quite so near perfection as she appeared to do.

Shortly afterwards I searched through the rooms for her in vain. From that night the lovers never again met. Clara refused to see Fisher when he called on her the next day, and

shortly afterwards requested him, in writing, to release her from her marriage-contract, without giving any reason for her change of mind."

"Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Mears, her voice and countenance expressing the painful surprise she felt, "why did you not immediately repair the wrong you had done?"

"How could I without exposing myself, and causing perhaps a serious collision between me and Fisher?"

"You should have braved every consequence," replied Mrs. Mears, firmly, "rather than permitted two loving hearts to remain severed, when a word from you would have reunited them. How could you have hesitated a moment as to what was right to do? But it may not be too late yet. Clara must know the truth."

"Think what may be the consequence," said Mears.

"Think, rather, what *have been* the consequences," was the wife's reply.

It was in vain that Mears argued with his wife about the policy of letting the matter rest where it was. She was a woman, and could only feel how deeply Clara had been wronged, as well as the necessity for an immediate reparation of that wrong. For more than an hour she argued the matter with her husband, who finally consented that she should see Clara, and correct the serious error under which she had been labouring. Early on the next day Mrs. Mears called upon the unhappy girl. A closer observation of her face than she had before made revealed deep marks of suffering.

"And all this 'for the fun of it!'" she could not help saying to herself with a feeling of sorrow. After conversing a short time with Clara, Mrs. Mears said, "I heard something last night so nearly affecting your peace, that I have lost no time in seeing you."

"What is that?" asked Clara, a flush passing over her face.

"Two years ago you were engaged in marriage to Mr. Fisher?"

Clara made no reply, but the flush faded from her face, and her lips quivered slightly for a moment.

"From hearing two persons who were conversing about him make disparaging remarks, you were led to break off that engagement."

The face of Clara grew still paler, but she continued silent.

"By one of them I am authorized to tell you that all they said was in mere jest. They knew you could hear what they said, and made the remarks purposely for your ear, in order to have a little sport. They never dreamed of your taking it so seriously."

A deep groan heaved the bosom of Clara; her head fell back, and her body drooped nervelessly. Mrs. Mears extended her hands quickly and saved her from falling to the floor.

"This, too, 'for the fun of it!'" she said to herself bitterly, as she lifted the inanimate body of the poor girl in her arms, and laid it upon the sofa.

Without summoning any of the family, Mrs.



Mears made use of every effort in her power to restore the circle of life. In this she was at last successful. When the mind of Clara had become again active and measurably calm, she said to her, "It was a cruel jest, and the consequences have been most painful. But I trust it is not yet too late to repair the wrong thus done, although no compensation can be made for the suffering to which you have been subjected."

"It is too late, Mrs. Mears—too late!" replied Clara, in a mournful voice.

"Say not so, my dear young friend."

But Clara shook her head.

It was in vain that Mrs. Mears strove earnestly to lift up her drooping heart. The calmness with which she had been able to bear the destruction of all her hopes, because there had seemed an adequate cause for the sacrifice she had made, was all gone now. There had been no adequate cause for the sacrifice. Her lover was as excellent and honourable as she at first believed him to be, and she had cast him off on the authority of a heartless jest. To all that her friend could say, she had but one reply to make—"It is too late now!"

"Not too late, I trust," said Mr. Mears, a good deal disturbed by his wife's relation of her interview with Clara. "I must ascertain where Fisher is, and write to him on the subject. Did she say anything that led you to believe that she recognized the voices of the persons whom she heard conversing? Do you think she suspects me in the matter?"

"I do not think she does."

"So much the better."

The effect upon Clara of the information she had received was very serious. Deeply as she had been afflicted, the consciousness of having done right in refusing to marry a man who was destitute, as she had accidentally discovered, of virtuous principles, sustained her. But now it was revealed to her that he was as excellent as she had at first believed him, and that she had been made the victim of a pleasant joke! There was no longer anything to hold her up, and accordingly her spirits completely forsook her, and in less than two weeks she was seriously ill.

The news of this deeply disturbed Mr. Mears, who had written to Fisher, and was waiting impatiently for an answer. "I am afraid we have made the matter worse," he said to his wife,

who, on returning from a visit to Clara, reported that, so far from improving, she was too evidently sinking daily. "If Fisher should have entered into another engagement, or if his pride has taken fire at being thrown off on what may appear to him such slight grounds, I really tremble for the consequences."

"Let us hope for the best," returned Mrs. Mears, "as we have acted for the best. It was plainly our duty to do as we have done: on that subject I have no doubt."

Two more weeks of painful suspense and anxiety passed; Clara did not improve in the least. Mrs. Mears called to see her every few days, but dared not venture to tell her that her husband had written to Fisher. She was afraid to fill her mind with this hope lest it should fail, and the shock prove too severe. But, even as it was, life seemed to be rapidly ebbing away.

At length there came a change. Nature rallied, and life flowed, though feebly still, in healthier currents, through the veins of Clara Grant. In a week from the time this change took place, she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours each day. But all who looked into her young face were grieved at the sight. There were no deep lines of distress there, but the marks of patient, yet hopeless suffering.

One day she sat alone, in a dreamy, musing state, with a book lying upon her lap. She had been trying to read, but found it impossible to take any interest in the pages over which her eyes passed, while her mind scarcely apprehended the sense. Some one opened the door; but she did not look around. The person, whoever it was, remained only for a moment or two, and then withdrew. In a little while the door opened again, and some one entered and came towards her with the tread of a man. She started to her feet, while her heart gave a sudden bound. As she turned, her eyes fell upon the form of her long-absent lover. For an instant, perhaps longer, she looked into his face to read it as the index of his heart, and then she lay quivering on his bosom.

A few weeks later, Clara became the bride of Charles Fisher, and left with him for the South. Neither of them ever knew the authors of the wrong they had suffered: it was better, perhaps, that in this they should remain ignorant."

So much "*for the fun of it!*"

## L I N E S.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Roll on, Oh river, to thy goal,  
The far, illimitable main;  
Gladdening the earth, thy waters roll  
Through vale and fertile plain;  
O, mighty joy! had it been given,  
Majestic river, unto me,  
Blessing and blessed of earth and heaven,  
To run my course like thee.

Yet, soul, content thee with thy powers,  
The lowly powers to thee assigned;  
The brook that winds through meadow flowers,  
In that thy likeness find;  
Scarce seen its course, and yet no less  
That scarce seen course it loves to run,  
Rejoicing its few fields to bless,  
And gurgle 'neath the sun.



## EASTER IN POLAND.

Picture to yourself, my dear M——, a vast and elegant Château, of no particular style of architecture, but resembling the modern ornamental form of building now in use in England; situated on a gently rising ground, in the midst of the most charming scenery, and you will have before you Vasilowka, the residence of our esteemed friend, the Count R——, a wealthy proprietor in the Great Duchy of Posen. Here we are installed for a few days, previous to our projected journey in Hungary; and as we know you to be somewhat curious as to the habits and manner of living of the Poles in their own country, we will endeavour to enlighten you, by a slight description of Vasilowka and its inhabitants. First, then, let your eyes follow ours, as we gaze from the windows of our room on the rich and varied prospect that spreads before us. Surrounding the house is a large garden, thickly planted with trees and shrubs, which present at this season of the year all those tender shades of green and yellow which are only to be seen in spring; intermixed here and there with the dark fir-tree, and the white-blossomed cassia. To the right, the grass-plots and gravel-walk are bordered by a row of tall poplars; behind which is a plantation of lesser trees, at whose feet blossom thousands and thousands of violets, loading the morning air with their sweet perfume. Beautiful blue violets! ye are the same wherever we meet with you; in the hedge-rows and lanes of our own dear country, or here in a foreign land, always lovely and fragrant, the type of those good and modest beings, who suffer not their works to be known of men, leaving them to be discovered only by the perfume they shed around. Straight before us, the horizon is bounded by the rich, dark green of a pine-wood, which commences at the termination of the garden, and forms the favourite retreat of the inhabitants of Vasilowka during the summer heats, which in this country are very considerable. Farther on towards the left, the view stretches away for miles and miles over corn-fields and meadows, here and there dotted with the red roofs and white walls of some village homes, and charmingly diversified by three lakes, which lie at a short distance from each other, and shine like silver in the bright rays of the sun.

It is noon: there has been a slight fall of rain, and the light drops still glitter on the grass, which, after its refreshing bath, looks as verdant and as velvety as our own far-famed English plots. The birds are twittering amongst the branches, and the bright sunshine and the soft air, laden with fragrance from myriads of modest spring flowers, shed their sweet influence upon us, lifting up our hearts in veritable thanksgiving to the bountiful Creator of so much loveliness. The winters in this country are extremely severe, but the transition to spring is very sudden; and you would be sur-

prised to see what an immense change is produced in everything in the course of a few days.

The farm buildings and stables here lie at some distance from the house, which you reach by a carriage-drive round a large piece of grass, bordered with thick shrubs and trees, on which struts, in all the majesty of his beauty, the proud and haughty peacock. Mounting a flight of stone steps, you enter a lofty hall, appropriately ornamented by heads and antlers of deer. The large windows on each side the entrance-door are filled with stained glass, through which the sun's rays fall in every variety of colour on the floor. To the right, a door leads to the apartments of the master of the house; on the left, another gives admission to the large dining-hall; and in the centre lies a suite of drawing-rooms, leading at one end to the library and green-house, and on the other to the sleeping and dressing-rooms of the ladies of the house. These communicate by a back staircase with the rooms above, and the underground story, which contains the kitchens, the servants' rooms, the bakehouse, the brewhouse, the laundry, and the cellars—all admirably arranged. There is no carpet to be seen in any part of the mansion; but the floors are all waxed and polished, and in the drawing and dining-rooms are beautifully inlaid with different coloured woods in stars and squares. The windows are all double for the winter, though they are taken out at this period of the year; and every apartment is heated by a large porcelain stove, about four or five yards high, which gives a delightful temperature to the rooms, but wants the cheerfulness and apparent comfort of our large open grates, with their bright coal fires. There is a large billiard-room on the first floor, and all the rest of the rooms there are devoted to the accommodation of guests, who in this most hospitable country are very numerous in almost all the houses. There is yet another floor, containing some good rooms, and a lofty turret, in which is an immense clock, and from whence there is a splendid view of the surrounding country. From here we can plainly see our brother-in-law's pretty house and farm, with its fields and meadows, its little lake, and its thick wood; and beyond this, the old church and convent of L——. It was built in the eleventh century, and was a convent of Benedictine monks till within the last fifteen or twenty years, when the late King of Prussia abolished all the religious houses in his kingdom, leaving only the Sisters of Charity.

The family of the Count R—— is numerous, consisting of his wife and six children. He himself is a man of some fifty years, of a noble and upright character; a true patriot, and a clever and most agreeable companion in society. His estates are very extensive, comprising several villages, and a superb forest, the sale of



whose wood alone brings in a handsome revenue, as here it is an article of great consumption, coals not being used to heat the stoves. The number of his farm-tenants, with their families, exclusive of those who live in the villages, amount to a thousand persons, for the welfare and well-being of whom he considers himself responsible in the sight of God. His wife, the amiable mistress of the mansion, is the pattern of every virtue that can adorn a woman; considerably younger than her husband, to whom she was united at the early age of sixteen, when in the full bloom of her beauty; she is as remarkable for her piety, and untiring devotion to all around her, as for the grace with which she performs the honours of the house to the numerous guests who partake of her husband's hospitality. She overlooks all the domestic arrangements of the château; she aids in the instruction of her children; she daily visits the poor and suffering in the neighbourhood, administering medicines with her own hands to those who are sick, and pouring tender words of consolation and religion into the ears of the dying. In these pious errands she is mostly accompanied by one or other of her daughters, who are thus early made acquainted with the sufferings of the poor, and taught the way to aid them. The Countess R— has established a school in the village of Vasilowka, where ninety poor children receive instruction, fitting them for becoming useful and respectable members of society. In the neighbouring small town of K—, she has also instituted an asylum for the reception of very young children, whose parents are unable to take charge of them during the day. The activity of her benevolence is surprising. How she can ever find time for all the good she does is a mystery to us, seeing her, as we do, constantly in the midst of a society of which she is the principal ornament. This week, however, must have taxed her powers to the utmost, for there are immense preparations going on for the Easter feast, which they keep up in this country with most of the old forms and ceremonies. To-day is the last day of Lent, and as fasting has been rigorously observed at Vasilowka during the whole of its continuance, you may imagine with what pleasure and impatience nearly everybody looks forward to to-morrow, more especially the children, and the poorer class of people. Everybody on the estate receives a certain quantity of provisions, and there is not a single cabin, however humble may be its inhabitants, that will not have its little feast on Easter Sunday.

The house is full of visitors, old and young, and all sorts of plans are being formed for the thorough enjoyment of the ensuing week; but hark! there is the first dinner-bell ringing, and our toilet has yet to be performed, so adieu for the present.

---

EASTER EVE.

On descending to the dining-hall, we found the company already assembled. Seated in the

place of honour, on the right hand of our hostess, we had ample opportunity for observing the different persons present. The ladies were all together at one end of the table, and the gentlemen at the other; the mistress of the house being seated in the centre, and her husband opposite her. The first person that attracted our attention was the parish priest, who dines every day at the Château; a rosy-faced, portly man, in a long black gown, with his thick grey hair cut close to his head, and a most good-humoured expression on his rather homely features, which instantly wins its way to the hearts of all the children, and has perhaps the same effect on grown people, for he is universally beloved. He is most conscientious in the discharge of all his spiritual duties, and untiring in his benevolence and charity; a true village pastor—the sympathising friend and adviser of even the very meanest of his flock. By his side was a young German artist from Munich, who has been living here during some months; the Count R—, who is a great admirer of the fine arts, having fitted up a studio for him, and engaged him to give lessons in painting to his daughters. Except when he is occupied with his pupils, he is always either at work in his studio, or out of doors sketching the neighbouring country; he has a view of Vasilowka from every possible point—it seems to be a favourite subject with him, and indeed it well deserves to be, for it is most picturesque. There is another German in the family, who is tutor to the younger sons of Count R—; his eldest, a fine boy of fourteen, being educated at college; though he has come home for the Easter holidays, and is seated amongst a group of cousins and schoolfellows about his own age, with whom he laughs and talks with all the happy freedom natural to home at holiday time. There are two or three of the cousins, though, who already look upon themselves as men, and keep apart from this youthful and noisy set, their ages being somewhere between fifteen and twenty. They vie with each other in their attentions to the fairer portions of the community, and try to talk off-hand, and look important, affecting a depth of knowledge on all subjects, which is really quite surprising for their years. By the side of these are two refugees, who at the time of the French Revolution left lucrative employments, which their industry and perseverance had gained for them in France, and fired with the vain hope of better times having arrived for their country, returned there only to find disappointment and distress. In most of the houses in the country there are one or two of these unfortunate men to be met with, they being hospitably received by their countrymen, and undertaking an almost nominal employment in the establishment, or on the estate, or in the education of the children, to have the permission from the government to remain, which otherwise would not be allowed; and even as it is, they are often persecuted and threatened by the authorities.

Vanda, the eldest daughter of the Count and Countess R—, is a tall and elegant girl of



sixteen, with a quiet, dreamy expression in her soft blue eyes, which gives a peculiar charm to a face, not regularly handsome, but very attractive in its youth and freshness. Sure are we, the young painter, who glances timidly at her, when he thinks himself unobserved, deems her one of nature's fairest flowers, and who knows if he has not already got her pictured semblance, hidden somewhere amongst all the heap of landscapes and portraits with which his studio is filled? But oh! let not your heart mislead you, young man: she whom you gaze upon is the destined bride of some noble of her own country and religion; and you are a poor artist, a Protestant, and a German.

The second girl, Bronislas, a year younger than her sister, is very lovely, possessing that perfection of feature and purity of tint, which are rarely met with but in pictures. And they talk of her entering a convent—she, so full of life and animation, clever beyond her years, already an accomplished artist, and a promising musician; just the sort of person I should think fitted to shine in society. And this bright butterfly they would shut up within the walls of a convent; they would tear her for ever from the loving embraces of her family and friends, and place an immovable barrier between her and the world; that world, which is as yet but a pathway of flowers to her, and which, full as it is of deceptions, false hopes, and disappointed desires, still possesses many a charm for those who will cheerfully look for the good in everything, and bear in patience and uncomplainingly the trials that God sends. But it is not yet decided, and will not, I believe, take place, unless Bronislas herself feels a vocation for it; though as she is of a sensitive and ardent disposition, and has the example of several of her relations and friends who have become nuns, I doubt not such will ultimately be her lot.

Then there is the little Helena, a charming little bird, singing all day long, and never able to keep quiet for two minutes together. By her side is her governess, a young French lady, who vainly endeavours to restrain her exuberant gaiety, and teach the little puss decorum at the dinner-table. Mdlle. Lorene, like all the governesses in this country, is treated in every respect like one of the family. There is far more consideration shown to those who undertake the education of the young here, than, with a few exceptions, we have met with in England. And assuredly this is as it ought to be; for to whom do we owe more, than to the intelligent and patient instructress of our children?

The conversation here is mostly carried on in French. This custom used formerly to obtain to such an extent, that ladies at last generally knew that language better than their own; but latterly this has given place to the more sensible fashion of using their native tongue, except when foreigners are present; though in Warsaw at the present moment French is still the language of the drawing-room. English is being now very generally learnt, and we have met with many persons who can speak it very well indeed.

Many of our best authors, ancient and modern, have been translated into Polish. We have seen some of the plays of Shakspeare, the poetry of Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron; the novels of Scott, of Bulwer, Captain Marryatt, and Charles Dickens.

At dinner, every dish is carried round by the footman, and each guest helps himself, the various meats being already previously carved. They have no large joints, like we have in England; and the vegetables are given separate from the meat—though this is a French fashion rather than a Polish one. The ladies, old and young, married and single, with very few exceptions, touch nothing stronger than water in the way of beverage; and they look with much astonishment upon Englishwomen, who often take both beer and wine at dinner. On rising from table, all the company bow to each other; and most of the gentlemen, and all the young people, kiss the hand of the mistress of the house, and thank her for her society.

A fresh arrival has just taken place, which has given great pleasure to everybody, the more so as it was unhopd for. It is L——, one of the most celebrated amongst those musicians who claim Poland as their birthplace. He is an accomplished violoncellist, and has just returned from a tour in Russia, where he has been reaping golden harvests. He is of middle height, of a fair complexion, with an unmistakably Polish face. He is the only scion of a noble family, his parents being long since dead. Forced by political circumstances to quit his native land, he became at a very early age an exile and a wanderer; endowed, however, by nature with a remarkable genius for music, he perfected his glorious talent in a foreign land, and has since gained great and deserved renown. To-morrow we are to hear his divine strains. Now, farewell! it is ten o'clock, and as a cannon is to be fired off at midnight, and at every succeeding hour, in honour of Easter, it is time we should think of taking a little quiet repose.

Oh! what a week of feasting and excitement this Easter week has been! but we must begin from the beginning, and give you as interesting an account of it as we can. Midnight before Easter Sunday was signalled by a merry peal of bells, and the cannon was fired off at different intervals, under the active and delighted generalship of Boleslas, our host's eldest son. At five o'clock there was a service at the church, and a procession, in honour of the Resurrection of our Lord. At eleven high mass was performed, at which all the family and guests assisted. The church, which is very old, being built partly in the eleventh century and partly in the fifteenth, was crowded by peasants, who were all dressed in their prettiest costumes. The many-coloured petticoats, the gay ribands floating in the breeze, and the various and picturesque head-dresses of the women, together with the long, full-skirted coats of the men, mostly of a dark-blue, and the streamers and bunches of flowers



stuck in their hats and caps, formed such a striking and novel scene as we shall not soon forget. The sun shone so brightly, the birds sang so merrily, and on every face there was such an expression of pleasure, that it did the heart good to behold. On returning from Mass, all the company entered the great dining-hall, where a tempting sight presented itself. An immense table, spread from top to bottom of the apartment, covered with a large linen cloth, generally preserved as an heir-loom in the family. In the centre was a lofty tower of pastry, on the top of which was a roasted lamb—still, however, clothed in its primitive white vestment, to mimic life—holding a red and white banner, on which was the joyful motto, “Alleluja.” This was surmounted by a silver eagle, the emblem of Poland. At a little distance were heaps of sweetmeats, fruits, and preserves; then came pyramids of cold eggs, enveloped in the coils of long, serpent-like sausages; then a wall of massive saffron-cakes, fortified at the corners by towering *babas*—a sort of sponge-cake, of an immense height. There were also heaps of another sort of cake, called *Mazurkas*, covered all over with almonds. Thus the province of Masovia gives its name to one of the prettiest of national dances, and to this cake, which is most delicious. Besides all this, there were more substantial dishes, in the shape of tongues, dry and pickled fish, smoked hams, and roasted pigs, under the semblance of boars’ heads. Intersecting the numerous dishes were gold and silver jugs of old mead, decanters of liqueurs, and musty bottles of choice wines.

When our host and his guests were all assembled, in walked the priest, attired in his robes; he pronounced a solemn benediction on the feast, and then sprinkled it with holy water; which proceeding, according to the popular belief, prevents the possibility of its becoming hurtful, as it might easily prove, after a long period of rigid abstinence. Immediately this ceremony was concluded, a door opened in the back-ground, and in walked the preparer of the whole—the head cook, in his white cap and apron, and began carving up the different meats. After him entered the bailiffs and stewards employed on the estates, the housekeeper and the ladies’ maids. Meanwhile, our host proceeded to cut up a cold egg into thin slices, and then went with his plate by turns to every one of the company, exchanging congratulations, which he ratified by eating one half of a slice, whilst he offered the other half to his guest. After this indispensable ceremony everybody began to attack the savoury dishes on the table; but, voracious as were the appetites, the supplies were so large that, to all appearance, they were but little diminished. This same feasting took place every morning, till the whole was consumed. Formerly it was a rule, in the more opulent houses, to keep the Easter Feast open till Whitsunday, which will give you some little idea of the immense quantity of provisions that must have been prepared, and the unbounded hospitality of Polish hosts.

An old almanac of the Duchy of Posen, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, contains the following description of an Easter banquet:—

“This year the Palatine S. gave a splendid Easter Feast at Dereczyn, at which a great number of Polish and Lithuanian lords attended. A lamb, seasoned with Pistachio plums, and other costly spices, was placed in the centre of the table. But only the ladies, the senators, the first dignitaries of the crown, and the clergy, were admitted to partake of that delicate dish. On one side of the table four colossal wild boars, stuffed with pigs, sausages, and hams, were laid down, and represented the seasons of the year. The cook exhibited the most masterly abilities in contriving to roast these huge animals entire. On the opposite side twelve stags, with gilt antlers, adorned with emblems of the corresponding months, attracted general admiration. Smaller game, such as hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcocks, and pheasants, filled their capacious insides. The prodigiously large cakes, the circumference of which could only be measured by yards, were fifty-two in number, to answer that of the weeks in the year. Three hundred and sixty-five *babas*, in honour of as many days, hedged in the whole, and closed the circle of the year. In addition to this, the same numbers and divisions were represented by four golden pitchers, filled with wine of King Batory’s time; twelve silver ones, with King Sigismundus’ wine; fifty-two silver barrels with that of Cyprus, Spain, and Italy; three hundred and sixty-five hogs-heads of Hungary; and lastly a vat, containing 8,760 pints of mead, the number of hours in the annual revolution.”

The astonishing quantity of provisions at this Feast can only be equalled by the elegant taste and novel ideas displayed at another which took place in the ancient and interesting city of Cracow:—

“I was present yesterday,” says an old writer of Cracow, “at the Easter Feast given by N. C., one of the magistrates of our town. On an immense table, covered with the finest cloth in the world, the circumference of which might have afforded comfortable seats for at least one hundred persons, twelve massive silver dishes bore the weight of salt pork, sucking-pigs, spiced sausages, and pyramids of eggs, painted in varied colours and devices, but chiefly in red. A group of figures, made of pastry and sugar, represented the action and the plot of a comic play. Pilate, for instance, was exhibited in the act of picking Mahomet’s pocket of a sausage—evidently an epigram, since everybody knows that neither Jew nor Mahometan is allowed to eat pork. A lamb of great beauty occupied the centre of the table. I would have given all the riches and dainties I saw there for the eyes of that pet creature, for they were nothing less than two precious diamonds, each of a nut’s size. I further remarked large silver gilt decanters and cruets with oil and vinegar. Four enormous pitchers, filled with old mead, stood amidst a host of golden cups. Silver plates, with preserves of all sorts of fruits, with which Providence has so bountifully enriched our country, formed another circle. Enamelled baskets contained musty bottles of the choicest and rarest wines. But it is high time I should speak of the pastry, the cakes, and the tarts, the number and the names of which it were impossible to remember. The principal cake was at least four yards in circumference, and one in



height. Different figures adorned its edge. The speaking images of the twelve apostles were distinguished from others by their size. Judas, with his yellow, saffron-coloured moustaches, amused me most. The figure of Jesus Christ, holding a superb banner, stood erect in the centre of the cake. Over our Saviour's head an angel, suspended by a wire scarcely perceptible, was seen directing his course towards heaven, and dropping from his lips the following motto :—‘*Resurrexit sicut dixit Alleluja.*’ Other cakes represented profane or mythological subjects. I was exceedingly pleased with one called ‘The Bath.’ In a lake filled with white mead gold and silver fishes were seen swimming. Nymphs were freely bathing amongst them, whilst a malicious cupid sat on the brim of the cake, and shot his darts at their sparkling eyes, which they vainly strove to conceal.”

We think that few, if any, of the feasts of the present day could surpass in splendour and magnificence this ancient banquet; and yet we have in general but a poor idea of the refinement and elegance of the Polish nation especially, thinking them to have been nothing better than warlike barbarians.

To return to our own Easter feast at Vasilowka, we must not forget to inform you that a large table was also spread in the servants’ hall, on which was a certain quantity of provisions prepared for all the people employed on the estates.

When the banquet was at an end, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, and L—— was unanimously called upon to ratify the promise he had given the previous day. His violoncello being brought, the society formed itself into a circle; and, in the midst of a breathless silence, the artist drew his bow slowly across the strings of his instrument. Those first, pure, thrilling tones were enough to proclaim his power; but when, after a brilliant introduction, he played one of the sweet and plaintive melodies of the Ukraine, not a heart was there unmoved. The colour went and came in the fair faces of the ladies, as different chords in their memories were touched; and fast and unheeded fell the tears down many a bright face. The good old priest declared he thought himself in heaven, listening to celestial strains, and could scarcely refrain from sobbing aloud. When the inspired musician had finished, our host rose and shook him warmly by the hand; everybody crowded round him, repeating their admiration and their thanks; but his greatest triumph was in the tears that had been shed by eyes that a few moments before had been beaming with smiles, and in the quickened beatings of the hearts till then languid and indifferent. Oh! music! divine music! how potent is thy spell! Rank, power, and riches bow down before thee, and acknowledge thy dominion. After this the company separated; a party of gentlemen and boys was formed to go and roast potatoes in the forest, and the rest went to smoke their cigars and play billiards. We ladies retired to our rooms to repose ourselves, and prepare for the dinner, which took place at the unusual hour of six, it being the general custom here to dine be-

tween one and two. The evening was enlivened by dancing; and long and untiringly was the beautiful and animated mazurka kept up. We have never seen a dance which pleased us so much as this. It is so gay, spirited, and graceful, and so thoroughly characteristic of the Polish nation, that we could sit and look at it for hours.

On Easter Monday, from break of day, our ears were assailed with such a confused noise of screams, mingled with laughter, of persons running to and fro along the passages, and tearing up and down the stairs, that we had great misgivings lest the whole household should suddenly have gone mad. On putting our head outside of the door, to inquire into the cause of this tumult, a strange sight presented itself. The corridor and staircase was flooded with water, and fragments of broken jugs and bottles strewed the ground. The young people had been keeping up one of the old customs, that of throwing water on each other at every favourable opportunity. Woe to the unlucky ones who were caught in bed, they were deluged without a possibility of escape. This exciting warfare is kept up unceasingly all Easter Monday. In former times, ladies and gentlemen even would supply themselves with pans of water, and throw them over each other; but in these more civilized days they perform their spiriting more gently, and sprinkle with a few drops of *eau de Cologne*, from an elegant little bottle, or shake the dew from a bouquet of morning-gathered flowers. But the servants and the country people keep up the custom in all its pristine glory, and some poor creatures even get a ducking in a pond. The origin of this strange proceeding is much disputed. Some think it dates from the introduction of Christianity into Poland, and is in commemoration of the immersing in water of those who were baptized. Others say it took its rise from the time of the Apostles, when multitudes of the faithful being assembled, to talk over the wonderful resurrection of our Lord, the Jews threw water on them to mark their contempt, and thus dispersed them. It seems that even in those remote times, the art of dispersing a multitude of excited people was well known. Marshal Lobau, in the present day, gave it as his opinion, that water would be far more effectual than fire-arms for such a purpose. For our own part, we have met with a solution equally, if not more probable than either of the above. It is in the travels of Major Symes, the English envoy to Ava in the year 1795. He says, that in Hindostan, on the 12th of April, when the New Year of the Birman commences, all the women throw water on the men, to purify them from their sins of the past year. The men in return perform the same office for the women. We know the affinity that has been found to exist between the Slavonians and the people of Hindostan; and to this we would add that with the former nation also the New Year began in Spring, and it was



at just the same season they had the custom of drowning death or winter, which with them is synonymous. It seems to us, then, evident, that this custom of sprinkling with water had the same origin and meaning in India and amongst the Slavonians, and was intended there also to purify them from their sins.

After breakfast we set off, in two carriages-and-four, and escorted by several gentlemen on horseback, to visit a family at about five miles, distance. Our road lay through a beautiful country; a forest of pine and fir-trees bordered it for some distance; but it was very rough and disagreeable, and great part of the time our horses had to drag the carriages through heavy masses of sand; and many dreadful jolts did we receive from great stones and deep holes. These, however, only served to excite our mirth; for the party was in high spirits, and the day was lovely. The entrance to Planta was through a long winding avenue of willows, which opened upon a grass-plot, ornamented with flower-beds, in front of the house—a rambling, low, old-fashioned abode, built entirely of wood, and covered with ivy and wild vine. It presented a most picturesque appearance, and small as it appeared from the outside, was found to contain a great number of rooms. We were most hospitably received by the owners of Planta, whom we found surrounded by their young family and a host of friends, busily engaged at the Easter feast. We were all speedily overwhelmed with good things, and pressed to eat on every side. Quite incapable of discussing the tenth part even of the piled up plates that were placed before us, and glad to escape for a while from the noise and tumult of the banquetting-room, we seized upon our charming friend Bronislas, and went off to examine a little quaint old edifice near the house, which had excited our curiosity on seeing it from the window. It was a chapel, and on entering it we perceived over the altar a strange old picture of the Virgin, which our companion assured us was the miraculous cause of the erection of the chapel on that spot. She told us that formerly—many years ago, of course—the lord of Planta was a man of the most dissolute habits, who lived surrounded by a set of companions equally wicked as himself, and that they did nothing but eat, drink, game, and swear. In his time, this picture of the Virgin hung in the old dining-hall, where their revels were mostly carried on. One day, to the surprise of all, the picture was missing! The master gave orders to have it looked for instantly, and restored to its place; but the picture was nowhere to be found, and at last the search was given up in despair. A few days after, however, one of the household going out to shoot, saw this very picture standing upright in a little marshy ground near the house. Full of astonishment, he communicated the surprising intelligence to his master, who severely reprimanding the servants for their careless search, ordered it to be hung up again in the dining-hall. He was obeyed in fear and trembling; but the very next

day the picture was again missing. Nothing more of it was seen for some days, when it was once more discovered upright in the same place where it was found before. This astonishing circumstance so affected the lord of Planta, that he instantly abandoned his sinful way of living, built a chapel on the spot where the picture was so miraculously found, and hung it up over the altar. From that time he was as remarkable for the sanctity of his life, as he had been previously for his wickedness, and did an immense deal of good in the neighbourhood.

Such, then, was the history of this quaint little chapel, related to us with a perfect seriousness, as being thoroughly believed in; and we, who unfortunately were not endowed with an equal faith, admired the result, though we were unable to credit the means.

On returning in the evening, the nightingale was singing most divinely. The sky was serene, the air calm, all nature was silent, as if listening with enchantment to the delicious warbling of this incomparable singer of the woods. Oh! how, at this moment, did our heart take to itself the wings of memory, and fly back to those dear times when the bright moon shone, the hushed air listened, and the nightingale of our own beloved woods poured forth her tender lays; and we dreamed of love, and the fair world we were entering, and thought care and sorrow, separation and death, were but vain words, of which we should never know the meaning. Oh! youth, youth! how blindly happy, how wilfully trusting art thou! And would we have it otherwise? Oh, no! those few happy, golden years at the beginning, cast a ray of light over many a long and weary life, that would be dark indeed without it.

The following morning we were informed of the arrival of a most important personage, a Jew pedlar, who pays a certain number of visits here during the year, bringing with him every imaginable ware. Yankiel was ushered eagerly into the housekeeper's room, where he unpacked his goods, and displayed them to the admiring eyes of every female in the house, we believe. There was not an article could be asked for, but he had it; and not in vain did he arrive, for many were the purchasers he found. He retailed also all the news he had picked up in the different mansions he had visited during his pilgrimage; and many and acceptable were the bits of intelligence he brought to our hostess and her daughters, of friends and relations at a distance. The servants, of course, had their share; but Yankiel was a discreet man, and waited a seasonable opportunity. In the midst of all this, our thoughts insensibly wandered to Scott's delightful novel of "*Kenilworth*," and we fancied the pedlar before us to be the identical Wayland Smith of never-to-be-forgotten memory. The graceful and pretty Vanda was no unfit representative of the sweet and hapless Amy Robsart, as she stooped over the rich stuffs spread before her, and examined the delicate laces that the



eager pedlar held up to view. Here, however, the resemblance ceased; and with a sigh for the many long miles that lay between us and the old mouldering ruins of Kenilworth, we turned away.

An excursion on horseback was proposed; so the steeds were brought to the door, and off we started, to visit a famous birch-tree, about which Bromislas has promised us another legend, *quite true!* Besides ourself, and our two charming friends, Vanda and her sister, who both ride remarkably well, although it is by no means the custom for ladies to mount in this country, our party consisted of a young English girl, governess in a family in the neighbourhood, whose history is a little enveloped in mystery, though it is our belief that she has quitted her family and country, solely actuated by the romantic desire of depending upon her own exertions in a foreign land; thus making for herself trials and griefs, which in the natural order of things would have been spared her, had she remained at home, which from all accounts she might have done if she would. With pretty black eyes, *un petit nez retroussé*, and dark ringlets all round her head, she is, however, very captivating, and may perhaps end by making some brilliant conquest. By her side was a cavalier, very tall and stiff, who being far more learned in the art of reading than of riding, was mightily afraid of tumbling off his horse, and caused us a great deal of merriment by his unalterable gravity and awkwardness. Then there was the young artist, with his fair hair and melancholy eyes, wrapt in a mute admiration of the charms of nature, and of the goddess of his thoughts. Two or three others completed our cavalcade, which set off at a brisk trot. After an hour's delightful ride, we arrived at the spot, on the borders of a large forest of oaks, where stood the ruins of the ancient church of St. Martin. Innumerable tombstones marked the resting-place of many a generation. All around told of ruin and decay; but a large white birch-tree, like an angel's wing, protected with its shade the peaceful slumber of the dead. With a curiosity, tempered by the solemnity of the place we stood in, we demanded of our companions if this were the tree about which they had promised us the history. "It is," said Bromislas; "and if you will listen, I will recount to you what the peasants relate to their children from one generation to another. But do not imagine I have anything either very exciting or interesting to tell you, for it is a simple village legend of the Duchy." Having descended from our horses, we formed a circle round our young and beautiful narrator, who, with a heightened colour, and a voice which at first trembled slightly from emotion, thus began:—"Long years ago, the only child of a poor loving mother, of these parts, fell sick and died. When his little cold body was laid in the dark grave beside this church, you may imagine the grief, the despair of the poor woman; for the boy had been her only consolation, her only hope, and she had made a veritable idol of him, and worshipped him. But one day the sexton,

running in great fear and trepidation to the village pastor, cried out, 'What evil has come upon us? What terrible things are passing in our churchyard? In vain we have buried the widow's little boy, who died a week ago; notwithstanding all our efforts, and all our care, one little hand is constantly forcing its way out of the grave!' The astonished priest, cross in hand, runs to the cemetery. A hundred times he blesses the hand, sprinkles it with holy water, and himself buries it in the ground. Kneeling beside the little grave, he pours out his soul to God; but in vain he prays, the hand again forces its way through the earth, and shines in appalling whiteness on the green grass. The pastor causes the church bells to be rung, to summon all the inhabitants of the village. Wondering, and affrighted, they crowd around him. Young and old, women and children, all are there. Then the pastor, turning to the mother of the child, said:—"What is passing in the grave of your son? My poor comprehension cannot fathom the awful mystery; but you must surely know. Explain, then, this terrible sight." The poor mother wrung her hands in despair, and replied only by tears and moans. But being menaced with the malediction of God, she at last gave utterance to the following words:—"It is the punishment of my blind and senseless adoration of my child. God is just. He sends me evil for evil. I spoiled my boy by over indulgence. I never chastised him for his faults; and one unhappy day he lifted his hand against me in his anger, and struck me!"—"Take then a birch, and strike the hand of your child. He prays for chastisement on earth, that he may escape punishment in eternity." The poor trembling woman hesitated, fearing to approach the grave; but the pastor cried in a voice of thunder, 'Strike!' Summoning up all her courage, she stepped forward, and with eyes turned away, the mother performed the terrible and painful task.

"Behold! oh miracle of heaven! the instant the birch touched the hand, it shrank withering away, and the earth closed over it; but the mother fell fainting on the ground, overcome by the force of her emotion.

"A feeling of terror filled every heart; a cold shudder ran through the veins of all who witnessed this scene, in commemoration of which the pastor planted the birch on the grave. By a second miracle, the following spring it had become an immense tree, covered with foliage. Many centuries passed away; the church crumbled into ruins, a forest of oaks grew up around, but the birch-tree remained always the same to this day; and the tradition of it is handed down from one generation to another, giving a fearful warning to those foolish parents, who neglect to teach their children that commandment of God, which says, '*Honour thy Father and thy Mother.*'"

We were all more or less affected by this story, and the charming way in which it had been recounted; and it was some time after we had left the spot before we ladies at least reco-



vered our usual spirits. On reaching Vasilowka, we encountered Boleslas and his cousins, just returned from heron shooting. The delighted boy himself had been the most successful, having shot no less than three; and with pride he presented his mother with a few little glossy feathers that form the tuft on the head of the heron, and are valuable on account of their scarcity. Our evening closed in again with dancing, singing, and music; and it was late in the night before any one thought of repose.

On the fourth day of Easter week we had to say adieu to our pretty Vanda, who went with one of her aunts to Posen, to assist in quality of bridesmaid at the wedding of one of her friends, a very beautiful and elegant young lady, whom we had the pleasure of knowing when there. Remarkable to relate, the gentleman to whom she is about to give her hand is equally handsome with herself; they will indeed be a charming pair—may Heaven bless them! After their wedding, they will pass a few weeks with their families, as in Poland it is not the custom to take the departure immediately the marriage

vows are pronounced, as is the case in our country; and then they will set off for London and the "Great Exposition." We know of many weddings that have been arranged this winter at the Balls during the Carnival, and this journey was stipulated for in every case: going to see the Exposition has quite taken the place of a tour in Italy, which used formerly to be the condition upon which young ladies bound themselves for life.

The day after Vanda's departure there was a wedding in the village. It took place, that is to say the feasting and dancing, at the residence of the pastor, who very kindly superintended the whole affair. Everybody from the Château went; and we all danced with the peasants, who of course were highly pleased at our condescension. Some other time we will give you an account of one of these weddings, for they are curious and amusing; but for the present we must say farewell, merely premising that Friday and Saturday were passed in receiving crowds of visitors at Vasilowka, and that we quitted the hospitable roof of our friends, with many and sincere regrets, the following week, carrying with us the most pleasing reminiscences of "Easter in Poland."

## THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! look on the sunny side, dear Maid,  
As you journey through Life's long way:  
Often the depths of the forest shade  
Are pierced by the morning ray;  
And often a line of light may start  
On the rough, tempestuous tide,  
If you only keep a hopeful heart,  
And look on the sunny side!

The mists that rapidly rise around  
May as swiftly pass away:  
The darkest hour of the night is found  
The herald of rosy day:  
The clouds that threaten to burst in rain,  
May in brilliant tints divide,  
And give to your eager eyes again  
A glimpse of the sunny side!

She who can quickly discern the light  
That glimmers through storm and gloom,  
Hath a spell in store of glorious might  
To brighten a husband's home:  
And Sorrow can work no lasting ill  
On the spirit true and tried,  
That in time of trouble, is ready still  
To look on the sunny side!

## MY COTTAGE HOME.

Oh! when I left my English home,  
Sad, weary, and depressed,  
I dared not hope in stranger land  
To find a place of rest.

But now I've found this calm retreat,  
I never wish to roam;  
And I will prize and love thee well,  
My pretty cottage home.

Oh! who would choose the city's din,  
Its bustle and its noise?  
Excitement and a proud display  
There form our fancied joys:  
No solitude—no quiet hour  
—For holy thoughts to come.  
Oh! blest are they who can possess  
A simple cottage home.

Here, free to roam where'er I will,  
On mountain, hill, or vale,  
I'll listen to the wild bird's song,  
And love the wild flowers pale;  
I'll learn their language, and will hold  
Converse with birds and flowers;  
They'll be such sweet companions, too,  
In all my lonely hours.

With simple eloquence they'll teach  
Their useful lore to me;  
Oh! may I learn to be like them,  
So innocent, so free.  
Alone with nature's God, I'll find  
A solitude so sweet,  
In deep recesses of the woods,  
In shady wild retreat.

My pretty cottage—Oh! indeed  
I can be happy here—  
Far from the city's crowded haunts;  
Far from all strife and fear.  
Wert thou with me, my husband, I  
Would never wish to roam.  
Come, thou, Oh, come! and share with me  
My pretty cottage home.

LIZZIE W.



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 140.)

## CHAP. VI.

"Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide  
Directs her course unto one certain coast,  
Is met by many a counter wind and tide,  
With which her winged speed is let and crost,  
And she herself on stormy surges tost,  
Yet making many a board and many a bay,  
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;  
Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
Whose course is often strayed, yet never is astray."

And if I can with any justice, though in all humility, claim for my course the praise that it "never is astray," I owe it in great measure to the sisterly sympathy of Carola Morton. The dissolution of partnership which had come on me in the last chapter occasioned me for some time the most pressing difficulties. I had in truth to make many a board and many a bay, to abate my proud thoughts, to content myself with far humbler aspirations. I, whose girlish dreams had been of regenerating society by the spells of poetry, who in maturer womanhood still found in the Beautiful a type of heavenly purity here below—I was now to consider, not what things were pure and lovely, but what were of good report—what, in short, would take with the public. Not the least of my cares was the necessity I was under of going alone to arrange in person with the publishers and editors from whom I sought employment. Many a day I thanked Providence for my want of beauty. Carola could not have traversed the streets, and fagged about in hackney coaches as I did—her fair face would have been a deadly foe. I found it so the few times I accepted her offer of supporting me in my awkward interviews, and I soon put an end to her accompanying me. Among others at this time, I fell in with the managers of a newly-established periodical, which professed to be for the benefit of the masses. Every literary paper does so now; but this was in more exclusive days, when reading and writing for the lower classes were thought to begin and end in the Bible and the ledger—a curious mixture, which leads people often to confuse religion and worldly wisdom, and to take in the literal sense the text that godliness is *great gain*. In those days the "Spirit of Progress" had newly escaped from its stable, and had fallen into a gentle trot, very unlike the furious Mazeppa race with which it now scours the world. The periodical to which I refer might not inaptly be compared to one of the broken hinges by which the steed pushed down the door. The tone of the maga-

zine was nearly "*Radical*," but the talent embarked there was sufficient to make head against all Tory attempts to have it coughed down. It was daring and unscrupulous—two attributes which, combined, are almost sure to command notice. My first attempt in its pages was an essay on the Elevation of the Human Intellect; an effort so well received by the editor, that I had the temerity to display to him my castigation of the poet Prateapace. The rough workman of literature who now scanned my well-merited sarcasms, was severe against the silken foplings pretending to build with silver trowels and inlaid spades. He had also a private grudge against Prateapace, for sneering at his journal among the *élite*; and he knew enough of the world to assure himself, that a bold attack on any privileged amateur of the drawing-rooms would produce a sensation highly favourable to the struggling magazine. The review was printed, and not a little discussed. My former employers revealed to Prateapace the name of his hidden critic, and he became my enemy for ever. He wrote a violent tirade in one of the daily papers, stigmatising my criticism as an unjust libel. His friends and lady patrons supported him. The literary *sans culottes* rejoiced in the fray, and spattered mud on their opponents with hearty good will. The editors of the "liberal" periodical which had produced this apple of discord applauded themselves and me for the notoriety which they had all along foreseen, but which to an inexperienced writer like myself was misery and disgrace. The stinging retorts which my critique had provoked rung through my very dreams, and I incessantly reproached myself for my rashness. I was now high in favour with the leaders of the "liberal" party. They imagined they could hound me down on every scion of nobility daring to penetrate into the inky mysteries of the pen. They knew they could not more effectually pander to the vanity of the masses, than by exaggerating the follies of the great. But they mistook the mind they thought their tool—I was willing to mete out deserved censure, however lofty were the offender; but I scorned to vilify a rising genius because it wrote itself a lord. I would not measure ability in an inverse ratio to station. I preserved a contempt for slang jokes, and a doubt of the conversational wit of cabmen. This was not enough for my coadjutors—I must be all or nothing. It is dangerous to be a moderate. Like the clay vessel betwixt the iron ones, the moderate is crushed between the extremes. I had been a Radical to the aristocrats,



I was now an aristocrat to the Radicals; and our connection came to a speedy rupture. I was not sorry, for I wished to be free, though as a hired drudge of literature I was looking for the mirage in such a wish. But again I was adrift, and this lasted so long, and my scanty means diminished so perceptibly, that I was glad to obtain a footing on a respectable and old-established periodical of sober, quiet principles, and steady circulation.

Here my effusions were not rejected, but they were docked of their more enthusiastic flights, and reduced to the same tasteless gelatine as the rest of the articles. I had learned some little worldly prudence now; so I choked down my sigh, and submitted silently to these manipulations.

The tone of the work was decorous and prosy—long-winded treatises—cautious criticisms, abounding in negations—soporific poems, and orthodox tales regularly ending in a marriage, and eschewing all horrors of the Radcliffe and Ainsworth school. Sometimes, as a favour, one of my poetical pieces might be inserted, but always the barrenest and least imaginative; and a wild flight of fancy was ruthlessly expunged.

Thus did this ponderous, pompous, dozing, prosing periodical enjoy a wide reputation, and a circulation amounting to many thousands—not a few of whom continued the subscription with habitual listlessness, because “they had all the volumes from the beginning, and the look of a library was quite spoiled if there were to be an incomplete set.”

Some months previously I should have been ill-contented with so inglorious a post; but the rubs of fortune are not to be slighted, and I had learned to be thankful for a means of honest subsistence, however obscure. I had escaped the temptation of bartering my soul’s integrity, and I was still strong in youth and hope, and still rhymed in secret, looking patiently to the future for the fruition of my desires.

And had I forgotten Ernest in this sharp struggle for my daily bread? Had the naked and unpromising life now opened to me not disgusted me with my romance and fidelity of heart? No. Never did I repent that I had refused Mr. Elphinstone. The only days of my experience that rose up to reproach, were those of my engagement; I felt too happy in the indulgence of my long repressed love to care that it had brought me to poverty. Still in all innocence, in all purity of heart, could I dedicate to the far-absent Ernest every conscientious sacrifice, every fine imagination, every healthful though wearying labour. I felt improved by this change in my existence; my duty and my hopes went together, and I cherished a bright dream of Ernest’s return, and my reward in his renewed esteem and love. For many years that dream was my soul’s food, on which I fed and lived, and thought I could never live without it. And how could I be sad with such a companion as Carola Morton? Every day developed to me more fully the depths of her virgin heart. How delicious it was to turn over page after page,

and see so much freshness, so few stains! And who could relax exertion beside that patient labourer of science—her pale, sweet-expressed father? The benign influence of his charitable spirit infused itself into everything: he lived entirely for others, and he found his reward in his own silently approving heart, and the encouraging words of his daily readings of Scripture. His was a most wonderfully balanced mind, morbid repinings were unknown to him; and yet healthful as was that mind, the body was frail and breaking. I heard him cough at night, till I have often risen in alarm and gone to listen at his chamber; but when I alluded to it next morning, he would quietly reply that he had taken the necessary remedies, and implore me not to mention it to his daughter. But I did not like his meagre aspect, his too bright eyes, and hollow shoulders. He liked his daughter to enter society, his delight was unbounded when her graceful figure glided before him through the dance, and the admiration her sweet face excited was his purest reward for many a wakeful night brought on by exposure to cold and late hours.

Carola was so guileless and childlike still, that it was her amusement, on her return from a party, to tell me the adventures of the evening, including the compliments of her partners; simple and unassuming, she took these for mere verbiage; but in some, I, experience-taught, could discern a deeper meaning than the frothy persiflage of the hour. The name of a certain Mr. Landers figured prominently in these anecdotes, and my suspicions were a little roused by the frequency of his dances, and the plainness of his inuendoes.

I became uneasy about Carola; young and motherless, was she too, to be wrecked on a loveless marriage—for her style of mentioning Mr. Landers was anything but love: she seemed rather to laugh at him than to respect or admire him. I sounded Mr. Morton: he said at once that Carola was generally thought the belle of the party; but he laughed at my hints of a lover, saying she was too young to take any fancy yet, and that he would rather see her mind matured before her heart was touched, in which I heartily agreed with him—“Marriage lets in many cares unknown to the maiden; Carola is too young to grapple with these *real* troubles. I like a girl to keep her maiden meditations a few years.”

But our antiquated wisdom could not annul the fact that Mr. Landers had fallen in love with our Carola, and a few days brought matters to a crisis.

Mr. Morton and his daughter had gone to a dance at the same Mrs. Hampton Teddington’s to whom I previously referred. They came home rather earlier than usual, and Carola knocked hastily at my door. When I opened it I saw her white and trembling, and looking ready to burst into tears. I half surmised the truth: Mr. Landers had proposed to her. In saying this her self-command gave way, and she wept vehemently in a manner that alarmed me.



"And your answer, Carola?" I asked, as quietly as I could.

"Oh, I was so startled, so frightened, so sorry for him and for myself. And yet I nearly laughed at the folly of his proposing to me, whom he had never seen but in company, of whose character he knows as little as I know of his. I told him so as soon as I could put sentences properly together; but indeed at first I was utterly confounded and half angry with a suspicion that it was a mere quiz on his part. But he really was in earnest and talked so volubly, yet so seriously, that I said nothing from being quite stultified, until I got out that expression of not knowing him; and do you know he seemed to take that as encouragement. I did not mean it for such. And then he ran on about devoting his life to please me, and all the "usual compliments of the season." And she laughed such a merry, child-like laugh that I had no doubt as to whether she was in love or not.

"But did you leave him under that impression of encouragement?"

Her face clouded again. "I tried to speak, but you might as well have stopped a running river with a willow wand. I trembled so much that I daresay he thought I was quite overcome with love; but it was a sort of cold fear; for I really do not want to marry him or any body unless papa wishes it very much, and I could not refuse him. But, Laura, I do not think matters are at all clear with Mr. Landers, for I ran away suddenly when I saw papa, and said I wanted to go home; and Mr. Landers would hand me into the carriage, and asked if he might hope; and I really do not know if he heard me at all when I said 'No'; for the wheels made such a noise at that moment."

"Then you mean to refuse him?"

"I want to consult you, Laura. I do not pretend to care for him or for any one so much as I do for papa, and for—but I have no romance about love—that is," said Carola blushing and correcting herself at the murmurs of her heart that very instant; "that is, I think and hope any one who feels it a duty could prevent indulgence in that romance, and that if it really would make papa happy I could be happy enough with this Mr. Landers, or any body like him, tolerably agreeable and good tempered."

"You might be happy enough, Carola; but would you be good enough as such a wife? Do you know that your duty is to give your husband your whole heart; that you can expect no blessing on your duties as a mother if you begin by under-estimating those of a wife? Do you know that marriage calls on the woman for continual and often unappreciated self-sacrifices? that the cares of children, their sicknesses and their sins, cut like a canker into the spirit, and drive away the light carelessness of youth? But where there is love, strong, enduring, well grounded love, it is a noble and a hopeful task, and the heart goes along with every exertion. But oh, Carola, could your father, knowing your

capacity for what is truly good, be happy on seeing you the drudge of an inferior mind—'what is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay'? No, dearest; love well before you marry, and examine well before you love."

I spoke earnestly, for my heart prompted every word. Carola knew my own story as far as regarded Mr. Elphinstone's share, and she felt that I advised her from experience. Her own lips trembled as she answered—

"You are right, Laura; and yet, I feel sometimes that I must not only consult my own wishes and my dear father's comforts. He is over-worked, he is worn and pale; and yet he has ever before him the idea that I shall be left penniless and dependent at his death. I know his anxiety haunts him, Laura; I have seen it often in his dear, kind eyes; and I have heard him, when he thought I was not attending to him, mutter to himself the fears which press upon his mind. Dear Laura, do you not think he would be happier if I were married and placed above the reach of want?"

I did not reply, for I was aware it was a matter worthy of deep consideration. At last I said, "Beloved Carola, from the sentiments I have heard your father express on this subject, as well as from your own character, I strongly advise you against such perilous experiment. You are better fitted than most young women to struggle with mere pecuniary troubles, but you are by no means of a temperament likely to be happy in a marriage of mere worldly prudence. There is in you, as in every ardent spirit, a necessity of loving—an overplus of feeling, which must one day find vent; and if not expended on your husband, as it naturally ought to be, it will gnaw at the root of your happiness, and perhaps make its way out in an unlooked-for—nay, who knows?—a guilty channel. If you marry with but a small amount of regard, even suppose life's trials do not diminish that small stock, the great treasury of your heart would still be cumbered with its useless wealth, and when too late you may find those deserving of it, to whom it will be sinful to give even a thought."

"But in marriage the children fill up one's heart," said Carola.

"Yes; but suppose God denies you that blessing! And do you think an unloving wife dare hope for their solace? Might he not send them in judgment, not in mercy? Might you not learn with fear how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? Oh, Carola, do not fling yourself into certain trouble for the sake of uncertain good."

"You are always right, dear Laura. I have often fancied I could be happy with any husband if I had a dear child to cherish: it seems such a holy, such an absorbing love. There is nothing in my eyes so nearly angelic as a mother's unconscious gaze upon her first-born. That is one reason I do so almost worship the Madonnas of the Italian painters: it is the very perfection of earthly love purified from all sin.



But you have shown me that these fancies are presumptuous in one who dares to purpose the transgression of a positive command. Laura, say nothing of Mr. Landers to my father. I will answer him to-morrow by writing."

"And Carola," I continued, retaining her hand a moment as she bade me good night, "you have told me, and I cannot tell you in return my joy and gratitude, that I am dearer to you than any but your father. Do not think yourself homeless while I live; poor as I am, I am independent, and we can assist each other till you find a husband worthy of all confidence and love."

Carola flung herself into my arms, and we wept tears of gladness in that embrace.

The next day she brought me an unsealed note addressed to Mr. Landers. It expressed gently but decidedly her regret at what had occurred, excusing her apparent indecision by her surprise and distress, which had for the time destroyed all self-command. The refusal was by no means an equivocal one, for Carola had little hesitation in her character.

"Very good, love. Shall I seal it for you, as I have a taper lighted?"

"Please do. I have just ended my phosphorus matches; they are improving daily in these things: they are as distinct a feature of the nineteenth century as the newly begun railways. But hush! there is a knock at the door. Oh, Laura, can that be Mr. Landers?"

"Not the most unlikely conjecture, I must say, disagreeable as I daresay the idea is to you. Will you see him?"

"Oh no, no!" cried poor Carola, shaking with genuine terror. "Oh, Laura, I cannot stand the siege of such another battery as he tried last night. I will leave the note for him."

"But, my love, you cannot leave such a note as that without a single message, now that he has come. You owe it to him to listen once more to his pleadings."

"Do you think so, after all your advice?" said Carola reproachfully.

"Yes; and consistently too, as I will explain."

"Oh, no time for explanation now. I hear his step on the stair. Do you see him for me." And the flurried girl ran out at an opposite door just as Mr. Landers was ushered into the sitting-room, where, during Mr. Morton's absence, I generally pursued my labours.

"For my part, my heart beat audibly. I had not heard the words of passion from any lips since that bitter night when Ernest reproached me; and although now I was to act for another, and not for myself, still I could not help fancying that in Mr. Landers' appealing tones I heard the accents of poor St. George Elphinstone, whom I had so cruelly wronged. But this association made me more firm in resisting for my Carola the dangers of a similar sin and sorrow.

Mr. Landers was really a good-looking, gentlemanly man of thirty or thereabouts—tall, well made, well dressed, unexceptionable in manners, and pleasing in voice and style of speaking; he

was also very evidently in love. But I soon perceived he was nothing else. He was now completely under the influence of a passion which makes the most sordid generous, and the most careless considerate; but I perceived sufficient indications that when this temporary fever should have subsided there was nothing in him likely to fix the esteem and respectful regard of such a girl as Carola. He was a common-place man; he judged according to the judgment of the class to whom he belonged; he had a fair collection of conversational ideas, but an original, self-suggested opinion was something beyond him. He had received a college education, and had therefore fallen into the best routine of most mental pursuits; but then he was not equal to any emergency; he had no native energy of character; he would have sought for advice at the first speck of cloud in his horizon. I may appear to have prejudged him unjustifiably on so slight a knowledge; but this was my general impression, and it was confirmed by subsequent experience. However, I dare say it mattered not to him what I thought; but he looked surprised to see me there.

"I was not aware," he said, "that Miss Morton had a sister."

"She has none," I replied. "I am only an intimate friend; but she begged me to deliver her apologies for not seeing any visitor to-day; she feels fatigued by last night's dance."

"Can I not see her then?" cried the gentleman in an accent of extreme disappointment.

"I fear not," I replied once more.

"This must be a mistake. I beg of you, madam, to give Miss Morton my card, and to implore her to give me an interview, were it only for five minutes. I cannot leave the house without seeing her."

"I assure you, Mr. Landers, Miss Morton cannot receive you to-day; but if you have any message I will give it her verbally or in writing, as you think fit."

He looked at me scrutinizingly. "You are Miss Morton's intimate friend; will you advise her for her own happiness—I desire it now I am sure." And his eye wandered over the dismal, dingy room in which we sat. "This is not a residence worthy of Miss Morton," he said, as if involuntarily giving language to his thoughts.

"It is Carola's house," I answered, "and the society of her father makes it worth a palace to her."

"Yes; but Miss Morton's beauty and sweetness can command wealth. I know that I have not what she has a right to expect, but still I can make her home far more suitable than this; and I can give her love; but that also she has a right to expect; such a face as hers must awaken love in every man who sees her."

"Tell me, then," I said rather impertinently; "is it Carola's beauty that has won your heart?"

"Why, not exactly; she seems to have so sweet a temper, and to be so affectionate to her father—I think that almost as good as her beauty."



"And do you count for nothing her fine intellect, although at present merely in the bud? Do you overlook her pure taste, her keen appreciation of the noble and the beautiful, her crystal truthfulness, her cultivated mind?"

The lover looked sheepish. "Why you are eloquent in sweet Miss Morton's praise, and she deserves it; the talents you mention will, I dare say, amuse and enliven her solitude, for you know a barrister's wife must be a good deal alone; as for being of any use otherwise, I do not see how intellect has anything to do with a wife. I hate *blues*—but Miss Morton's lovely face gives the lie to any such unfeminine imputation."

"How you would despise me," thought I, "did you know I were an authoress!" But I said nothing for a moment, and then asked what I should say for him to Carola.

He wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and, folding it, put it into my hands. I took it to my dear girl, whom I found trembling in her own chamber: I gave it her without a word. She ran her eye over it, coloured, and then said, "Give him the note I gave you before he came: it is answer enough."

Mr. Landers had taken up a book during my absence, and was pretending to read; but the uneasy fidgetting which made the chair creak under his weight, proved to me how indifferent he was to his studies. He held out his hand eagerly for the note, which he saw me take out of the envelope case; but that action aroused disagreeable suspicions, and he exclaimed, "That is not an answer to my request, written a few moments ago."

"Miss Morton regrets giving you pain," I said gently; "but your note has only confirmed her in the sentiments which, after the events of last night, she thought it her duty to express to you in writing."

The suitor seized the letter, and read it hastily. His colour deepened during this perusal till his face was flame colour, and then he flung down the paper with a muttered exclamation, not exactly a curse, but something distantly resembling it.

"You know her reasons, do you? Tell me them, if any exist, if this groundless refusal be not merely a whim of girlish coquetry. Why I know, madam, that Mr. Morton can leave his daughter nothing—that at his death she will be thrown on the wide world; yet I have not scrupled to propose to her. What does she object to me for? Am I not young, healthful, devotedly attached to her, with a competent fortune, and a station in society which no woman in her position ought to pretend to despise? Madam, I speak to you as a reasonable person. You are older than Miss Morton; you have seen more of the world. Tell her how madly she is acting, for her own sake."

"Miss Morton is the best judge of her own happiness," I replied. "I could not pretend to dictate to her on such a point."

"Dictate! No; but advise. Tell her what your own experience must surely tell you—that

she will repent, when it is too late, her rejection of my offer. Paint to her the trials she will have to undergo; the anxieties, the deprivations, the contempt and neglect of the world. My heart bleeds when I imagine her in such a position—a governess perhaps—a spiritless, dejected drudge. I entreat you to save her from her own rashness."

"Mr. Landers," I replied again, "you will think me the worst adviser Miss Morton could have, when I inform you that I am now working for my bread as a literary hireling, rather than make my life a long falsehood by a union without love. I might have been rich, but I should have despised myself in that affluence. I am poor, but I am conscience-free and happy."

The young man stared at me in unaffected astonishment, caught up his hat, muttered a few disjointed words of adieu, and hurried down stairs, slamming after him the street-door. Perhaps he thought me an escaped lunatic! But the confession, though it may appear gratuitous, was successful in its only object, that of inducing him to desist from his suit. We heard no more of Mr. Landers.

"And pray," said Carola, "let us hear no more of love or matrimony, Laura dear, as long as my beloved father is left to his child."

It was the habit of my friends to indulge themselves every summer in a few weeks of country enjoyments. For this Carola redoubled her economical cares during many previous months. She had the talent, possessed by few women, of husbanding her means with such skill, that she could do more on a small sum than any one I ever knew; and yet she was not stingy, a fault into which I invariably fall whenever I try to save. It is a native talent, as much as an ear for music or a voice for singing; it may be imitated, but never reached in perfection by those not born to it. However, the possession of this skill accounts for the slight inroads made on their scanty means by these summer excursions.

"Ah, Laura, how I wish you were going with us!" exclaimed Carola, as she tied her bonnet-strings on the morning of her departure; I never wished for money so much as now."

My own heart echoed that wish, but I tried to dispel any discontented depression, as I kissed her, saying, "Never think of me, sweetest; I have a great deal to write and make ready for the October and November magazines; and I shall have plenty of opportunity for collecting materials for a treatise on the physiology of a London autumn."

"Ah, you will be sadly dull," sighed Carola, as she stepped into the cab; and her kind father repeated her words with much sympathy. I laughed in reply; but had I honestly confessed the state of my spirits, I think Carola would almost have given up her journey to console me. I went back into the little dull room I called my own, for the Mortons had sub-let their lodgings for the time of their intended absence. The rolling of the cab died away in the distant squares, and a stern silence fell once more on



the solitary street. Most of the houses were shut up—the picture-dealer had taken in all his best prints, and hung out enticing but old frames. The very hurdy-gurdy boys had abandoned the place; and the bright, warm sun of August rained down his beams into the centre of the narrow roadway, in pitiless contrast to the gloom on every side. I sat in a listless despondency for some minutes, and then catching a gleam of brightness on the gold-banded hat of a passing footman, that strange chain of association was touched, and a cloud of old memories rushed on me.

I saw our own beautiful home by the Mersey, now sold to strangers. I reviewed the equipage which every summer brought down my august mother from her London triumphs; the harness glittering through the beech branches under which on such occasions it was always my custom to hide myself. Oh! how ardently now, in that close dreary room, did I sigh for those umbrageous retreats where my happiest hours had been dreamed away in solitude! And then I remembered how little I had been loved in that splendid home—how my heart had fed upon itself. But fancy quickly hastened forward, and showed me, under those same beech-trees, Ernest Marchmont by my side; and I recalled with unerring fidelity every word he had ever uttered. And how proud and self-approving were my reflections, that few, if any, compliments had mingled in his talk; that he had spoken of all things beautiful and noble; and that he had riveted his chains on me not by flattery, but by the enunciation of his own high principles and generous sentiments! I loved Ernest Marchmont because his influence over me had never inspired one unworthy thought. In remembering his conversation I only enumerated feelings that might have been the saving of a soul. Yet at the moment I speak of, in the first gush of loneliness after Carola's departure, this passionate remembrance of Ernest filled me with despair. I felt deserted by the whole world, and flinging from me these enervating reveries, I plunged sullenly into my daily tasks.

But day after day passed drearily, and still I was alone in that crowded waste! Miles on miles of streets stretched away on every side. Hundreds and thousands plodded, like me, in the dusty path of labour—suffering, struggling, withering like myself; yet not a single throb of sympathy could we interchange. Parliament had risen, and the affairs of the nation had succumbed to the absorbing interest of the moors.

The Cockneys were all down at Margate, and such places. New books had drawn back like snails into their shells, to await a more propitious season. Fashionable readers were at their country seats; fashionable writers were hunting adventure at Naples or on the Rhine. The booksellers had followed their wives to Rams-gate, and the head printer had taken a house at Boulogne.

Everything was asleep. The "Woods and Forests" had converted every thoroughfare into

abysses which might have daunted Haydon's Curtius; and the face of every house was besieged by the scaling-ladders of the plasterer. The parks were beyond a walk, and the heat made me languid and spiritless. Nearly a month had passed, when one day I went to the office of my patron magazine with a paper which I had completed. To my astonishment I there found the sub-editor, who had "run up to town" from his rural lodgings at Walmer.

"Ah, Miss Studleggh! I rejoice to see you. I did not know where to look at this season for a contributor. I am too hurried myself, but I must have an article on this book by Monday. It is just published, you see, at a most unworthy time; but the last news from the Cape will give our review of it a very strong interest. You had better take this newspaper also, as it will give you a very good idea of the author; and I need not tell any one with Miss Studleggh's enthusiasm, that the notice of the work must be in the highest degree laudatory; indeed there seems no dissentient voice as to the genius of this Mr. Marchmont."

This Mr. Marchmont! and I was told to praise his writings. I, whose only fear was that my veneration for the author would prevent my seeing his works in their true focus. When I looked at him, or aught belonging to him, my feelings acted as a magnifying lens.

I took the book and the newspaper. The one was a very spirited sketch of the colony of Grahams-town, with many practically valuable suggestions for its improvement. The other contained an account of a series of conflicts with some insurrectionary native tribes, in which Ernest Marchmont, Esq., had greatly distinguished himself. Although acting only in a civil employ, he had, on the disturbance arising, and in the absence of any military assistance, organised at once an armed force to defend the colony, and headed it himself with combined energy and skill. He had not only defeated the rebellious tribes, but by consummate art had pacified and satisfied them, so that when the tardy aid arrived from the capital, the soldiers found no enemy to subdue. The Gazette further displayed the despatches written by Ernest to the Governor at Cape Town, giving a manly and most graphic narrative of these occurrences, and the pressing emergency which had forced him to act on his own discretion. Much laudation followed on the gallant and prudent conduct of the young official.

I need not say how eagerly I devoured these papers; how I wept over them with a mixture of joy, pride, and regret. This man had loved me, and renounced me in disdain! Ah, how irretrievable was the fact! how good and noble he was! and now the world was beginning to appreciate his mental strength. This was the first step in the upward course: he would rise to fame and honour, while I withered away my life in obscurity and neglect.

But it was not in my nature to repine without an effort. I caught infection from the ardour of Ernest's fame. At least I would not sink with-



out a struggle to rise as near his level as I could. Ambition revived in me. For his sake I longed to prove to him the perfect congeniality of our minds—I longed to gain but a little honour, that I might add it to his heap. So again my head filled with poetic visions. I wrote the review; it was a work of joy, every word of praise was traced with the heart as well as the pen. I finished all the commissioned articles I then had on hand; and after this dry drudgery was completed, I applied myself with all my soul to the achievement of a great poem. The subject was Childhood: its innocence, its involuntary faith, its aspirations, its dreams, and its disappointments. My own childhood had been one of so much reflection and reverie, that I needed only to look within for materials. This poem soon became with me a passion: in the words of a living poet—

"It grew upon my fancy day by day,  
As Love upon a fervid spirit grows;  
E'en in my sleep the music rang aloud,  
And conjured pictures to my blank repose.  
I woke in ecstasy, and strove to write  
In words the speechless magic of the night."\*

Such was my solace in my solitude. September at last passed, and the Mortons returned. I was very happy indeed to see them, and to hear Carola's lively description of her adventures, and her pictures of the strange sort of people she had met. Scientific meetings had afforded her great delight, and her sketches of the Professors would not have discredited the satirical pencil of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. But my poem was my present *engouement*—everything gave way to it. I frequented the British Museum, to gain information from its noble library. I digested my verses with the utmost care. No manual labour seemed too great for them; I had copied them a dozen times rather than leave a single inaccuracy. My perseverance was really praiseworthy, however signally it may have failed in achieving its object. Mr. Morton, who loved to see enthusiasm, warmly encouraged me in my efforts, and both he and Carola approved of the verses I read aloud to them from time to time. But alas! they proved friends, not stern critics. As I could not afford to suspend my usual task-work for the magazine, on which indeed I principally depended for subsistence, the leisure was but scanty which I had to bestow. I was not able, in consequence of these delays, to finish my self-imposed toil till the succeeding summer; and until that time no events of any importance occurred to either Carola or myself.

One lovely July morning she came to me with a radiant face—

"Ah, Laura, you are always raving about Highland scenery—only think what has turned up! Papa has had a letter from a medical friend, inviting him to Inverness, for the purpose of comparing together the results of their experiments; and papa really thinks he has at last got to the end of his labours: he says if he

could learn the effect on a different mind of the ideas which have so long influenced his own, he might gain a hint how to accelerate his work in reaching the necessary perfection. His instrument is almost quite right, but something still goes a little imperfectly, and he thinks that two heads may contrive better than one in this delicate finale of his endeavours; and so he is going to Inverness, Carola, and I am going with him!" And she clapped her hands, and danced about the room for joy.

Inverness! it was a magic name to me—I could not help sighing at the recollections it aroused.

"Do not be sad," cried Carola; "I shall bring back such a stock of raptures, that we shall have a great deal more in common than ever. Only imagine how much we shall have to discuss. I am certain I shall like the Highlands; and you must give me a letter to your friend Mrs. Anson—I long to know her. Ah! you smile."

"Yes, I smile," was my answer, "because I remember at seventeen feeling such a silly envy of her beauty, because I saw how fair she was in the eye of one whom I wished to love me."

"Not Mr. Anson, surely!" exclaimed Carola. "Is it possible?"

"Nay, nay, I never fell in love with my tutor; he was too wise for me—it was another."

"I thought you had loved," said Carola, quickly; and then checking herself—"You cannot conceal from my affection, dear Laura, that you have loved, and been bitterly disappointed."

"I had partly myself to blame for it; but do not let us dwell on this subject: it belongs to far past times, and it is wrong to grieve over what is irremediable."

Carola kissed me with a sudden motion of sympathy, and then turned rapidly to the window, and began to tell me of their intended route to Inverness.

In a few days they departed, and I was again left to my own solitude; though I feel I have, in the course of my narrative, been most uncharitably neglectful of a certain excellent lady, the mistress of the house in which I lodged.

Good Mrs. Crosby, let your ghost, generous as it was in life, forgive me this unpardonable omission. Mrs. Crosby was, at the time I first entered her house, about fifty-five years of age; but having "come through much," as she herself said, she looked much older. You may imagine she had been rather scandalized at the arrival of a young lady all alone, and had suspected something wrong from my excited air that evening when I engaged her second floor. These suspicions were confirmed next day, when she found me in a raving fever. She lost no time in apprizing her other lodgers—the Mortons; and Carola gave me her society, while her father assisted me with his medical skill. On my recovery, I began to remember I could not live alone and unprotected; and hearing from the Mortons, who had lived in the house some

\* W. E. Aytoun's "Homer."



years, the irreproachable character of their landlady, I thought it advisable to send for her, and tell her candidly my circumstances, requesting her to extend to me her matronly countenance, that I might be considered as under her protection, and that all my letters might be addressed—Care of Mrs. Crosby.

The good woman was pleased with this advance towards confidence, and expressed herself perfectly satisfied with my respectability; and so there I remained; and if any gentleman called on business, as my literary avocations sometimes caused to be the case, Mrs. Crosby was always ready to present herself in my little sitting-room, to give an air of ceremony to the meeting, and to prevent the faintest possibility of scandal.

She was a most kind-hearted, generous creature, and had gained no little experience from her adventures. Her story I did not know for a long time—indeed she was not communicative regarding her past life; but there was something in her manner which suggested a superior mind. Her devotion to Carola was inexpressible, and her eyes would fill as she gazed after her light agile movements. Altogether, without knowing why, I had become very fond of my landlady; and during the absence of the Mortons, I often beguiled the tedium of my solitude by inducing her to share my evening meal; and there she would sit, balancing her teaspoon on her cup, and prattling right cheerfully of her dear young lady.

Many an anecdote did I thus learn of Mr. Morton's hidden benevolence to the poor, of his struggles, of his poverty; and many pretty traits did the good woman narrate of Carola's filial piety, her sweet temper, her goodness, and the admiration she excited in all who beheld her.

"For there are many lovelier faces than Miss Morton's," concluded Mrs. Crosby; "but seldom, seldom is it that the good, true heart shines out so clearly as in hers—and then such a pretty air, such a born lady as she is! even on a dirty day she can't walk ungracefully. She always reminds me of the pictures of Indian girls, with the pitchers on their heads—so upright, and firm, and light. But ah, it's not them alone she reminds me of: and when she turned her sweet face on her father, as they got into the cab yesterday, oh, Miss Studleggh, I thought my heart would burst!" And here the landlady applied an Indian silk handkerchief to her eyes. "You look surprised; but indeed, Miss Studleggh, that poor girl will soon be fatherless. Did you ever see Death written in a face? Did you ever notice eyes too bright; dull, dead-looking hair, and cheeks burned and parched with a consuming fever? Ah, how proud and happy he looked! But he's dying, Miss Studleggh: I see the hand of consumption on him, as clearly as I saw it once on the face of my only child."

The greyish curls which twisted so neatly over Mrs. Crosby's brow, seemed to have got into her eyes here, for she brushed them aside, and rubbed her eyelids for some moments, and then she said all at once—"I do not like being too

open with ladies and gentlemen that write books: I am always afraid of being put down on paper: but you have been always frank with me—more so than I, a poor lodging-house keeper, had a right to look for from a young lady; so I will tell you my story:—I was the daughter of the clerk at Chillingham: he was a studious man, and he taught me to read a great many books, because he had no son; and all his hopes were placed in me. When I was seventeen, I was called learned by many of my companions: and the young men of my own rank rather avoided me—conscious, I suppose, of their own stupidity. Perhaps I was wrong; but I was very ambitious, and I longed to be in a higher grade than that of the young farmers. I missed anything like sympathy of mind in my intercourse with them. About this time a large party came down to the Hall at Chillingworth, and on Sundays I could see a gallant array in the Squire's pew. One week-day some strangers from the Hall called at my father's house to ask for the key of the church-door, that they might examine the church. He was absent, and they asked me to go with them to explain some of the old tombs. I did so. The youths were delighted to find I knew so much on the subject; and one in particular—a bold, dashing stripling, some three years older than myself—stopped behind the others as they hurried away, and overwhelmed me with questions upon these antiquities for which Chillingham was famous. 'Now do not fancy, my good girl,' he concluded, 'that I am such a rusty old Don as to care one farthing about these illegible, worm-eaten things; but I have a thesis to write on the Saxon antiquities in England, and I've learned more from you in an hour than from all the books I read at College. So I'll come down to your cottage to-morrow; and you'll show me, won't you, the extracts you mention having taken from the old manuscripts among the registers.'

"So Philip Beryl came once, and not once alone to our cottage, and copied the manuscripts, and examined my little store of books, and with all the frankness of youth, made himself quite at home. His visits were not rendered less frequent by the fact that at this time my father was summoned to London, to appear as principal witness in some law-suit, where the succession of an estate was concerned, and in which his evidence as registrar of the marriages and births was most important. Thus left to myself, I was not sorry to have my solitude enlivened by the dashing, but honourable-minded Philip Beryl. He was a creature of impulse, whose impulses were generally good—when they were not, the quick revulsion of his generous nature was ready to atone for every offence, and no one could be angry with him ten minutes together. He was reckless of danger, and passionately fond of field-sports, and particularly of riding. With all his impetuosity, he had a respect for women, which is the sure token of a fine mind. Ah, Miss Studleggh, men who despise our sex are only fit to be despised themselves—an impartial



verdict from a woman, you will say; but I have had some experience.

"Well-a-day! it is a long while ago! and I am so old and battered, now, I can hardly believe sometimes that so gallant a fellow as Philip Beryl ever cared for me. But that he did, as you will hear. After looking over all my books, he said—

"There are some in my room at the Hall, far better suited to a pretty girl than these hard names; so I'll bring them to you to-morrow, as you are such a book-worm."

"These books were the works of Byron, Moore, Scott, and the first three of Bulwer's novels, which had just appeared.

"My pretty Phœbe," said he, "the verses of Lalla Rookh will become your lips far better than these crabbed old devices on the tombstones."

"Half in fun, I learned to repeat them, and he was delighted to hear me recite; and then while I worked he would sit at my side reading aloud the stirring pages of 'Marmion' or 'Waverley.'

"You may fancy the rest, Miss Studleggh. I fell in love, and so did Philip; but he was so innocent-hearted, he did not know it himself any more than me. He told me all his home-troubles, with a boyish candour which interested me deeply. His father, a wealthy baronet, was in the possession of the advowson of a valuable living which he destined for this his second son. It was the worst choice possible for Philip. He liked books; but they were not the books fitted for a clergyman. He was fond of roving, adventurous and bold, scarcely ever off a horse's back but when reading a romance or a poem. He would have made a Philip Sidney; but not a Tillotson or a Chalmers. In vain, however, did the ingenuous young man plead for an exchange of profession: Sir John was inexorable—

"You have no chance of success in the army or at the bar; but your grand-uncle is a bishop, and you are sure to get on in the church."

"Philip haughtily struggled against his fate; but it seemed in vain. He had no one to assist him; his family were blinded by the lust of lucre. They did not see how dreadful a sin it was to become a preacher for lucre's sake alone.

"It seemed a great relief to the poor student to pour all his griefs into my ear. I fully sympathized with him, for I had an awe of the sacred office which he so dreaded to profane.

"O, Phœbe," he would say, "you are the first woman I ever knew who thought of duty before money. The lady mamma up at the Hall thinks me a fool for wishing to throw away a fat incumbency. I do detest that horrid way of measuring every feeling by a golden scale."

"In the midst of this intercourse my father returned. I thought he looked very severe the first evening; but he said nothing. Next morning as he went out, I perceived from the window that he met Philip Beryl at the bottom of our garden. They stopped and spoke. I heard not; but I saw the gestures on each side. With my father it was an angry impatience—a stern, reproving manner; with Philip a proud self-defending, and yet gentle denial. They

parted—my father to the village; Philip strode hastily into the cottage.

"Phœbe," he said, and his voice was husky, "I am come for your forgiveness. I have injured you without knowing it. I have never had a disrespectful thought of you, and yet these fools must needs poison everything with their evil breath. Your father says my visits have raised scandal. They shall do so no more! Phœbe, I love you; but I must say Good-bye, to-day, for ever. I have no hope of marrying. I have nothing to look for but this dreadful living, which I dare not take; and you know there is nothing so contemptible in the eyes of this excellent world as a beggarly gentleman. O, Miss Studleggh, I was quite frightened to hear his bitter laugh; it made me forget my joy for his saying that he loved me."

"Then he went on—

"I shall go back to my father, and make one trial more; if it fails, I shall do something desperate! I cannot take vows I know I cannot fulfil, and I spurn the thought of being a sporting clergyman—a disgrace to the pulpit! Promise me, Phœbe, that if I ever return, and show you I can marry you, you will leave everything and follow me. Ah, I am like a true man, selfish and exacting; but I love you, Phœbe, above everything in the world; and this is such a hopeless request, that you risk nothing in granting it!"

"You need not look so inquiringly, Miss Studleggh! You may be sure I promised, with many tears, sobbing in his arms; for there was no harm in his respectful, honourable love.

"He went away, and I cried till my father came in, and scolded me right furiously.

"He said—"I did not bring you up with the learning of a scholar that you should disgrace yourself by levity worse than the giddiest girl at the village wake. You ought to know better, Phœbe; and if ever I catch that young scapegrace here again I'll horsewhip him, were he ten times the fine gentleman that he is!"

I moped dreadfully at his anger and my own loneliness. For some time I heard nothing of Philip, and my father kept a strict watch over my movements.

"One Sunday, about three months subsequent to these events, he had gone to church, while my health, much affected by cough, made it a advisable for me to stay at home.

"I was sitting reading or trying to read the Bible, but feeling sinfully cross and discontented: it was just the mood for the tempter. I heard steps outside the window, and a low voice called me. I looked out, but I only saw a dragoon in regimentals, whose back was turned to me. He had left a paper on the window sill, and was going away. It was a letter from Philip Beryl, telling me he had broken entirely with his family, refused to enter the Church, and been disinherited in return; and he had finished by enlisting as a private in a dragoon regiment about to embark for India. And now that I am your equal, Phœbe," said the letter, "now I



am no longer a gentleman, will you share with me my poverty and my love.'

"There was no time to think. I ran out upon the grass before the door; the dragoon, who was loitering in the entrance of the wood, rushed hastily back; it was my Philip. Ah, Miss Studlegch, I was a careless daughter, and thought not of the sorrow I entailed on my poor old father; I thought only of Philip and my love. I went with him at once, that very day and hour. We walked some miles till we met the mail coach, which we mounted, and stopped at the first town, where we were married without delay; and three or four days after I was lying desperately sea-sick in the 'Jane' transport, off Portsmouth. You may believe we both had much to suffer; but we were strong, healthy, and full of hope, and we loved each other dearly. I wrote to my father before we sailed, but I fear the letter never reached him; it was very penitent, and begged his forgiveness in humble terms; yet indeed I never repented marrying my Philip. He was so good a husband, so steady a soldier. He was soon remarked by the officers, though as he had enlisted under the name of Crosby, his family was not known; but every one saw that he was a gentleman, in manners, mind, and heart. I have not time to tell you half of our adventures in India, our marches, and difficulties, and dangers; but Providence spared us long through it all, and gave us one little girl. Philip, by his good conduct and knowledge, rose out of the ranks, and was made a cornet. Ah, how happy I was to see him once more in his right place! and how proud he was to make me a lady!—not that I liked it. The original ladies of the corps sneered me down, and I was happier at home reading, for I had always tried to keep up my studies to prevent Philip from feeling his home dull. Well, well! when he became an officer, he took it into his head that he would like to make up matters with his family, of whom he had heard nothing for many years: so he resolved to get leave of absence, and come home. His health by that time was rather failing, and I think he had a sort of presentiment. We did very well till we got near the coast of Portugal. The sea-air seemed to revive his strength; but alas! one fatal night the ship struck on a rock, not laid down in the captain's defective chart. We had little enough time to hurry, half-dressed, into the boats, and make for shore; and the spray of the surf dashed over us, completely drenching

our scanty clothes. The exposure and the alarm were too much for my poor husband. Even then he might have recovered; but from the place where we landed it was necessary to travel thirty or forty miles on mules, as far as the nearest town, where there was an English Consul. The season was sultry, the road very rough, and without good resting-places for the night. When we reached the town, Philip was already far gone in decline. We set sail again for England, but he died in the Bay of Biscay, imploring me with his last breath to take his child to his family. I did so: they refused to see me or my little Philippa: they turned us from their door, alleging I was an impostor, and that his letter was a forgery. Many years after they tried to make amends, and offered to acknowledge and provide for Philippa, the Colonel of the regiment having convinced them that my tale was true.

"Miss Studlegch, when this offer reached me, Philippa was in her grave, and I spurned the charity they ostentatiously would have bestowed on me. I found my own father dead; he had died without receiving from me one word of penitence. My first letter had miscarried; my second arrived from India as they were nailing down his coffin. Oh! it cost me bitter, bitter tears, and vain self-reproaches. And yet I never repented that I had married Philip Beryl. Well, I had a little money saved, and with it I took a house, and commenced lodging-house-keeper, as the only trade by which I could keep Philippa with me, and teach her as her father's child ought to be taught. For a few years I was almost happy with her. She was everything I could wish, so lovely and sweet spoken, and naturally fond of study, and wonderfully pious for a young creature. The spirit of her dead father seemed always hovering about her. She made me think, too, more than ever I had thought before; and when at sixteen years old she faded away in consumption, I only felt that I had already kept her too long from her proper home, with her dead father before the Throne of God. Miss Morton is very like her; the same sweet look, the same quickly-filling eyes, the same gentle, soft voice; but there is life and health in her cheeks; my Philippa never had such a strong elastic step, and her bloom was too delicate—it is safer to be pale, like Miss Morton. Now you know, Miss Studlegch, why I love her so much—because she has the eyes and voice of my lost child."

*(To be continued.)*

## S O N G.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

I'll regret no longer now  
With a vain repining;  
Fears, like shadows, come and go;  
Still Hope's star keeps shining!  
Sorrow makes the strong heart weak,  
But resolve is stronger;  
Care's dark bondage I will break—  
I'll regret no longer!

I have learnt at last the truth,  
All my pangs relieving;  
Mirth should glad the days of youth—  
Leave old age for grieving!  
Life grows not, amid the gloom,  
Like the cypress, stronger;  
It was meant for warmth and bloom—  
I'll regret no longer!



## LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.\*

The Portrait with which we are enabled this month to present our readers, must serve as our apology—if apology be needed—for the introduction of a work which may be considered a little out of the track of feminine interest. And yet we have never professed to eschew politics; for, happily, the days are passed, in which ignorance on topics of absorbing and paramount importance was thought “womanly” and becoming; and moreover, so many of the great social questions of the time verge so much on the political, that for a woman now-a-days to say, “I am no politician,” or, “I never talk politics,” would be something like declaring that she had nothing to talk about among intelligent people. Still we have no desire to make these pages the arena for party writing, and shall therefore treat this Political Biography as much as possible as a purely literary work.

Holding as we do our own convictions on the necessity of Free Trade, we still freely confess that the gifted and brilliant writer of this book has set forth the opposite arguments in their most enticing form—that with all his skill, dexterity, and evident sincerity, he can make so little of them, seems to us a crowning proof of the weakness of his cause. His genius—the genius to which we are indebted for several sparkling novels, and one of the most beautiful “love stories” we know—seems to us more successfully employed in showing forth, from the intimate knowledge of familiar friendship, the manly, sincere, energetic character of Lord George Bentinck; the descendant of that Bentinck who was the friend of William of Orange, to have been which seems to us a prouder title than nearer Dukedoms could confer.

When one reflects that had Lord George Bentinck died eight or ten years ago, he would have left behind him a name to be remembered chiefly as that of a sportsman, the thoughtful mind receives a salutary lesson on the error of forming hasty or immature judgments. It is difficult for a woman of high moral tone, or of mental refinement, to feel any great interest in the life and character of a mere sportsman; therefore do we hold it to be an immense proof of Disraeli's talent, that in a few pages he so far removes one's natural prejudice against his subject—so slopes down the ridge of incongruity between the sportsman and the statesman, that we begin to feel interested in the biography, to understand how it came to pass that Lord George sold his stud, and took to politics; and that after having sat in eight parliaments merely as a voting member, he became one of the most energetic men in London, and the leader of a

political party. The following extract describes what he had been:—

“He was not a very frequent attendant of the house. He might be counted on for a party division, and when, towards the termination of the Melbourne ministry, the forces were very nearly balanced, and the struggle became very close, he might have been observed on more than one occasion entering the house at a late hour, clad in a white great-coat, which softened, but did not conceal, the scarlet hunting-coat.

“Although he took no part in debate, and attended the house rather as a club than a senate, he possessed a great and peculiar influence in it. He was viewed with interest, and often with extraordinary regard, by every sporting man in the house. With almost all of these he was acquainted; some of them, on either side, were his intimate companions and confederates.

“His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and speculative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead.

“Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline, and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark-brown eye, that flashed with piercing scrutiny, that all the character of the man came forth: a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception or of being deceived.

“Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years at any rate had not given his mind to political study, he had in the course of his life seen and heard a great deal, and with profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing, and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views, and had no prejudices about things, whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth, and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him.

“In politics, he was a Whig of 1688, which became him, modified, however, by all the experience of the present age. He wished to see our society founded on a broad basis of civil and religious liberty. He retained much of the old jealousy of the court, but had none of popular franchises. He was for the established church, but for nothing more, and very repugnant to priestly domination.”

Fairly embarked on the sea of politics, Lord George changed his whole course of life; surely he must have been *the* most hard-worked man

\* LORD GEORGE BENTINCK: A Political Biography. By B. Disraeli, M.P. for the County of Buckingham.—(Colburn and Co.)



in London! Whom else can we imagine spending for a long continuance eighteen hours a day in mental toil; in making, arranging, digesting the most abstruse calculations—communicating verbally and by letter with his party, receiving deputations, and speaking in the House of Commons, quite ordinarily not tasting food from a slight ten o'clock breakfast till two or three in the morning? Undoubtedly three seasons of this life shattered his strong constitution, and—humanly speaking—killed him; but those who know how much there is to reverence in such indomitable energy, in such an iron will, cannot refuse their sympathy and admiration.

Altogether this political biography is a work which even the Free-traders should value—if only that it is an account of their great triumph from their opponent's point of view. Surely it would be curious to have King John's notion of Magna Charta expounded by the ablest of those few knights who stood by him at Runnymede; or Queen Mary's idea of the Reformation, suitably set forth; or a narrative of the great Revolution from an eye-witness, even though written by a Stuart courtier from the sanctuary of St. Germain's. In something like this imaginary category would we place the present interesting biography.

Everybody knows that Lord George Bentinck died suddenly in the autumn of 1848; but we will find room for the few melancholy particulars which are all the world can ever know.

"On the 21st of September, after breakfasting with his family, he retired to his room, where he employed himself with some papers, and then wrote three letters, one to Lord Enfield, another to the Duke of Richmond, and the third to the writer of these pages. That letter is now at hand; it is of considerable length, consisting of seven sheets of note paper, full of interesting details of men and things, and written not only in a cheerful but even a merry mood. Then, when his letters were sealed, about four o'clock he took his staff, and went forth to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, distant between five and six miles from Welbeck, and where Lord George was to make a visit of two days. In consequence of this, his valet drove over to Thoresby at the same time to meet his master. But

the master never came. Hours passed on, and the master never came. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and who was in bed, and inquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lord had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and accompanied by the valet and two others, took lanterns, and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves went to Thoresby.

"About a mile from the abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from the deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff. He had been long dead.

"A woodman and some peasants passing near the spot, about two hundred yards from the gate in question, had observed Lord George, whom at the distance they had mistaken for his brother, the Marquess of Titchfield, leaning against this gate. It was then about half-past four o'clock, or it might be a quarter to five, so he could not have left his home much more than half an hour. The woodman and his companions thought 'the gentleman' was reading, as he held his head down. One of them lingered for a minute looking at the gentleman, who then turned round, and might have seen these passers-by, but he made no sign to them.

"Thus it seems that the attack, which was supposed to be a spasm of the heart, was not instantaneous in its effects, but with proper remedies might have been baffled. Terrible to think of him in his death struggle without aid, and so near a devoted hearth. For that hearth, too, what an impending future!

"The terrible news reached Nottingham on the morning of the 22nd, at half-past nine o'clock, and immediately telegraphed to London, was announced by a second edition of the Times to the country. Consternation and deep grief fell upon all men. One week later, the remains arrived from Welbeck at Harcourt House, to be entombed in the family vault of the Bentincks, that is to be found in a small building in a dingy street, now a chapel of ease, but in old days the parish church among the fields of the pretty village of Marylebone."

## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

### LITTLE ANN.

BY JANE M. WINNARD.

Author of "Mrs. Anderson's School," &c., &c.

(Concluded from page 148.)

Little Ann did not, at first, know where the voice came from, and looked all about, till Clara dropped one of the biscuits at her feet, and laughed merrily; then she looked up, and saw Clara's pretty face and bright curling hair. Ann thought she had never seen so pretty a little lady. "Can you eat some nice biscuits? I don't think you have had breakfast enough,

Little Ann; eat that one." The little girl ate it, and said, "that is very nice!"

"There is another, and another, and another," and Clara threw down all she had. "I beg your pardon, Little Ann, for throwing them down, but I have not got my frock fastened, and have not said my prayers, and I can't come down yet. I was afraid you would be gone away before I could get down to you. Will you stop there till I come?"

Ann looked up and said, "No, miss, I must not stay any longer; I must make haste home to help mother get breakfast and dress the little ones; but I shall be back again here at eight o'clock."



"Good bye, then;" and Clara drew in her head again, and went on with her dressing. Just then her aunt knocked at her door, and said, "It is six o'clock, Clara; it is time to get up." Clara ran to the door quite pleased, and said—

"I have been getting up this half-hour. If you please, aunt, will you fasten my frock, and tell me who Little Ann is?"

Her aunt stayed to fasten her frock, and kissed her. "I cannot wait to tell you who Little Ann is now; ask me at breakfast-time."

When Clara had said her prayers, and watched the swallows a little longer, she went down stairs. As her mamma did not like her to go into the kitchen at home, she would not go into the kitchen here, though she wanted very much to have a talk with Kitty about Little Ann. As she was walking about in the garden, she began to feel very hungry, and went to the parlour window to see if the cloth was laid for breakfast. Kitty was there, putting cups and plates on the table.

"Good morning, little missy. I hope you slept well, and have a good appetite for breakfast."

"I slept very well, thank you, Kitty. I am very hungry. Will you give me a piece of bread?"

"Surely, my dear." And the good-natured Kitty cut a nice piece of bread, and was going to put some butter on it, when Clara stopped her, saying, "No butter, thank you; I want to eat it dry, like Little Ann. If she can eat dry bread, so can I."

Kitty looked pleased, and stroked her hair, and said, "You were a good little missy to give her your nice biscuits—they are a treat to her. She told me you had given them to her; but she only ate one; she took the others to her poor father, who is ill, and can scarcely eat anything."

"Little Ann is a very good girl, is she not, Kitty? She looks as if she were good."

"She is a very good child. She is never idle a moment, and is always thinking what she can do for other people. Everybody loves little Ann Freeman."

"Is her name Ann Freeman?"

"Yes, missy. She is my sister's child; she is my niece, just as you are my mistress's niece. But there is a great difference between you—you are a little lady, and Ann is a poor woman's child."

"Ann is very useful, you say. What can a little girl like that do to be *really* useful? I am not at all useful. Even if I do all my lessons, and never waste any time, I am not at all useful to anybody."

"I don't know about that, missy; I should think *you* could be useful if you tried; but Ann is so very useful to her mother, that she would not be able to do without her."

Clara said nothing, but she thought to herself that she too could certainly be very useful if she believed her mother could not do without her. She walked about the garden, thinking what

she could do to be useful, and eating her dry bread, till her aunt came down; and then they went into the parlour to breakfast.

After the great piece of bread she had eaten, Clara was not very hungry; so she found plenty of time to ask questions about little Ann Freeman, and to tell her aunt that she had seen her, and what had passed between them that morning.

"She has a nice sort of face, aunt; I like the look of her very much. How old is she?"

"She is just about your age, Clara—ten years and a half old; but she is more clever and useful than some girls who are three or four years older. For the last three months she has earned half-a-crown a-week, besides helping her mother at home."

Clara opened her eyes in astonishment. "A little girl like that earn money, aunt! Tell me how she does it, will you?"

"Willingly, my dear. Ann's father is a farm-labourer: he is a very industrious, honest, and sober man, and until last Christmas was able to support his family very comfortably. At that time he fell down, one frosty day, and broke his leg. It was a long time before the doctor came to set it, and the cure was a very difficult one. Poor John Freeman was so anxious to get to work again, that he did not give his leg time enough to get well before he began to walk. This brought on a violent fever, which made him so weak that he has been able to do nothing all the spring, and it is quite likely that summer-time and harvest-time may pass away without his being able to go to work. Now as Mrs. Freeman and the children had nothing to buy food and clothes with but what John Freeman earned, you may guess that they are very badly off. George, Ann's eldest brother, is fourteen; and the farmer for whom his father used to work has taken him into his house, and pays him three shillings a-week beside, which the boy always takes to his mother. Little Ann is the eldest girl: she was always a steady, useful little thing, and when she saw her father and mother in such trouble, she tried how she could do best, in her little way, to help them. There are three others, younger than herself—Ann takes almost the whole charge of these; carries the baby, and dresses and undresses her little brothers, and keeps them out of mischief, and in good humour all day long, while her mother is out washing or doing needle-work to earn a few shillings, which happens two or three days in the week; and on those days little Ann manages to wait on her father, who is obliged to lie down; and to sweep the rooms and make the beds, and peel and boil the potatoes for dinner, besides looking after the children."

Clara jumped up from her chair in a high state of excitement, and went and stood beside her aunt. "What, aunty, dear! does such a little thing as that—she is not so tall as I am, aunty—does she really do all that work, *real, useful, right down work*, what women do?"

"Yes, my dear, and she does more than that; she earns half-a-crown a-week besides. You



must know that there is no post-office in Sherbrook; the nearest is at Thorpe, which is a mile-and-a-half off. There are very few people in Sherbrook who have any letters except myself. I have a great many; and as I cannot always make it convenient to go to Thorpe myself, or to send Kitty there every day, I have generally employed a little boy from the village to go every morning to Thorpe to fetch the letters, and to go again in the afternoon to take mine to the post. Now, this year there has been so much farm-work to be done, that my little letter-carrier found he could earn more money with Farmer Cresswell. He was a great friend of Little Ann's; they were schoolfellows when poor Little Ann was able to go to school. So when Tommy, the letter-carrier, thought he could 'better himself' if he left off carrying the letters, and worked all day on Mr. Cresswell's farm, he told nobody but Ann of his thought, because, as he said, a girl like Ann was equal to any boy in sense, and he did not see why she might not have his place as letter-carrier, and earn the eighteen-pence a-week, instead of some boy in the village, who would not go to post half so steadily as little Ann Freeman. He would not tell anybody else about it till he found out whether she would like to earn the money, and could be spared to do it. Little Ann was quite delighted at this proposal, and very grateful to Tommy for thinking of her. The two children came together to me; and Tommy begged leave to resign, and hoped I would take Little Ann in his place. At first I hesitated, because, though I did not mind sending a strong boy over the hill to Thorpe in all weathers, yet Ann looked a very delicate child. But when I spoke on the subject to Kitty, who is her aunt, she said I might safely engage her, for that she was inured to cold and rain, from going to school every day at Thorpe. So I made both Tommy and Little Ann highly delighted at the easiness with which I adopted his plan.

" 'Why, ma'am,' said Tommy, 'it will do her good to think that with her earnings she can pay for her father's physic. I heard Mrs. Freeman tell mother that it cost her eighteen-pence a-week for doctor's stuff.' And he made over the leather-strap on which hung the letter-bag to Ann, who put it round her neck, and marched home in high glee, to show her father and mother her new badge of office. Since that time she has gone twice a day to Thorpe, and, as she is so handy and careful, some of the women in the village got her to bring home things that they want from the shops there; and she often earns as much as sixpence a week more in that way, for every one gives her something for her care and trouble, and willingly too, because it all goes home to her mother. I suppose one way of earning money made her think of another; so when I had discharged a lad who did a little work in my garden because he had been dishonest, Little Ann no sooner heard of it than she came to Kitty and asked to see me. She is a timid little creature generally, but this time she spoke without any fear.

" 'If you please, ma'am, my brother George has taught me to weed and to tie up flowers in a garden. I can do it pretty well if I take pains. Will you be so good as to let me come for an hour every morning and for an hour every evening, and work in your garden for a week, just to show you how I can do it? If I do not do it well enough, I must go away again; but oh, ma'am, if I can do it well enough, would you please to pay me what you think my work is worth? for mother is very poor, and wants all the money I and George can get.'

"And the tears stood in her eyes. I told her she might come, as she proposed. At the end of the week I was satisfied with her work, and paid her a shilling for it. Since that time she has worked in the garden regularly for two hours, at a shilling per week, and I have told Kitty to give her some breakfast every morning."

Just at that moment Little Ann appeared, walking up to the window through the garden, with a better bonnet on than Clara had seen in the morning, and with a neat white tippet on her neck. Her hands and face were washed quite clean, and she looked very happy and lively. Clara saw the leathern bag for the letters hanging by the strap round her neck.

"Have you anything for me to take to Thorpe, ma'am?" asked Little Ann, stopping at the open window.

"No, my dear," said Miss Spencer.

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Clara, "may she take me with her—I should so like to go with her."

And Clara kissed her aunt, and whispered, "She is such a good little girl; it will do me good to go with her—I want her to teach me how to be useful; I am of no use to anybody in the world."

Her aunt smiled, and seeing Little Ann about to turn away, she said, "Stop a moment, while my niece puts on her bonnet: she wants to walk with you to the post."

Little Ann looked highly pleased at this information, for she had been very favourably impressed by Clara's sweet voice and pretty good-natured face, in the morning when she threw down the biscuits. Clara's bonnet and gloves were soon on, and she joined the little letter-carrier in the garden. Miss Spencer warned Ann to be sure not to lead her niece into mischief, and not to loiter on the way; and she strictly enjoined Clara not to induce Ann to waste her time.

The two little girls set off side by side; Clara's white muslin frock and pink sash contrasting rather strangely with Little Ann's faded cotton frock. But they neither of them thought of their frocks, or of the difference of their fortune. They were both of the same age; and Clara had many things to ask her companion, which she was both able and willing to answer. They talked a great deal, and by the time they returned to Woodbine Cottage they were excellent friends.

"Good bye for the present, dear Little Ann," said Clara, as they parted at the gate; "I will



take the letters to Aunt Hannah." And she walked very steadily, for her, into the house, and gave the letter-bag to her aunt, who merely said—

"Well, my dear, I hope you enjoyed your walk;" and was soon busily employed in reading her letters. When she was sufficiently disengaged to think of her niece, she found her seated at the table, writing.

"What are you writing, Clara?" she asked.

"I am writing to tell mamma all about Little Ann; she is such a good little thing, aunt! I like her very much. I am going to help her to weed in the garden this evening; and aunt, if you please, may I hear her read every day, and teach her to write? *I can* do that, aunt."

"Yes, you can do that very well—I have no objection to that; but remember, if you begin to do that, you must do it regularly all the time you are here; you must not get tired of it."

"I do not think I shall get tired of it, aunty. I am quite ashamed to be so idle when Ann is so industrious. I know that I ought to do very different things from those she does; but I am sure I ought to do something, and she says so too. Don't you think, aunt, that I might learn to do some plain work nicely while I am with you? that is if you would be kind enough to teach me. I have five shillings. Could I not buy a new frock for Little Ann, and make it for her before I go home? If I were to do that, and practise on the piano, and read French every day to you, I should not be idle, especially if I weed in the garden, and teach Little Ann."

Her aunt smiled, and said, "I am very glad you have begun to see that it is a shameful thing to be idle."

"It was Little Ann who made me see that, aunt."

"If you begin to be industrious in good earnest, I can promise you that you will find it very pleasant—much pleasanter than being idle."

"Little Ann tells me that, too. She says she should be miserable if she had nothing to do. When I told her about the idle tricks of some of the young ladies in our school, she was quite surprised. She has told me that she is so happy now that she is busy all day long. She is only sorry that her father is ill, and that she cannot go to school; that is why I want to teach her to read. Aunt, Little Ann does not know quite so much of some things as I do; but she knows more about real, useful things, and she knows as much as I do about the Bible. She told me this morning that she has always been quite afraid of being idle ever since she read in the Bible that "Idleness is the root of all evil."

"It would be a good thing if many other people had Little Ann's fear," said Miss Spencer. "Go on; write all you think and know about this little girl to your mamma, and I have no doubt that she will be glad that you should cultivate an acquaintance with her."

"Yes, aunty, I am sure that mamma would like me to be acquainted with Little Ann, though she is only a poor labourer's child, and my papa is a gentleman. None of my schoolfellows are so good as Little Ann."

## THE WORK-TABLE.

### LONG PURSE, IN CROCHET.

**MATERIALS:**—6 skeins of brilliant scarlet purse silk of the finest size; 2 skeins of white ditto; 1 hank of gold, 1 of steel, and one of burnt steel beads, of a small size; and one ounce of transparent white glass ditto, to match. Garniture. Fringe ends of gold, burnt steel, and steel rings;—steel and gold. Boulton's Crochet-hook, No. 23.

Some of the crochet purses exhibited in the foreign department of the Crystal Palace excited so much admiration that I trust the one for which I am now about to give directions, and which is done in precisely the same style, will be considered acceptable. Crochet purses, in which the pattern is formed in beads, of steel, gold, or silver, have long been common and popular; but the great variety blended in the designs of the foreign purses has been quite unknown in England. Four, five, or even more sorts, are frequently intermingled in one pattern, and the effect is very beautiful. Of course, there is no greater difficulty than that of threading the beads in their proper order before beginning to crochet. This done, the work progresses as rapidly as if one kind only were used. Frequently, several differently coloured silks are blended, and when white beads are used they are always threaded on white silk, as any colour would spoil the effect. In the present design

the grounding of the purse is done entirely in white beads so threaded; the silk itself is not seen at all. The other beads form the outline, centre, and scrolls, and the ground of the purse is the scarlet silk.

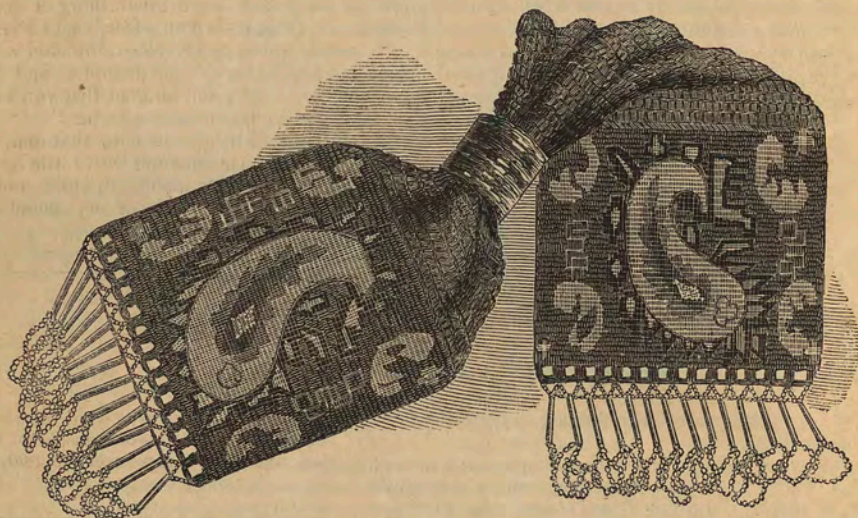
Rather more than two skeins of scarlet will be required for each end. On these, therefore, the gold and two kinds of steel must be strung; but as it is not possible to tell how far one skein will work, it is well to thread on to about half of one end, and use that before threading the remainder. The necessity for writing down minutely the order in which the beads are to be strung, may make the directions appear rather long, but an attention to them will save the worker a great deal of trouble. Should it be discovered, in the course of working, that an error has been made in stringing the beads, the readiest way to correct it is, to cut the silk, and having re-arranged them, join it again.

1st row. 12 blue steel (bs).

q



- 2nd row. 28 bs.  
 3rd.  $\times 4$  bs, 1 gold, 5 bs, 1 steel, 1 bs, 1 s, 3 bs, 1 g, 4 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 4th.  $\times 2$  bs, 4 g, 6 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 4 g, 2 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 5th.  $\times 6$  g, 3 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 6th.  $\times 6$  g, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 7th.  $\times 6$  g, \* 1 bs, 3 s, \* twice; 9 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g;  $\times$  twice.  
 8th.  $\times 4$  g, 2 bs, 5 s, 4 g, 4 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 9th.  $\times 2$  g, 2 bs, 3 s, 2 g, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 10th.  $\times 3$  g, 1 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 5 bs, 3 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 11th.  $\times 5$  g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 3 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 12th.  $\times 5$  g, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 4 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 5 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 13th.  $\times 5$  g, 1 bs, 6 s, 6 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 5 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 14th.  $\times 6$  g, 1 bs, 5 s, 5 g, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 15th.  $\times 8$  g, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 g, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 5 bs, 8 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 16th.  $\times 6$  g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 17th.  $\times 4$  g, 2 bs, 6 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 4 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 18th.  $\times 2$  bs, 5 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 5 g, 7 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 19th.  $\times 7$  bs, 5 g, 1 bs, \* 1 s, 1 g \* twice; 1 s, 4 g, 1 s, 6 bs;  $\times$  twice.  
 20th.  $\times 3$  bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 g, 3 s, 3 bs,  $\times$  twice.



- 21st.  $\times 6$  bs, 3 s, 4 g, 5 bs, 5 g, 12 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 22nd.  $\times 5$  bs, 4 s, 4 g, 4 bs, 4 g, 2 s, 5 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 23rd.  $\times 8$  bs, 3 s, 4 g, 4 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 8 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 24th.  $\times 3$  bs, 2 s, 2 g, 3 bs, 5 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 8 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 25th.  $\times 5$  bs, 2 s, 2 g, 3 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 6 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 26th.  $\times 4$  bs, 4 g, 2 bs, 3 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 3 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 27th.  $\times 4$  bs, 5 g, 2 bs, 3 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 7 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 28th.  $\times 2$  bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 4 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 5 s, 4 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 29th.  $\times 8$  bs, \* 3 g, 1 bs, \* twice; 2 s, 3 bs, 6 s, 8 bs;  $\times$  twice.  
 30th.  $\times 5$  bs, \* 3 g, 1 bs, \* twice; 3 s, 11 bs;  $\times$  twice.  
 31st.  $\times 6$  bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 9 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 32nd.  $\times 3$  bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 33rd.  $\times 6$  bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 2 s, 6 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 34th.  $\times 2$  bs, 3 s, 4 g, 5 bs, 8 s, 2 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 35th.  $\times 2$  bs, 3 s, 5 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 2 bs,  $\times$  twice.  
 36th.  $\times 4$  g, 1 bs, 4 s, 5 g, 4 bs, 4 s, 6 bs, 4 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 37th.  $\times 6$  g, 4 bs, 5 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 38th.  $\times 6$  g, 2 bs, 3 g, 4 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 s, 1 b, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 39th.  $\times 8$  g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 40th.  $\times 8$  g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 41st.  $\times 4$  g, 2 bs, 3 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 4 g,  $\times$  twice.  
 42nd.  $\times 7$  g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 g, 5 bs, 7 g,  $\times$  twice.



43rd.  $\times$  3 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 3 bs, 3 g,  
 $\times$  twice.

44th.  $\times$  2 g, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 g, 7 bs, 2 g,  
 $\times$  twice.

45th.  $\times$  2 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 9 g, 1 bs, 4 s,  
1 bs, 2 g,  $\times$  twice.

46th.  $\times$  4 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s,  
2 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, 4 g,  $\times$  twice.

47th.  $\times$  6 g, 1 bs, \* 2 s, 2 bs, \* 3 times; 1 s,  
1 bs, 6 g,  $\times$  twice.

48th.  $\times$  6 g, 5 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 6 bs, 6 g,  
 $\times$  twice.

49th.  $\times$  2 bs, 6 g, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 3 bs,  
6 g, 2 bs,  $\times$  twice.

50th.  $\times$  4 bs, 4 g, 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 4 g, 4 bs,  
 $\times$  twice.

51st.  $\times$  4 bs, 1 g, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 g, 4 bs,  
 $\times$  twice.

52nd.  $\times$  3 bs, 2 s, 3 s, twice.

53rd. 6 bs.

This is the order in which the gold, steel, and blue steel beads are to be threaded on the scarlet for one end. The other exactly corresponds. The white being strung on the white silk, all is ready to begin the purse. Observe that *white* means always a bead, the silk itself never being seen.

(For the manner of dropping beads on in crochet, see our number for December).

Make a chain of 130 stitches, and close into a round. Work four rounds of plain scarlet silk.

5th.  $\times$  3 silk, 2 bs, 33 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk,  
1 bs, 17 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk,  $\times$  twice.

6th.  $\times$  2 silk, 4 bs, 27 silk, 1 bs, 4 silk, 2 bs,  
1 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 12 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk,  
 $\times$  twice.

7th.  $\times$  2 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk, 1 gold, 16 silk,  
\* 1 bs, 3 silk, \* twice; 2 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 steel,  
1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 bs, 9 silk, 1 g, 2 silk,  
4 bs, 2 silk;  $\times$  twice.

8th.  $\times$  3 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 4 g, 11 silk, 1 bs,  
2 silk, \* 2 bs, 2 silk, \* twice; 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs,  
2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 7  
silk, 4 g, 2 silk, 2 bs, 3 silk;  $\times$  twice.

9th.  $\times$  6 silk, 6 g, 10 silk, 2 bs, \* 1 silk, 1 bs,  
1 s, 1 bs, \* twice; 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk,  
1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 6 g, 6 silk;  
 $\times$  twice.

10th.  $\times$  6 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 9 silk, 1 bs,  
1 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 s, 2 bs, 3 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs,  
2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk,  $\times$   
twice.

11th.  $\times$  6 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 8 silk, \* 1 bs,  
3 s, \* twice; 9 g, 3 s, 3 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g,  
1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk;  $\times$  twice.

12th.  $\times$  7 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 5 silk, 1 bs,  
2 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 2 g, 8 white, 2 g, 4 s, 1 bs,  
1 s, 2 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 7 silk,  $\times$   
twice.

13th.  $\times$  13 silk, 2 g, 5 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk,  
1 bs, 3 s, 2 g, 8 w, 2 s, 2 w, 1 g, 3 s, 2 bs, 3  
silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 11 silk,  $\times$  twice.

14th.  $\times$  9 silk, 1 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 4 silk, 1 bs,  
1 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 g, 8 w, 1 s, 2 bs,  
3 s, 1 g, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 1  
silk, 1 g, 9 silk,  $\times$  twice.

15th.  $\times$  7 silk, 1 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 3 silk, 1 bs,  
2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 9 w, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s,  
1 bs, 1 s, 1 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 1 s,  
1 bs, 3 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 1 g, 7 silk,  $\times$  twice.

16th.  $\times$  6 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 3 silk, 1 bs,  
3 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 7 w, 3 g, 2 s, 2 g, 1 bs, 1 s,  
2 w, 1 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 2 g,  
6 silk,  $\times$  twice.

17th.  $\times$  2 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 3 silk; 2 g,  
3 silk, 1 bs, 6 s, 1 g, 3 w, 5 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 2 bs,  
2 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 2 g, 3 silk,  
2 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 2 silk,  $\times$  twice.

18th.  $\times$  \* 2 silk, 2 g, \* 3 times; 3 silk, 1 bs,  
5 s, 1 g, 3 w, 4 g, 4 bs, 1 s, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 s,  
1 bs, 1 s, 1 w, 1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 5 silk,  $\uparrow$  2 g, 2  
silk,  $\uparrow$  twice;  $\times$  twice.

19th.  $\times$  2 silk, 3 g, 1 silk, 5 g, 4 silk, 1 bs,  
4 s, 1 g, 6 w, 1 g, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 w,  
2 s, 1 w, 1 g, 5 bs, 5 silk, 5 g, 1 silk, 3 g, 2  
silk,  $\times$  twice.

20th.  $\times$  3 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 6 silk, 1 bs,  
2 s, 1 bs, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 bs, 1 s,  
1 g, 1 w, 3 s, 3 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 4 g, 1  
silk, 2 g, 3 silk,  $\times$  twice.

21st.  $\times$  4 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 g,  
1 w, 5 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 3 g, 6 w,  
1 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 9 silk, 4 g, 4 silk,  $\times$  twice.

22nd.  $\times$  7 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 g,  
1 w, 4 g, 2 bs, 1 s, 1 g, 1 s, 2 bs, 4 g, 6 w, 1 g,  
6 bs, 7 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk,  $\times$  twice.

23rd.  $\times$  7 silk, 5 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 1 g,  
5 w, 1 g, 1 bs, \* 1 s, 1 g, \* three times; 2 w, 2 g,  
6 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 7 silk, 5 bs, 7 silk;  $\times$  twice.

24th.  $\times$  7 silk, 1 bs, \* 3 silk, 1 bs, \* twice;  
1 s, 2 bs, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 2 g,  
7 w, 2 g, 3 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs,  
7 silk;  $\times$  twice.

25th.  $\times$  5 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs,  
3 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 5 bs, 4 g, 6 w,  
1 g, 7 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs,  
5 silk,  $\times$  twice.

26th.  $\times$  4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs,  
2 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 4 bs,  
1 g, 2 w, 2 g, 5 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 10 silk, 1 bs,  
3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk,  $\times$  twice.

27th.  $\times$  4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 5 bs, 2 silk, 1  
bs, 3 s, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 4 bs, 3 g, 6 w, 1  
g, 1 b, 4 s, 1 bs, 9 silk, 5 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk,  
 $\times$  twice.

28th.  $\times$  4 silk, 2 bs, 9 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 4  
w, 1 g, 3 bs, 1 g, 1 w, 3 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 1 s, 6  
bs, 14 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk,  $\times$  twice.

29th.  $\times$  5 silk, 4 bs, 6 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 g, 4  
w, 1 g, 3 bs, 1 g, 2 w, 2 g, 3 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1  
bs, 1 s, 2 b, 15 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk,  $\times$  twice.

30th.  $\times$  6 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, 2  
bs, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 2 bs, 2 g, 6 w, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2  
s, 1 bs, 14 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 6 silk,  $\times$   
twice.

31st.  $\times$  5 silk, 4 bs, 9 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 4 g, 2  
bs, 2 g, 5 w, 1 g, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 3  
bs, 11 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk,  $\times$  twice.

32nd.  $\times$  4 silk, 2 bs, 12 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g,  
1 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 3 w, 1 g, 1 bs, 2  
s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 2 bs, 12 silk, 2 bs, 4  
silk,  $\times$  twice.

33rd.  $\times$  4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 5 bs, 3 silk, 1



bs, 2 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 2 g, 1 bs, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 5 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 5 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

34th. × 4 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, \* 3 silk, 1 bs, \* twice; 2 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 2 g, 1 bs, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 6 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 bs, 4 silk; × twice.

35th. × 5 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 7 g, 2 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 16 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

36th. × 7 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 1 w, 1 g, 1 w, 2 g, 2 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 3 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

37th. × 7 silk, 5 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 5 w, 1 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 5 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 5 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

38th. × \* 7 silk, 1 bs, \* twice; 3 s, 1 g, 4 w, 2 g, 4 w, 1 g, 3 silk, 4 bs, 1 silk, 1 bs, 8 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk; × twice.

39th. × 7 silk, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 8 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 7 silk, × twice.

40th. × 7 silk, 4 gold, 4 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 g, 3 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 silk, 4 bs, 4 s, 2 bs, 1 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, 4 g, 7 silk, × twice.

41st. × 6 silk, 6 bs, 4 silk, 4 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 2 w, 3 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 s, 3 bs, 6 silk, 6 g, 6 silk, × twice.

42nd. × 6 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 5 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 1 g, 3 w, 1 g, 4 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 4 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 7 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 6 silk, × twice.

43rd. × 5 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 8 silk, 1 g, 7 w, 1 g, 1 silk, \* 1 bs, 2 s, \* twice; 2 bs, 3 s, 5 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 5 silk; × twice.

44th. × 5 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 8 silk, 1 g, 7 w, 2 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 4 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 6 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 1 g, 5 silk, × twice.

45th. × 9 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 3 g, 5 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 1 g, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 s, 6 bs, 6 silk, 3 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 9 silk, × twice.

46th. × 9 silk, 7 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 6 g, 5 bs, 5 silk, 7 g, 9 silk, × twice.

47th. × 11 silk, 1 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 10 w, 1 g, 1 silk, 3 bs, 7 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 g, 11 silk, × twice.

48th. × 14 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 7 w, 1 g, 3 silk, 7 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 14 silk, × twice.

49th. × 14 silk, 2 g, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 9 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 g, 14 silk, × twice.

50th. × 10 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 3 bs, 2 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 2 g, 10 silk, × twice.

51st. × 9 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 2 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 4 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 1 bs, 1 s, 1 bs, 5 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, × twice.

52nd. × 9 silk, 4 g, 1 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 bs, 5 silk, 1 bs, 4 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 2 silk, 2 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 1 silk, 2 g, 1 silk, 4 g, 9 silk, × twice.

53rd. × 5 silk, 2 bs, 2 silk, 6 g, 10 silk, 1 bs, 5 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, 6 g, 2 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

54th. × 4 silk, 4 bs, 2 silk, 4 g, 12 silk, 2 bs, 3 s, 1 bs, 3 silk, 1 bs, 1 silk, 3 bs, 11 silk, 4 g, 2 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

55th. × 4 silk, 4 bs, 3 silk, 1 g, 15 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 8 silk, 1 bs, 13 silk, 1 g, 3 silk, 4 bs, 4 silk, × twice.

56th. × 5 silk, 2 bs, 20 silk, 1 bs, 2 s, 1 bs, 27 silk, 2 bs, 5 silk, × twice.

57th. × 27 silk, 3 bs, 35 silk, × twice.

Do three rounds of silk only, and work to the centre of one side; then three rounds may be done thus: × 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, × repeat, letting the dc stitch of one row come over the chain of the preceding, and working *under* it, for the sake of strength. For the opening of the purse, do 16 to 24 rows, backwards and forwards in the same way; then three rounds. Work the other end of the purse separately, and before joining it to the centre, slip the rings on the latter. Close the ends with a row of sc, taking up two stitches together. Fasten on the garniture, and the purse will be complete.

Emerald green, or a rich blue, might be substituted for scarlet, and would look very well.

AIGUILLETTE.

## CROCHET LACE.

**MATERIALS:**—For fine trimmings Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 24, with Crochet Hook, No. 22. For coarse work, cotton and hook in proportion.

Make a chain the required length, but divisible by 25. Work on it one row of dc.

2nd. × 3 sc, 7 ch, miss 4, × repeat.

3rd to 6th. 3 sc on the three centre of 7 ch, × 7 ch, 3 sc on the three centre of next 7 ch, × repeat.

7th. 3 sc on the three of 7 ch, × 4 ch, 3 sc on centre three of next loop, × repeat.

8th. × 23 sc, *turn*, \* 7 ch, miss 3, 2 sc on next 2, \* 4 times; *turn*, 12 sc under each of the last three loops, and 6 under the first; *turn*, ↑ 7 ch, 2 sc on centre two of 12 sc, † 3 times;

*turn*, 12 sc under each of the last two loops, and 6 under the first; *turn*, \* 7 ch, 2 sc on two centre of 12 sc, \* twice; *turn*, 12 sc under each loop, and 6 sc under each half-loop left at the side, 2 sc on 7th row; × repeat.

This leaves 3 sc between all the scallops.

9th row. Sc on the centre of the 3 sc, 4 ch, draw the last of these through the sc stitch, which makes a picot, × 3 sc on the side of the scallop, make a picot, × repeat all round every scallop, and make a picot on the centre of the 3 sc between them.

AIGUILLETTE.



## ANTIQUE LACE FOR GILET.

MATERIALS:—Walter Evans and Co.'s Point Lace Cottons, and No. 1, Mecklenburgh Thread.

The specimen given of this lace being exactly the right size, the pattern may be traced from it on coloured paper, the design being repeated for any length required. It is not necessary to draw the whole piece, but merely such a length as may be conveniently held for working; and when that is done it is to be untacked, and the paper may be worked over again.

The outlines are made in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, laid on in the manner already described. The stems are done on four threads, in the *braiding* stitch described in the directions for the deep lace for sleeves in our last number; and the straight line which forms the heading is worked in the same way. The scallop is done in button-hole stitch over two threads. All the stitches have been already given. They are to be worked with the following threads:—

*a.* Sorrento edging; Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 120.



*b.* Brussels lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 150.

*c.* Venetian lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 100.

*e.* English lace; Evans's Boar's Head, No. 120.

*f.* Rosette; the same thread.

*g.* Valenciennes lace; Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 150.

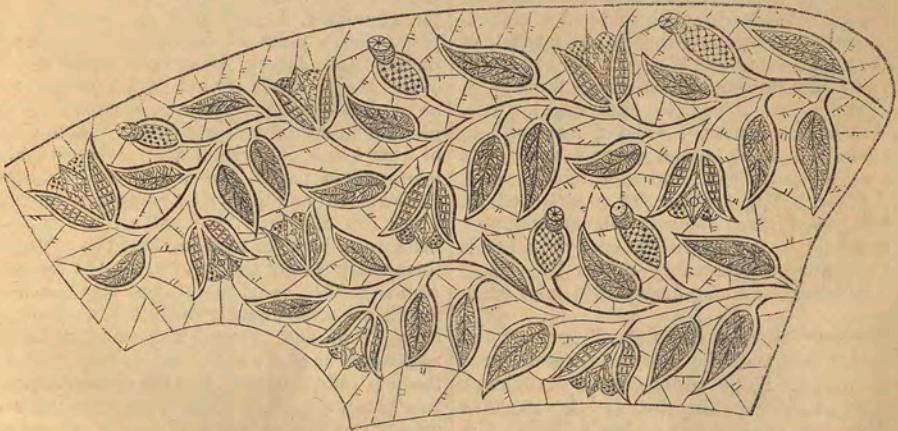
*h.* Mechlin wheel; Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

The Boar's Head, No. 150, is the very fine cotton recently manufactured expressly for the most delicate parts of the point lace work.

AIGUILLETTE.

## GILET IN ANTIQUE POINT.

MATERIALS:—20 yards of Italian Braid, and Walter Evans and Co.'s Point Lace Cottons, with their No. 1 and No. 80 Mecklenburgh Thread, and Boar's Head, No. 150.



In order to work this gilet, the pattern must first be cut out, in coloured paper, and made to fit accurately, for which purpose a seam or gore will have to be made from the waist. The lace is of course entirely in one piece for each front; no join or other imperfection being visible in it. The design must then be traced on the paper, being enlarged from the engraving in the manner already described in previous number of

our magazine. As the exact number of flowers, leaves, and buds is given in the engraving, the increase of size in every part is very considerable. Before beginning to braid the patterns, line the paper with a piece of Alpaca. The stems, outlines of the leaves, and buds, and the two outer petals of the flowers, are made in Italian braid. The inner petals are outlines with No. 1 Evans's Mecklenburgh Thread only.



All the leaves are filled in in the same manner; the grounding in very close Brussels lace, with Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head, No. 90, and the veinings done over this lace, without touching it, with Venetian bars, done in their Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

The outer petals of the flowers are filled in with edged Venetian bars, done in the Mecklenburgh Thread, No. 120, connected at regular intervals of every other stitch by English bars, in Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head, No. 150. The outline threads of the other parts are covered with fine button-hole stitch, the centre one edged on the inner side with Brussels. A

Mecklin wheel is worked in the middle, and a spot of English lace at the base. The two smaller divisions are in English lace. All these are done in the Boar's Head, No. 100.

English lace fills up also the principal part of the buds. The upper part is outlined with thread, and made quite solid with very close Brussels lace, a rosette being worked at the extreme point.

Raleigh bars, in Evans's Mecklenburgh 120, connect every part; and the gilet is to be trimmed with the narrow lace, which we give above. It is to be worn over pink, or blue-watered silk. AIGUILLETTE.

## A TRUE AND UNPREJUDICED ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION OF ENGLAND BY THE FRENCH;

AS RELATED BY ALDERMAN MUFFINS IN 1872.

BY ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD,

*Authoress of "The Compulsory Marriage," &c.*

"Christmas Eve!" whispered Mr. Muffins, as he shivered in his large arm-chair before a wretched fire. "Christmas Eve! I never remember to have seen a more wretched one than this; though, goodness knows, we ought to be accustomed to misery by this time! We have had twenty years of it!"

A dead silence followed. No other voice replied.

"Well!" he continued. "Am I to have all the conversation to myself? What's this sulk about? Can I help it? There you all sit, huddled together, shivering with cold and wretchedness, and well you may; there's not a spark of fire in the grate! Augh!"

And a cold shiver ran through his frame.

"As for you, Jane," he addressed his wife, "just look at yourself: when I married you, you were a plump, buxom woman, and that's only twelve years ago; and now look at yourself, I say. Why I never saw so wretched an anatomy as you are! the very thinnest woman I ever beheld in my life! I'm sure you all look like a muster of Melancholy and her Imps!"

Here there was a long dreary silence for some time.

"A most wretched Christmas," growled the sighing soliloquist, for none answered him. "O-o-o, Eliza!" he addressed his daughter; "put more coal on the fire, and let us have lights; draw the curtains closely before the windows, that no one from without may perceive them. Hush!" he exclaimed, hastily changing his tone, and then holding his breath. "I knew it!" he continued in a whisper; "'tis

that accursed curfew! they come twice now of an evening, always returning the same way; so there is no chance of having a little quiet or comfort; there they are, trying the doors and windows. Ugh! you brutes!" And with the last words he made a horrid grimace, and then sat almost holding his breath till the enemy passed by. "Now, Eliza, the coals and lights!" he exclaimed at last; still, however, under his breath. "What! there are none? And we shall have no more till to-morrow? Our allowance is consumed? There couldn't have been weight; there couldn't, I say, so don't contradict me; you make a point of doing so; look at your mother and sisters, how quiet they all are. Well, there, don't cry; I didn't mean to be cross; but this oppression would make any one's blood boil, even this frosty night. When I think of what I was, and what I am! Once an alderman, now a perfect slave, a wretched curfew-ridden slave! and they call it liberty and equality! Their cap of liberty, indeed! a fool's cap and bells worn by a set of Tom Noddies to remind them every step of their slavery by the jingling! And as to their equality—oh yes, they have that, for all are in an equality of idiocy who cast off the yoke of one to serve a dozen! But that's nothing to us now; they tried it on at first, but the cap didn't fit our English heads! No, I won't, my dear Jane, though you have been the wife of my bosom these twelve years ever since poor dear Mrs. Muffins, your predecessor, died; yet I never dare breathe, even to you, the fearful events of the year 1852—that year of horrors! You think no one will hear us; how do you know that? the very walls seem built up with secret ears, which hear everything! Eliza, you don't know what you may lead me to. I should be peppered to a certainty! Cayenne is very well in its way with a good steak, but too much

\* A domestic affliction having befallen the authoress, she desires it to be stated that this comic sketch was written months ago. It has, in fact, been in our possession since Christmas.—E.D.



of it isn't pleasant; it stops the breath! Well, well, well, if it *must* be," he said, after a lengthened silence, "why, I suppose it must. But stay, I'll see myself if the windows are secure, no light perceptible without; there, that's safe. Come, you are a good girl; you've found a few coals, let's draw as near it as possible. Ah! I little thought ever to come to this! I, Muffins, who in 1852 hoped to have been Lord Mayor, now, in 1872, sitting over a handful of fire on Christmas Eve, not even with a glass of brandy and water! And an unnatural, naturalized Frenchman into the bargain, by way of favour! Now listen, and I will tell you a tale to freeze your blood, unless it be already frozen. Can't you draw near the fire quietly, and not shuffle your feet and drag your chairs in that manner? you know we are not allowed carpets; there's nothing worries and fidgets me so much as that scuffling noise."

Here there was a thoughtful pause, the narrator collecting his materials, at length commenced in an under tone.

"I never thought to utter what I am about to relate, but at this still hour of the night—evening I should rather say—no one, I trust, will overhear the outpourings of my stricken heart. It was the year 1851, that year so memorable for its Exhibition and Ecclesiastical Titles bill; events so memorable that either one might have claimed its own especial year, and amply employed the idle, to say nothing of the Eclipse, which threw its dark shadow over all, accompanied by showers, as heavy as if all the heavenly bodies and souls had been weeping over the future destiny of this foredoomed land! Two events did I say? Yes, I said *two*, Eliza; so pray do not interrupt me in so foolish a manner. Do you suppose I have forgotten our aldermanic visit to Paris? which I once slightly alluded to, not daring to speak openly of it. *That* was the product of the Exhibition. So now pray let me tell all my own way; you have a most dictatorial manner of interrupting. I would sooner slay you at my feet than see you become overbearing like our oppressors."

Here the narrator paused again awhile, to recover his temper and the thread of his oration, two things easily lost.

"Well, you see," he continued at last, "when they talked about building the Exhibition—what *was* the Exhibition, Eliza? Why it was an immense enclosure of land; there where the cattle-market now is, was the fashionable drive and promenade, called Hyde-park! But when England came into the hands of those now unfortunately masters of it, why by way of degrading everything English, they turned Buckingham-palace into a prison, and made Hyde-park the cattle-market! Well, the Exhibition was a palace made of glass, something in the shape of a cucumber frame, only, instead of the vegetable under it, they clapped it over two large trees, birds and all. It was all glass; how it stood no one could tell, for even the pillars were glass, the fountains inside too. And the floors? you ask; why they of course were ground

glass. And it was after the model of this that the person, of whom I shall speak more presently, built his own palace, and that fine new quarter of London, Smithfield that was; and this I will say, to give the—a-hem!—his due, that I like that fashion of building houses of glass. They are rather troublesome to keep clean, 'tis true; but then they've been the best things that ever were invented for the prevention of *scandal*; for those who live in them are very careful how they throw stones. And as I like always to be just, however we may repine at the fate which has made us a conquered nation, still, I must confess that when "The Elector" (this he whistled through his closed teeth scarcely audibly) "came among us, it was with so just an appreciation on our parts of the highly moral character he had ever borne, that *no one* felt surprise at *his* palace being built of glass! Prince Albert, her Majesty Queen Victoria's husband, invented many things; but this Crystal Palace was the best after all, though discontented people at first said it would turn out but a crackly affair: it covered all Hyde-park, except a small paddock left for cows to graze, which were kept to make curds and whey for the visitors to the Exhibition; nothing stronger was allowed on the premises, for fear people should become elevated and then knock about the glass. When I heard of this house I set my face against it, on principle, as I do against everything novel, for we know the old and can trust them; but we don't know the new, so I suspect them always. But, to return, I said no good would come of this palace, neither there did, for 'tis alone attributable to this our many troubles, which have come so thick, and crystallized around our hearts, that you cannot get at them to remedy the evil without breaking them up, as one may say, like almond comfits! With this Exhibition came thronging multitudes of foreigners to England. I hate those foreign chaps; for they come over here, walking through our streets, and talking in their unknown tongues, as if the place belonged to them! Why don't they learn to speak as others do, before they land? When I saw them all, I said evil must happen to us, for most of them are Republicans, and those who are not are nothing, and the nothings *always* get into any mischief afloat! These fellows brought over all sorts of gimcracks; but bless you, there was not one thing they exposed worth looking at—nothing solid or useful. There were some green doorgs; but if a man had been shut out, and had given a good kick to get in, they would have splintered to pieces. All went on pretty quiet till October, and this very quiet was unnatural. I don't remember one Frenchman even being brought up to the Mansion House with a black eye, which some honest John Bull had given him, for the love of his country. When we were pretty well tired of the Exhibition, then the folks in Paris gave an invite to all the aldermen, with the Lord Mayor at their head, to go there; and so we all went over to the Perfect's—I suppose he is so called on account of the manner in which he



does things, and certainly he knows what's what. However, I saw something was wrong there at once, for I went resolved to keep my eyes open, and not be bamboozled! It was not likely the French could like us and be our friends. Haven't we been enemies all our lives? And haven't they always called us 'Rosbif?' and we designated them 'French Frogs,' because they eat them, whether French or English? And as somebody, a Madame Maintenon, who made cutlets, said, when writing a cookery book I suppose, 'All our affections are reached through our stomachs,' so it wasn't likely such reproaches as 'Rosbif' and 'French Frogs' could be forgiven.

"One night, soon after our arrival, they gave us a concert, and one of their tunes pleasing me, I asked a chap standing by what they called it? I never shall forget the look he gave me as he twirled up his moustaches and said (for I remembered every word), 'A moor sacray dully pattry,'\* and walked away. I didn't know what he meant, so I went and looked for my friend Calipash, a perfect French scholar. 'Caley, my boy,' said I, 'what did he mean?' and I repeated the words to him. He looked dreadfully alarmed. 'Mischief, Muffins!' he replied: 'he wished to pick a quarrel with you; it means, "Curse the love of your country." And I,' he continued, 'heard quite as bad over yonder; there was a group of them chiming in, in chorus, and flinging up their hands and eyes; it seemed a whole volume of curses heaped upon us, for they all looked at me, seeing I was English!'

"As he said this, Calipash shook his head ominously, and walked away. I saw he was even more alarmed than myself; in short, everything they played had some martial allusion: one was 'The Siege of Colycinth.' I remembered the name, for my grandfather always took it when he had the gout! Then they had sham fights in the Champ de Mars; and whilst I was looking on in a cold shiver, the very same man who had cursed my country—(I think it was the same; but it is so difficult to distinguish Frenchmen, they are nearly all alike, their faces covered with hair; and when you can only see the tips of a man's cheeks, his eyes, nose, and about as much of his face as would cover the palm of a lady's hand, why it would be hard to swear to him.)—Well, he came up, just as a sham enemy was sticking another through on the ground with his bayonet, and pointing significantly to them, said, 'That would be unpleasant if it were real, eh?' I didn't reply—I couldn't; I felt already like a cockchafer in a cruel boy's hands, stuck in a box, with a pin through me, throwing about my arms in spite of myself, to ward off an enemy. I hurried away from the spot, and rushed home to my hotel, where I awaited the return of Calipash. However, he laughed at all I said, and would remain; he said he had been jeering me about the song—it was a national one; but I knew better. As the evening advanced, I left a note

on my table for him, and taking my carpet-bag in my hand, fortunately succeeded in reaching the street unmolested. I then took a coach, telling the man to drive quickly to the '*Plateau d'Angleterre*.' I looked in my dictionary for the words, so knew I was right.

"'Yees, sare,' answered he, and away we drove. Presently we stopped at some large iron gates, and a man looked in, said something I couldn't understand, and shutting up the door, away we drove again. It didn't look like the way we came from the railway before; but I thought it might be a short cut, till I found myself alone with this fellow in a long avenue of high trees, and then my heart began to sink within me, so I stopped him. '*Plateau d'Angleterre*,' I said. 'Yees, sare,' was the reply, as he drove off again; still, as I looked anxiously out, I saw nothing but this interminable avenue of trees. I called out in vain; he drove on, singing. I hate the disrespectful manner the French have of singing whatever they are about; it is a portion of their 'liberty and equality.' An English cabman touches his hat respectfully when he shuts you in, mounts his box, and never dreams of singing; he treats you like a gentleman, and you sit bolt upright, and feel dignified. What if he winks at some brother of the stand as they meet, or makes some (to all else unintelligible) telegraphic sign, you don't see it; or when you stop, if you don't pay him double his fare, he speaks *very* energetically to you. Well, what of that? it is English, and I like it much better than the French fellow's ways, who sticks his legs up on the splash-board, and sings all the way, until he lumbers down to let you out, when he invariably says, 'mun budy,'\* which I take to be a corruption of 'You must budge,' in other words, get out. To continue, I let down the front window, and seized his coat at last, to which I clung; so he stopped, and getting down, came to the door with a red, inflamed countenance, every line of which denoted guilt; he saw I suspected him; he poured a torrent of incoherent abuse upon me, ending by putting his finger to his open mouth, and saying significantly, '*Plateau d'Angleterre, oui, oui, Inglese toujours mangy, mangy*.'

"I'm sure they have no right to call us such low names; we have always been generous enough to them whenever they come amongst us. I always judge the feeling of a nation by the lower classes; ignorance cannot dissemble like education—one speaks from nature, the other from policy. After his extraordinary manner of putting his finger to his mouth, at the same time threatening me, *nothing* should have induced me to taste another morsel in their assassinating country. Assuredly the original scheme had been one huge murder of us all by poison; they knew well that England would fall an easy prey to them if the aldermanic body was destroyed—'tis our country's vitality!

\* Query, 'Amour sacré de la Patrie?'

\* Query, 'mon bourgeois,' the common French term with men of that class.



To return: this man's violence alarmed me horribly; in the midst of our discussion a gentleman rode up, and stopped to listen. 'Pardon me,' he said at last, politely bowing, 'you are a countryman, I perceive; can I assist you?' I briefly explained my case. 'The Railway!' he exclaimed, 'why you are half way on the road to Nanterre!' An explanation followed; and what do you think the man had the cool audacity to say? why that I had desired him to drive me to this Nanterre, a village about five miles from Paris, to eat a cake they are celebrated for making there—'gateau,' as he called it. They certainly are the most plausible villains in France—there is no coming up to them. I thanked the Englishman, and he desired the man to take me somewhere, but the name was nothing like the one in my dictionary; and besides, I have made it a point through life never to trust any one, and too frequently our own countrymen are great sharpers; so when I came within sight of a house, I stopped him again, and throwing him a five-franc piece, jumped out, and ran off as fast as I could with my carpet-bag, well knowing the fellow could not follow me, for, like most drivers in France, he had heavy wooden shoes on.

"I can scarcely tell you where I wandered, or how I reached the coast. I dodged about for days from village to village, with my carpet-bag, and at last found myself in Dover, having slipped on board unperceived at Calais. How I blessed that day! I felt, too, that my escape had saved my before-doomed countrymen; for being looked upon by the Parisians as somebody of consequence (for even the beggars in the streets called me 'my Lord;') and I have heard the title buzzed down a string of one-horse flies on a stand as I passed\*) they felt that my escape would frustrate their nefarious plans, whatever they were, as I might rouse the whole English nation before they were prepared. Be it as it may, the English returned from Paris with every mark of cordiality from their neighbours; but I knew how hollow all was! Calipash got up a laugh against me; but I can tell you he nor they didn't laugh in the spring. Shortly after we came back, London seemed all in confusion: you met scarcely any one but foreigners in the streets, and they were always walking together by twos and threes, gesticulating energetically. I had a consultation with the Lord Mayor on the subject, strongly advising the propriety of having persons well versed in foreign languages to patrol the streets, and find out all they were talking about: but he wouldn't hear of it. He'd been treated so well, he said, in Paris, that he thought the French regular bricks. 'Well, well,' I said, 'so you may find them some day, when they fall upon you, and dash out your brains!' All at once there was the deuce to pay. A plot had been discovered, and *then* no one *laughed* at me! It was all done by the

French; those in London had leagued with those abroad, and carried out another tunnel to join with the Thames one; and one day, when no one dreamed of such an occurrence, they marched full fig into London, and Louis Napoleon led them on; and the people, panicsed, were killed or taken prisoners, like sheep! England never struck a blow, but surrendered without a word, soldiers and all! You never saw such an event. And though our blessed little Queen had always treated him so well, he forgot it all, and banished her and the Prince, with their children, from our shores. I thought we should have broken our hearts the day they sailed from Liverpool for New York, where they were warmly received by Mr. Barnum, who'd been over here with Tom Thumb, and on his (Mr. Barnum's) marriage with Jenny Lind, he'd been elected President of the United States. And there our beloved Queen was transplanted, and there his Royal Highness plants the earth in a model farm; but nothing I heard could induce her Majesty to adopt the Bloomer costume, as becoming any modest matron, though the married ladies in America were especially partial to it.

"I needn't tell you *all* we've had to suffer under Louis: he revived our old, worn-out customs, as being laws to which we were accustomed, "just to make us contented," he said; and even as you know, the curfew is one of them; and coals and lights are doled out daily to all, to prevent 'sitting uppers.'

"At the time I speak of, at the mouth of the Channel, there was a beautiful little fertile, thickly-wooded island, called the 'Isle of Dogs;'<sup>1</sup> it was so named by Anna Boleyn, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, for thither they were used to resort for wild-boar hunting and sylvan sports. This, as you know, is now a penal settlement, and gave rise to the significant phrase, when speaking of a lost man, 'he's gone to the Dogs!' And I hate Frenchwomen, too; they are a masculine set: they came over resolved to crush the English beneath their heels; for in they marched, in military boots, waistcoats, and jackets; and involuntarily I said, 'Well, I'm sure! what next?' And as to Louis, why he puzzled us all at first, for they say eagles always fly to the sun; and some of our chaps who'd heard this, began to think he must be a great fellow after all; for the first day he reviewed our troops, one of those birds came down from the top of the Duke of Wellington's head opposite Apsley House, to make it seem more ominous, and lighted down on Louis's shako! But one of our men whispered that it was an old Boulogne trick, only the bird didn't come down well there; but they'd been training him long enough this time, feeding him every day off the chap's head; so it wasn't the Rising Sun he flew to, but his beefsteak! Louis was full of dodges, clap-trap (as we call them): there was nothing original about him, for he was ashamed of his own skin, and so slipped into a hide brought from Corsica, which they assured him had been a Lion's; but all look much alike till

\* Probably the Alderman's mistake here arose from the fact that in Paris their flies are called "*milords!*"



they're well tanned; and some day he'll find out that his belonged to a donkey! I'm sure I sincerely wish, before he'd done all this wickedness, that he'd been Ham-strung! Talk of an Englishman's house being his castle—that's all my eye now; for every one sees what you are about as well as you do yourself; and if you are annoyed, you can't complain to the public as 'A Constant Reader,' even; for there's nothing to read but what he dictates, and it's all about himself; and he'd soon hear you if you complained: but that's no wonder; everybody knows that 'tis not *the horse* which has long ears! But I've done; and I only wish *he* had too!" Here the speaker paused; there was a long, dreary silence, broken at last by his uttering a loud shriek, and exclaiming in agony, "Eliza! Jane! help! help! I'm shot!" And convulsively pressing his hand to his breast, he AWOKE!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh! dear papa!" cried a laughing girl of eighteen, "it wasn't my fault! I told Cousin Henry you were asleep in the dining-room, and mustn't be disturbed: but the children *would* come in, and they had some snow-balls, and one of them hit you. I'm so sorry!"

"Never mind, Eliza, never mind," said Mr. Muffins, rising half-bewildered and shivering. "I'm glad you've all come in; I've had such a horrid dream! No wonder, either; for see, I've slept the fire out. Oh, such a horrid dream, Eliza! There, never mind the snow. Where are you all?"

"In the large hall, papa, playing at Blind-man's Buff: do come; there's an immense fire!"

Still bewildered, Muffins followed the happy crew, and found himself in a large, lofty hall, at his country house, surrounded by his happy, laughing family, keeping up Christmas Eve; and beside the fire sat his comely dame, looking on. There was no Louis, but a true English Sovereign—no curfews, for the clock struck twelve as they all sat down to a jovial supper; and none laughed merrier than Muffins! Buckingham Palace was itself; her Majesty still gladdened her subjects on the throne, and the Prince beside her; Jenny Lind had not married Barnum, but somebody else: the London houses are not built of glass—alas! we fear our morality will not yet bear that test; moreover, were such the case, we fear, also, "Beauty's house of glass" would not be cut through by Wit's diamond, but by some glazier's, stolen for that purpose; and *not* for the bright eyes of any fair lady, however it might be for "*les beaux yeux de sa cassette*!"

When Muffins related his vision to the laughing circle round the fire after supper, "It shews me," he said, "how little we can rely upon events being truthfully related twenty years afterwards, when I could, even in sleep, have *thought* so many untruths about events as they actually are!" In which all coincided, blessing their stars that it was but a dream—most probably engendered by the enspiriting, or splenetic "Leaders" of the various daily papers, over which he had been dozing after dinner.

## D A Y.

How beautiful is Day!—  
Day with its sunny gleams;  
Its veils of silver light,  
And shadows on the streams.

How beautiful is Morn,  
When first its golden glow  
Steals o'er the dewy hills  
To woo the vale below!

How beautiful is Noon,  
When radiantly from Heav'n  
The cloudless sun looks down  
On glories he hath given!

How beautiful is Eve—  
Sweet sister of the Night—  
With roseate blush and smile,  
And soft unearthly light!

All, all are beautiful!—  
Morn, Noon, and dewy Eve.  
Shall Man, with thankless heart,  
Their loveliness receive?

Through them a Father speaks,  
Through them an All-wise God:  
His book the starry skies—  
His book the flow'ry sod!

His voice is on the storm,  
His whisper in the breeze,  
His smile the sunbeam bright,  
Which resteth on the trees.

Earth is one mighty harp,  
Whose chords are silver streams;  
God lists its music soft,  
Unworthy as it seems!

Will He not much more hear,  
When tremblingly we raise,  
With loving, child-like hearts,  
Our fervent songs of praise?

There is an angel air—  
We may not catch it yet;  
These few poor strains of ours  
In sadder keys are set.

Yet He, whose Master-hand  
First tuned Creation's lyre,  
Its feeblest notes can blend  
With those of Heaven's own quire.

Then let the wide-spread earth  
With hallelujahs ring—  
How beautiful is Day!  
How glorious is her King!

ELIZABETH LEATHES.



## CLOUD MUSINGS.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

---

“The Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain.”

---

The season is approaching when soft showers will call from the brown earth tender grass and flowers, weaving a robe of beauty which will endure until the winds of Autumn revisit the earth. Bright clouds will come, noiselessly sailing through the ethereal ocean, and, with their forms and hues of loveliness, awaken a wish in the thrilled bosom of the lover of Nature to be, like them, rovers among all things bright and beautiful.

I love to lie down of a clear Spring day, when the air is fresh and fragrant, and watch the clouds pile themselves in threatening masses, or slowly dissolve and disappear. They move up from behind the distant hills—their silver edges bright, but not dazzling—borne on the wings of the wind to the zenith, changing but still beautiful, never reposing, but seeking the horizon, and at last disappearing, to be succeeded by a long train, as fair, as fragile, and as unresting as themselves.

No words can paint the wondrous, ever-varying beauty of the clouds. They pluck the rainbow's hues for their adorning; they glow, sometimes, like floods of molten gold; they weave themselves into fantastic forms; they open the very heart of their blackness for the moon to shine through and touch the whole with glory; and when the parched earth calls to them, they answer with blessed and refreshing showers, and the trees and the blossoms and the hearts of men rejoice.

Precious, then, to the spirit should be the assurance that the Lord will make bright clouds. How should we miss their moving shadows from the uplands and the meadows, and from the glittering streams! Did you ever stand in the woods—not dense enough to hide the distant landscape—when a cloud came between you and the sun, and all, save the spot where you reposed, was flooded with golden light? If you have, the vision comes back, and the heart-thrill, to which no words do justice.

The showers of rain in the Spring-time are not the least lovely among the changes of the natural world. They fall tenderly upon the springing grass and budding wild-flowers, and their silvery clashing has a music of its own. Sometimes, their accompaniment is the lightning and the thunder-peal, and sometimes they fall before the very eye of the sun which pierces them and renews upon the clouds the tinted bow of promise. They come in the morning, and hush the matin song of the birds; they fall at noon, and send the plough-boy from his toil to the protection of the cot; they visit the parched earth at eve, and moisten it after the

fervent kissing of the sun; and in the hushed and holy night they tread softly, lest they awaken the sleepers whom they come to bless.

How the young leaves and the blossoms glisten after their baptism in the pure element! The breezes come and shake the heavy drops from their edges, and the earth takes them to its bosom and yields them back, in added strength and beauty, to her floral children. No drop of all the multitudinous showers that fall is lost in the great laboratory of Nature. Each one has its mission, and performs it, though often wrought out beyond our wisest thoughts. What do these soft showers upon the bare mountain-tops, where no flower looks to them, and no blade of grass springs up for a covering? The waters lie there until a strong wind bears them away, or they find a pathway down the rugged sides and join the rivulets, which gleam like silver threads in the sunshine, and swell the river sources. Then they flow through cultivated fields and by the dwellings of the happy, till at last the broad ocean takes them to its bosom, and they mingle with its world of waters. Are their journeyings ended here? Oh no! they rise again upon the invisible element, and again sweep over continents, mountains, and rivers, sometimes pausing over some far-off ocean isle, and scattering healing from its borders, and sometimes hovering over the deserts, but gathering up their skirts and yielding no rain.

With all lovely things and precious, let us henceforth number the clouds of heaven. We shall not love less the shell that lays its rose-lip beside the foaming waters, the beauty and the music of the summer birds, the insects' hum and the sound of falling water, the spirit-melody of the human voice, the subdued soul-light of the eye, “the infinite magnificence” of the stars, and the wild majesty of the mountain land.

The dull grey mass which sometimes limits our vision may indeed suggest gloomy thoughts; but the mingling of cloud and sunshine is all joyous and beautiful. With what uninterrupted and graceful motions they glide through the infinite space above us! How rapturous, and at the same time calming and elevating, are the thoughts they suggest to us, and from the fever of life the soul seems to cast itself upon their vapoury forms, and flee away and be at rest!

Very beautiful are the morning, the noon, and the evening clouds, with their background of serenest blue, and their edges of gold, silver, scarlet, or purple. Sometimes they pile themselves up, as if preparing a throne for the



monarch of the day, and again their rugged outline seems like mountain summits, shattered by the storms of centuries ago. Sometimes they are so light and fleecy, one would imagine a breath might scatter them, and we think to see them fade while we gaze; and in a few hours, perhaps, the storm-king summons his forces, and the hills are black with shadows, and the fierce lightning rends the vapoury mass,

and the heavens and the earth seem meeting in the terrible conflict. Peace, the burden of the angels' song, soon succeeds the rush of the storm, and, as the darkness rolls away, all things seem to rejoice, whether animate or inanimate.

Thanks from the depths of an adoring spirit, that the Lord has made and will make bright and beautiful clouds!

## G O S S I P F R O M P A R I S .

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, March 25.

MY DEAR C.—

Here I come with the swallows and primroses, to give you my monthly budget of gossip as to what is taking place in this capital, though certes I fear the sayings and doings of its inhabitants are not particularly interesting just at present. The wretchedly cold weather, and the great proportion of sickness reigning at present, continue to render Paris unusually dull; and though it is currently reported that the spring will not finish without a *coup d'état* yet bolder and more ambitious than the last, people have got so used to such rumours that they now wait with tolerable patience to see if they be justified by the event.

Here is the first programme of the new revolution. On the 21st a great review was to take place, at the conclusion of which the army—which, be it said, is nothing loth—was to have proclaimed the President Emperor; thus called to the place which there is no doubt he and all around him have long anticipated his arriving at in the end, he was to yield to the desire of the nation, of which the army took upon itself to be the interpreter, and on the 29th, at the meeting of the Chambre, was, by it, to be confirmed in his new dignity.

As to the truth or falsehood of this history I do not take upon me to pronounce—

“I tell the story as 'twas told to me,”

but I have it from a source which makes me believe there was considerable foundation for it, as well as for the following plan, which it seems it is the idea to substitute for it, namely, that the review is to take place on the first of May, when the eagles are to be distributed, and that “*Vive l'Empereur !*” is to be the universal cry, but that the actual proposition to create the President Emperor is to come from and be confirmed by the Senate; *nous verrons*, the play will soon be played out, but that it will end by the Empire I think there is hardly a doubt, whatever may be the details of the plan that leads to that *dénouement*. Emile de Girardin has written to the President, in what terms it is not known, but the result is certain, namely, that he returns from his temporary exile greatly to the astonishment and by no means to the satisfaction of his party, who expected from

him a far more resolute and dignified line of conduct.

In the *Presse* of the 15th appeared an article which has created much interest, not simply from the person treated of, but from the rôle he enacted, the times in which that part was principally played, the name of the writer, himself so active a participator in the events he speaks of, and though last not least, the eloquence, the beauty and the force of the composition.

I allude to the biographical sketch written on the death of Armand Marrast, who filled successively the posts of *Maire de Paris*, *Membre du Gouvernement provisoire*, and *President de l'Assemblée Constituante* in the days of the Revolution of 1848; the author is Lamartine, and never has any pen traced a more eloquent, feeling, or dispassionate tribute to the memory of the dead, or a more interesting, succinct, or graphic outline of the political events of a career, than the article in question:—

“*Ces lignes*,” says Lamartine, “*ne souleveront point de controverses. Que toutes les feuilles qui respectent le deuil leur prêtent asile. Les différents s'évanouissent le jour des funérailles. Dans les guerres de la pensée, comme dans les autres, il y a trêve entre les camps pour ensevelir les morts. Effaçons donc en nous l'homme politique pour ne laisser parler que l'homme d'émotion. Un cercueil est une mauvaise tribune pour parler aux hommes de leur passions et de leurs opinions, là où finissent les opinions, et les passions humaines, et où la parole prononcée ici bas, va retentir dans le calme de l'éternité—la mort efface, la mort pardonne, la mort rallie;—faisons comme elle, et ne jugeons pas. L'homme du temps est devant son juge, plus juste et plus miséricordieux que nous.*”

Marrast's health had, long previous to his death, been declining; a disease of the heart had seriously undermined his constitution, when almost immediately before the *coup d'état* of December an attack of apoplexy brought him to the brink of the grave: from this, by a miracle of medical skill, he rallied, and in fact recovered, but the events of the last few months, so contrary to all his ideas, his wishes, and his hopes, acted with fatal force on the malady of the heart, and brought about a fatal termination.

Another celebrity, but one of a different class, one appertaining to the literary and social world of Paris, is also removed with him the last month



Madame Sophie Gay, the *spirituelle* authoress of *Les Malheures d'un Amant Heureux*, O'Donnell, La Duchesse de Châteauroux, and various other works, which placed her name high on the list of literary stars, expired a short time since at her residence in the Rue de Milan, after a somewhat prolonged and painful illness. Although she had reached the advanced age of seventy-five, her activity of mind and body, her vivacity, and her *verve* in conversation remained almost unimpaired until the event of December, when the trying and dangerous position of her son-in-law, M. Emile de Girardin, seriously affected her spirits, and acted on her already impaired state of health to a considerable degree; she died of a general break up of the constitution, that vague malady which defies the skill of the physician, and lays so sure a hold on its victims, more especially when at the decline of life.

The obituary of the month also contains a third name, interesting to the general world from association—doubly so to many a private circle, from the virtues and high moral worth of the individual—who died at the great age of eighty-one. Among her many noble qualities, that of intense devotion to the man whose name, that of the Maréchale Soult, she was so proud to bear shone conspicuous, and through the many phases of her husband's eventful life, her deep love and constant tenderness formed his greatest comfort and delight. During his last illness her daily wish and prayer was that she might be spared to perform the last offices of duty and love to him in whom her all of earthly happiness was centred, and that she might then be permitted to rejoin him without delay: the double prayer has been granted, and even those who loved her best, and who most deplore her loss, cannot but be consoled by the idea that her dearest wishes have been thus fulfilled.

The world of literature and the theatre have been much occupied of late by the journal war between Madame George Sand and her critics. Some three weeks back this gifted but not always well-advised woman brought out a piece at the Gymnase, entitled "*Les Vacances de Pandolfe*," a sort of Italian burlesque in the style of the old writers. The house was crowded with an audience prepared to be delighted, and to applaud from the raising to the falling of the curtain; Madame Rose Chéri, always *fine, spirituelle*, lady-like, penetrated with the very essence of her part, looking her best, and prepared to act in character, had the principal rôle; all the parts were equally well distributed, and the usual success was anticipated: the play began—up-hill work evidently, but like indulgent readers of heavy novels, the audience said the interest had not yet commenced; the play advanced, but still the interest *se faisait attendre*; the audience began to think it was rather "long a'comin;" they tried to smile at heavy harlequinades, and to find *jeux d'esprits* in *coups de baton*; the play finished, and they then discovered that the interest shared the fate of Hamlet when that play was performed by the strolling company, and it was

left out by particular desire! But the audience had an affection for the name of Madame George Sand, and so had the critics; they remembered the pleasure she had so often given them on former occasions, and they viewed her failure on this occasion far more "in sorrow than in anger," so they said as little as might be about it; and the reviews, while compelled in fairness fully to acknowledge the non-success of the piece, handled the poor thing as tenderly as they could. Madame Sand, however, like mothers who often think that their weakly or feeble-witted children are precisely those the most to be admired, rose warmly in defence of her unappreciated offspring, and in a most injudicious and sharply-worded article, published in the *Siècle*, told the critics that they knew nothing about the matter—that the fault lay, not in the piece, but in their dulness of comprehension and ignorance of the beauties of Italian comedy, and many other sentences to the same effect, concluding with the sort of "don't care" wind-up, so often and so palpably falsely used, more especially by the *beau sexe*, when most piqued and mortified. Judge the effect! The critics of course could do no less than take up the gauntlet thus rashly thrown down, and the poor infant, as well as its mother, is flagellated with the keenest and most delicate of cutting whips, that of bantering ridicule, together with an assertion of the rights of the public and critic to pronounce a candid opinion on the works that are set before them for their amusement or instruction. Théophile Gautier's concluding paragraph is so characteristic that your readers will, I am sure, excuse me for inserting it:—

"Nous n'étions donc pas pris si au dépourvu sur ces doctes matières que nous ne puissions en parler pertinemment du soir au lendemain; notre érudition en matière de farces était suffisante pour pouvoir juger les *Vacances de Pandolphe* en connaissance de cause; et nous ne méritons pas que Mme. George Sand 'nous écrase rien qu'en serrant les doigts.' Comme elle a de très belles mains, et qu'après tout nous ne sommes pas un insecte, nous regarderions au besoin cette punition comme une récompense.

"Mais en voilà assez sur ce débat puéril; n'est-ce pas le moment de dire comme Robert Macaire, qui poussait Bertrand dans les bras du gendarme: 'Embrassons-nous et que tout ça finisse.'"

The *mi-carême* is now over, and the *fêtes* that were crowded into the last few days, are come to an end. Decidedly the finest of the season was the ball given by M. de Persigny, the Ministre de l'Intérieur, on the 16th. Upwards of six thousand invitations were issued, the preparations were on the most magnificent scale; temporary buildings were erected in the gardens, and the whole affair went off with the most brilliant success. Notwithstanding the cold, the bright sunshine made the *fête* of the *mi-carême* sufficiently gay, more so than that of the *mardi-gras*—the conclusion of the *Carnaval*—when the weather was wretched.

On the Boulevards paraded huge vans, on which were mounted men, women, and children, masqued and dressed in every conceivable ab-



surdity of costume, with drums, trumpets, and banners; while other masques drove up and down, crammed by sixes and sevens into *fiacres*, *citadines*, and *milords*—a sort of hack-carriage, somewhat resembling an English cab, with a seat in front for the driver. The finest and best appointed of these vans was one belonging to the Jardin d'Hiver; it was of immense size, and on the top, in a perfect grove of palms, camelias, azaleas, and other green-house shrubs, was a band of tiny musicians, children from six to ten years old, dressed in Louis Quinze uniforms, and powdered. Six handsome white horses, with postilions, drew the vehicle, which was greeted with exclamations of applause by the crowd collected to see the show.

What amuses me most in these *fêtes*, is the *grand seriena* with which the actors in them perform their parts. There they sit or stand, on their triumphal cars, silent, and with the grave tranquillity of persons performing some important duty; and neither the applause nor laughter of the bystanders seems in any way to affect them. It is in the evening, however, at the *bal-masqué*, which concludes the day, that this gravity wears off, and a scene of mad revelry winds up the *fête*.

Herewith, my dear C., comes my letter also to a conclusion, and with *mille amitiés*, believe me ever yours,

P\*.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

CARLYLE'S OPINION OF COLERIDGE.—Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold—he alone in England—the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by “the reason” what “the understanding” had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with “God, Freedom, Immortality” still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all: a really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly

hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent. \* \* \* Brow and head were round, and of massive weight; but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew-fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object”



and "subject," terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sung and snuffled them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising. \* \* \* Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore, it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenious desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhere like a river, but spreading everywhere in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocabularies, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere; you put some question to him—made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any. His talk, alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfillments—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics—much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-mjects" and "om-m-mjects." Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and

fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for the most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets—islets of the blest and the intelligible; on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy—recognizable as pious though strangely coloured—were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloudcapped, cloudbased, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of "excellent talk," but only of "surprising"; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.—*From Thomas Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling."*

ADVERSITY.—Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.—*American Newspaper.*

A MONASTERY IN GREECE.—In half an hour we reached a narrow ledge of rock, from which rises perpendicularly a cliff of near 300 feet high, on the summit of which is the monastery of the Holy Trinity. On the tops of the neighbouring pinnacles are placed the convents of—Meteora (so called—*par excellence*, as the largest of all)—Barlaam (so called after the founder, a Saint of the Greek Calendar)—St. Stephen, and three others of little note. I determined to ascend to the Trinity, as the highest of all, and at the same time the nearest to the village. Besides the nets, the monasteries are accessible by ladders of wood and rope, made in several separate joints, and let down over the



face of the cliff, from the mouths of artificial tunnels in the rock, which communicate with the lower parts of the buildings. At night, or when not required, these ladders are pulled up, and the monks are entirely isolated from the world below. The ladders are of course infinitely the most hazardous mode of ascent or descent, as they are perfectly perpendicular, and swing backward and forward in the air with the least breath of wind. A monk mounting by them looks like a large black fly, crawling on the face of the precipice. I preferred the net, as in it you resign yourself to the care of the holy fathers entirely; whereas on the ladders you must trust to your own nerve and steadiness. The question is, will you rely on the Church, or on your own private judgment? I fired off a pistol, to attract the attention of the monks, when, long before the echo, reverberated by the cliffs around, had died away over Pindus, two or three cowed heads were thrust out from under the covered platform, projecting from the summit of the rock, and which resembles the shed on the top story of a lofty London warehouse. The rope, too, is worked in a similar way, by a pulley and windlass. After reconnoitring us for a moment, and seeing that we were not strong enough to carry their monastery by a *coup de main*, the monks threw down what seemed a strong cabbage-net, lowering at the same time a thick rope, with an iron hook at its end. My guide spread the net on the ground, and I seated myself in it cross-legged. He then gathered the meshes together over my head, and hung them on the hook. The monks above then worked their windlass, and in about three minutes and a-half I reached the summit—a

distance of between two hundred and three hundred feet, swinging to and fro in the breeze, and turning round like a joint of meat roasting before a slow fire. This inconvenience might easily be prevented by another rope being held by a person below, as is done in the shafts of mines; but that is a Cornish luxury which has not yet occurred to the good fathers. Of course, as I begin to ascend, my weight draws the net close, until my knees are pulled up to my chin, and I am rolled into a ball like a hedgehog. The guide told me to shut my eyes to escape giddiness; but I soon opened them, on feeling myself banged pretty sharply against the rough side of the rock; and I swung myself off again by a convulsive push of the knees. The height is, indeed, dizzy enough; for I could no longer see the narrow ledge from which I had started, nor the winding path which led to it, but looked right down on the plain of Thessaly, one thousand feet or more beneath. During the ascent, the rope occasionally slips from one spoke to another on the windlass, when of course you fall like a piece of lead for a few yards, and are then caught up with a mightily disagreeable jerk. On reaching the level of the projecting shed above, you are left hanging for half a minute over the abyss, till the monks leave the capstan, and fish you in with a pole like a boat-hook. They have no such contrivance as a turning-crane for landing their guests; in fact, their machinery is altogether of a most primitive order. You lie on the floor a perfectly helpless ball, until they undo the meshes of the net from the hook, unroll you, give you a gentle shake, and then help you to your feet.—G. F. Bowen.—*Diary of Journey from Constantinople to Corfu.*

## NEW BOOKS.

### MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

*Mrs. Smith.* I have just finished a new novel, "The Head of the Family,"\* which you must read.

*Fanny.* By the author of "Olive" and "The Ogilvies," is it not?

*Mrs. Smith.* Yes; but an advance even on those clever and remarkable novels. I cannot but believe that this young authoress—for youthful she is understood to be—is destined to take a very high rank among our writers of fiction. Her versatility is surprising; only the other day we were talking about her Christmas Story, "Alice Learmont," a little book of a highly imaginative character, in which fairyland is painted in a poet's glowing hues, and fairy folk delineated in the most fantastic manner; and now we have three volumes, in which, though a rich imagination and the many graces of poetry are everywhere apparent, there is an

under current of strong sense, which will please the mere intellect even of prosaic readers.

*Fanny.* Is it then a less emotional work than "Olive"?

*Mrs. Smith.* Nay, I will not say that; on the contrary, it deals with sterner and deeper passions than the former works; but the emotion is, as it were, reined in with a stronger hand, as if, while the heart of the author had expanded, the mind had acquired new force, and grown "manysided."

*Fanny.* Is it a tragic story?

*Mrs. Smith.* Partially so; but by the side of poor Rachel Armstrong's history, there flows a more simple tale, which yet in its truth and pathos has even a deeper interest. Rachel is the victim of a repudiated Scotch marriage; most people are aware that north of the Tweed a very slight ceremony—even a public avowal—is enough to establish a marriage; but the villain who betrays Rachel believes that he has destroyed every vestige of evidence; and after some changes of name and fortune weds another. Rachel is of humble birth, but has educated herself, possesses talent, and finally becomes an

\* THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By the author of "Olive" and the "Ogilvies."—(Chapman and Hall.)



actress. I need not tell you how her love turns to vengeance, or how the retribution is ultimately worked out. The true hero of the book, however, is Ninian Græme, the "Head of the Family," the elder brother of a large family, who generously devotes himself to his younger brothers and sisters, perhaps unconscious at the time what sacrifices may be demanded from him, but who bravely and nobly makes those sacrifices which a high-wrought sense of duty demands from him. It is a beautiful ideal of a man that is shadowed forth in Ninian; and I cannot help thinking that the author has been thus successful mainly because she has ventured to depict human nature as of no sex, and has thus developed in her hero many of those noble self-denying qualities, which the world commonly attributes almost exclusively to women. It would be well if gentlemen authors would take the hint, and when they are depicting their Isabels and their Clementinas, not imagine that they have to describe denizens of some different planet; then we should be spared the unreal, unnatural, wooden dolls, which either on stilts or in slippers shuffle through their prescribed three volumes—doing everything in the world except seeming for one moment genuine women.

*Fanny.* You are severe on the gentlemen novelists, but really not more so than they deserve.

*Mrs. Smith.* I am glad you agree with me. But to return to the "Head of the Family." Ninian has a sort of ward, Hope Ansted, the daughter of a runaway bankrupt—who is a reckless character, sketched with no common truth and force—and the poor girl is in her desolation received into the family circle, and treated and considered as one of Ninian's sisters. Hope is a charming character; not wonderfully brilliant, or amazingly beautiful, but something much truer and better—a gentle, earnest, affectionate girl, that steals into Ninian's strong manly heart before he is aware. Now comes the strife and the struggle; his love remains unspoken; and Hope, whose deep reverence and sisterly love a word would have fanned into something warmer, weds another, that other being the villain of the book, the sleek gentleman of fortune, the betrayer of Rachel.

I must read to you a scene between Ninian and his youngest sister Christina, familiarly called Tinie. This sprightly lassie has just received an offer of marriage. You will guess that her heart is not quite her own, though far enough from the keeping of Mr. MacCallum.

"And what am I to say to Mr. MacCallum?"

"Say? Nothing! Or just tell him that I never meant anything but fun, and I couldn't think of marrying him—a comical, fat, little goose of a man. I wonder he could ever fancy such nonsense!" replied Tinie, whose light spirits revived in a brief space of time. Strangely, bitterly, they jarred upon her brother.

"Child," said he, "you have done a wrong thing. In this matter, my heart goes more with that poor man than it does with you. If, instead of your thoughtless message, I told Mr. MacCallum you were not worthy this sincere attachment of his, it would be nearer the truth."

"Tell him so then—little I care!"

"No, I will not tell him. But I will write at once, as he entreats me—and something in his perseverance touches me, so that I shall do it more warmly than I would have done a week ago, when I thought he was a mere wealthy simpleton, beneath the least notice of my sister."

"And you think him not beneath my notice now?"

"No, because he offers you an honest heart, which, though refusing, no woman ought contemptuously to spurn. Child! you are young; you don't know the world, or the men in it—how lightly they love, how continually they play and trifle with girls' hearts—especially such gay, sparkling creatures as you—and never say frankly, as Mr. MacCallum does, 'I love you—be my wife, and I will try to make you happy.' And if I must explain all—mind, I do it, not thinking of my own feelings in the matter, but simply fulfilling my duty towards this honest man, who has left his cause in my hands—I ought to tell you, Christina, that as the world goes, this would be deemed no unworthy offer for a girl entirely without fortune, between whom and poverty hangs only one life—mine. I say this, because I wish to lay all sides of the case before you, that at no after-time you may repent of your decision."

This was a long, grave speech—the first of the kind that Tinie had ever heard from Ninian. She looked up a moment to see if he were in earnest—he was, indeed; she even felt delighted at the stern lines of his face.

"Would you be glad, then, if I married Eneas MacCallum?" she asked.

"I never said that."

"No; but you implied it. I see how it is—Miss Reay was right in what she told me—I believe it all now," cried Tinie, the angry tears rising to her eyes.

"You believe what? Nay, answer—I must know!" said Ninian, firmly, though his face flushed.

"That some of these days you would long to be rid of us. That we—the twins and myself—ought to make haste and get husbands, ere we found we had no home in our brother's house."

"And you believed this? Go on—tell me all she said."

"All! as if that were not enough! No, thank goodness! I have not yet seen my sister-in-law. I did not suppose you would marry a mad woman like Mrs. Armstrong, or a mere baby, like Hope Ansted, or——"

"Or Miss Reay herself," added Ninian, trying to smile. "Tinie might imagine even that, when once she takes into her head such unjust thoughts of her brother."

He was indeed one worthy the name of man, who could speak so calmly, with a voice that never betrayed one trace of the struggle beneath—the passion, the self-reproach, the love warring against other love, and the stern, iron hand of duty laid over all.

"Were they unjust? Oh, say over again that they were unjust? You couldn't do it, Ninian; you couldn't turn away your poor little pet, and marry her to any stupid fool that asks her—no, not even that you might take a wife yourself? Never mind what Miss Reay said—the wretch! If I had really believed it, it would have broken my heart."

So exclaimed the little creature, pouring out her



feelings amidst a shower of tears, trying to draw Ninian's hands to her, and wondering that he stood so grave, so cold, so unlike himself, though without a shadow of unkindness or anger.

"You will forgive me now? I would not grieve you for a moment, my own brother!—we all know what an angel of a brother you are. You will never think of marrying when we love you so much? That was what I said to Miss Reay. Tell me, only tell me that it is so? You will never go and love some stranger, and leave your sisters alone in the wide world?"

He turned his face upward—it was very white—or else the sunshine made it seem so. He said, "God is my witness, I never will!"

Then he sat down on a stone, and let his little sister creep to him, clasping him round the neck, laughing and crying at once, breaking off at times to murmur, "Oh, forgive me!" "Oh, don't let my naughty words grieve you!" "Ninian—brother Ninian—you are quite sure you love me better than you love any one?"

"What—not satisfied yet?" And he tried to look at her with his old smile, and caress her in his old affectionate way, but could not. "God forgive me!" he muttered, and once more turned his face up to the broad sky, that wore to him a brightness like marble, as dazzling and as hard. He was thankful that Tinie's tears blinded her, so that she did not see her brother.

"Yes, indeed, I am quite satisfied! I will never grieve you any more—never! Say that you are not grieved now—at least not very much?"

"Oh no—oh no." He patted her hands, which held him so closely; and then as he rose up, their clasp dissolved of itself. "We must walk on now, Tinie—at all events, I must. I think"—he faltered, as if for the first time his heart recoiled at the necessary hypocrisy—"I think you will be tired if you go further—nor shall I like you to return alone."

"I am not tired in the least, and I would like to walk with you all the way to Helensburgh."

"It will not do," said Ninian, with a faint smile. "I have business. I must send my wee sister back, now that we have talked over all we had to speak about."

Tinie looked ashamed. She waited a minute for him to recur to the subject of their earlier conversation; but he did not. He walked along mechanically, as if oblivious of everything. She said at length, timidly:

"Brother, I know how wrong I have been about that letter. Will you tell me what I must do—or will you tell Mr. MacCallum yourself?"

"Tell Mr. MacCallum what? Ah, yes, child, what we were saying. I understand!"

"You will write to him, then; tell him I am very sorry—I am, indeed—and I will never do so any more," said the little maiden, in a tone of great compunction. "For the rest, brother, you know what to say."

"Yes, yes!" He drew his hand over his eyes. "I am very stupid, Tinie, but I did not quite hear you. My head aches; the sun so dazzles on the Loch. Tell me over again what you wish written, and I will do it at once. I rather think I shall walk to Dr. Reay's."

"Oh, don't write the letter there. Pray, pray don't tell the Reays anything about it. She would think, and he would think——"

"Think what?" said Ninian, attracted by the degree of alarm expressed by his sister.

"I don't care—I don't care—not a jot! The Professor may consider me what he likes—a foolish little thing 'of the genus Papilionaceæ,' as I heard him say. But I don't choose that Miss Reay, knowing I have refused Mr. MacCallum, should therefore imagine—what she had the insufferable impertinence to tell me one day——"

"More confessions? Nay, wee thing! don't stammer. Let us have them!"

"She said I was trying—and you, too, in your eagerness to get me married—that—that I should be made her niece. There, you have it now! No wonder I was in a passion; no wonder I have been playing all sorts of wild games. She shall never think I want to catch people that have all brains and no heart—dry, musty, geological, old——"

"Nay, keep that foolish little head cool. Nobody with any sense, certainly not Kenneth Reay himself, would ever dream of such a ridiculous thing," said Ninian, trying to reassume his ordinary manner, and to turn his mind to the things she was talking about. But he heard them and answered through a mist; they made no impression upon him. Only once more he attempted to send away Tinie, dismissing her with a smile and a jest.

"Go home, lassie, I will keep your counsel. And don't get into more love-labyrinths, for your sage elder brother to have to dash in and rescue you. He might get lost himself, you know."

"Oh, no fear! Nothing would ever bewilder brother Ninian," cried the blithe creature, as she turned back and went singing along the shore of the sunny Gare-Loch.

*Fanny.* I guess that the young lady is in love with the Professor, though she does rail at him.

*Mrs. Smith.* I shall not tell; but even this one passage may give you an idea of the book.

*Fanny.* I am sure I shall like it.

*Mrs. Smith.* I have half a mind to say I will not read another novel for three months to come. I cannot read poor ones, and the good ones are so interesting—I would say exciting, if I were not tired of that hackneyed word—that there is no laying them down.

*Fanny.* Especially one like the *HEAD OF THE FAMILY*, which is not to be skipped and rattled through; for so much of its merit consists in its subtle touches of character, and powerful writing.

#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

ON THE TREATMENT OF DEAFNESS CONNECTED WITH ENLARGEMENT OF THE TONSILS, AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE THROAT, &c. &c. By William Harvey, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. &c. &c.—(*Renshaw.*)—This is no empirical puff, but a calm, dispassionate work, written by a regular practitioner of extended experience. Enlargement of the tonsils and kindred complaints of the throat are among the commonest and at the same time the most insidious complaints to which poor humanity is subject; and we entreat any of our readers who are thus afflicted, and who are in the hands of surgeons



who recommend the removal of the tonsils, at least to pause and take further advice before they consent to this operation. We have ourselves heard people say that those glands are of "no use;" but is it not a sort of profanity to assert that any part of the wondrous human frame is useless? We consider it a point of duty to make Mr. Harvey's work as widely known as possible—since it shows and proves the lamentable consequences which have resulted from the operation; and how unquestionably these distressing throat complaints arise from constitutional causes, and must be treated accordingly.

THE DICTIONARY OF DOMESTIC MEDICINE AND HOUSEHOLD SURGERY. By

Spencer Thomson, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinb. —(*Groombridge and Sons.*)—This is the third number of a work we have already warmly commended.

GROOMBRIDGE'S FARM AND GARDEN ESSEYS, No. 7.—This excellent series is particularly appropriate at the present season, when amateur gardeners are full of bustle and business. No. 7 treats of the garden frame, how to construct, how to use, and how to make the most of it.

THE FARMER'S AND COTTAGER'S GUIDE, brought out by the same publishers, is also a most useful work.

## "THE LADIES' GUILD."

"GLASS IN DECORATIVE ART.—All our ideas of Oriental splendour, all the gorgeous imaginings of Orientals themselves, of a magnificence more than Oriental in the fairy palaces of the Arabian Genii, are realised in the sober actualities of British decorative Art in Glass by Wallace's Patent. The lustre of silver and gold, the fiery sparkle of the ruby, amethyst, and every actual or imaginable gem, and the more subdued but no less beautiful hues of the pearl and the tropical shell, may now, by the recent efforts of British skill and invention, be combined at a moderate cost, and without a vestige of mere gaudy glitter, in the decorations of the mansions of the gentlemen of England."—*The Builder.*

Some short time since, the Right Honourable Viscount Goderich presided over a numerous and fashionable assemblage collected at 4, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, to hear a Lecture by Mr. Wood, one of the managers, explanatory of the principles and constitution of the Society. Mr. Wood commenced by asserting, in emphatic terms, the first principle and elementary cause of the Society, viz. to provide eligible and remunerative employment for ladies, without requiring them to descend from their rank as gentlewomen, and observed, that "should it ever deviate or be diverted from this its original source, the whole will be radically and totally changed, or rather, the Ladies' Guild will have ceased to exist—will be annihilated." The Lecturer then went on to shew the necessity for such a Society, and very properly merged the *practicability* in the *necessity*. "If," said he, "the Institution is wanted—if it is essentially required and demanded—why then it is practicable; for from the outset we have discarded from the Ladies' Guild the term *impossible*—and in truth it is a word nowhere to be found in sturdy Saxon-English." He then proved to demonstration the necessity that existed for such a Society—he clearly argued, from statistics and other sources, the unhappy condition of single ladies when left dependent on their own exertions for support. He also shewed that even married gentlewomen were not exempt from those calamities which so frequently reach humbler housewives, viz. the burden of providing, not only for their children, but for their husbands, when these are disabled or out of employment. "The Ladies' Guild," conti-

nued Mr. Wood, "has been established to meet this deplorable evil, and even to eradicate it, by providing employment for ladies who seek occupation, and by diffusing a taste and a habit among them for remunerative work, so that it shall in time be as general for gentlewomen to have the means of obtaining their bread in their hands, as for gentlemen." The Lecturer then passed in review the means at present selected by the Guild to reduce its principles into operation. "First," said he, "we have accepted the grant of a Patent from Miss Wallace, that lady's own invention. We have elected that this Patent should be, as it were, our base of manufacturing and mercantile operations, because it is the invention and work of a lady, and therefore appropriate for ladies; and because, moreover, it is profitable, and exceedingly useful and beautiful." Mr. Wood, at this period of his discourse, passed a well-merited eulogium on Miss Wallace, and proceeded to explain the actual working of the Guild. "We have first probationers, or ladies, who, desirous of learning an eligible and remunerative trade or occupation, come to us, and on payment of an admission-fee of one pound, and of two shillings a-week, are taught an art appropriate to them, and remunerative. These, after a period of six months, are elected as associates, and thus become, as it were, the proprietors of the establishment, and are subject only to the conditions of the deed of settlements; being, so to speak, their own masters, sharing in the profits, and not subject to dismissal, but by the sentence of their compeers, and through well-proven misconduct." This brought the Lecturer to the Lady President,



who happened to be absent, and on whose admirable qualifications to fill the highly responsible and honourable place to which she had been assigned, he dwelt with considerable effect, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

It would trespass too far on our limited space to give even a bare summary of Mr. Wood's discourse, which partook rather of the nature of an oration than of a lecture. We can only further record his final appeal, of which we took careful notes:—"My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, you will naturally ask how you can aid this Institution: I answer, not by alms: we are self-sustaining: we ask no charity. But we have a business, and require business support. Our lady-workers must cease to have employment, unless you provide the market for their manufactures. You will assist us, then,

best, and most legitimately, by giving in your commissions to us managers; and we pledge ourselves to execute them faithfully, to give the full value of your money, and not to ask a sixpence in payment till the whole shall have been delivered, and completed to the satisfaction of the party giving them. This is our great demand—a modest one, surely, after so long a sermon. But lest you should consider us too bashful for gentlemen, we shall thankfully accept loans for this society, guaranteeing the principal and five per cent. interest; also annual subscriptions of a guinea, or life subscriptions of ten guineas."

Continuing in this strain, the Lecturer occupied about an hour and a-half on the whole, and the company separated about half-past ten o'clock.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### THE OPERAS.

Before these pages can reach our readers, both the Operas will have opened, but too late for us to give more than a rapid survey of the managers' promises. At Her Majesty's Theatre the opera of "Marie di Rohan" is mentioned as among the earliest productions; and we are glad to find that Mdlle. Cruvelli is to make her *réentrée* early in the season. We hope that "Fidelio" will be given, if only to afford her the opportunity of again appearing in one of her great parts. Mdlle. Wagner, another German lady of whom repute speaks highly, is announced, as well as Madame Sontag; and Balfe, we understand, returns to Mr. Lumley's orchestra.

The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera promises great things this season. Besides the *repertoire* which has been accumulating for four or five seasons, five attractive novelties are announced, and a corps of artists which includes Mesdames Grisi, Viardot, and Castellan, and a new singer, Madame Gazzaniga, and Mdlle. Zerr, besides some excellent *donne* of lesser note. Among the tenors are Mario and Tamberlik, Herr Ander, and M. Guemard from the Grand Opera at Paris; for basses there are Herr Formes, Signor Marini, and others; and M. Costa, as of old, conductor of the Orchestra. After short operas, a ballet is to be given, for which purpose several eminent dancers are engaged.

### HAYMARKET.

Miss Vandenhoff's beautiful play of "Woman's Heart" continues to draw crowded houses, but it has latterly alternated with Signor Biletta's new opera of "White Magic." The latter bids fair to become a standard work for the English lyric stage; in spite of the plot being a little complicated, the *libretto* is far above the average of such compositions, often mounting into real poetry, and many of the songs are of

that striking character which is sure to receive the homage of quick popularity, and find its way to the barrel organs. Speaking of this opera, the *Times* says that it proves "Signor Biletta to be a thorough master of his resources, besides dramatic feeling, sentiment, a correct idea of form, and a great deal of fancy and contrivance in the management of the orchestra. Music of this kind is always pleasant to hear, and its production is by no means easy or common. The introduction to the first act contains some charming writing; and the finale is not only ingeniously constructed, but strongly coloured and dramatic. The unaccompanied trio, 'O tender recollection,' is melodious, and voiced with great skill; while the *stretto*—commencing with a bold and enlivening theme for Coralie, 'Was I ensnared for this?'—is worked up with remarkable force and effect. In the second act there is also some excellent concerted music, especially in the *finale*, which begins with a spirited and ably-written trio for Mericourt, Laval, and Coralie, and contains a *morceau d'ensemble* (introducing the *allegro* theme from the overture and some recurrences to the introduction), which is marked out with great ability. The songs and duets are plentiful, and, for the most part, tuneful and catching. A romance for Mr. Harrison, 'Gone are the merry days,' was encored; and another, and a better, for Miss Louisa Pyne, 'O, was I then awake or dreaming?' was much applauded. Both are instrumented with discrimination, the latter somewhat in Auber's manner. Mericourt's air, 'How merry is morning,' sung by Mr. Weiss, is a racy *buffo* song, which, in one or two places, suggests a reminiscence of the comic *scena* of Fra Diavolo, in the opera of that name. The romance of Laval, 'Ah, since the sun,' in which Mr. Harrison was again encored, although instrumented carefully, is essentially in the ballad style of Balfe. One of the gems of the opera is



the duet, 'Tis in change that we are charming,' for Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison, a fluent, gay, and sparkling composition, which quite captivated the audience, and was unanimously redemanded. The overture is a *bagatelle* of no pretensions; but the choruses are all light, attractive, and exceedingly well written; as a favourable example of which we may cite the pastoral, 'Let pipe and let tabor,' a dance and chorus combined, in which the two themes are both melodious and happily contrasted. As a first dramatic essay, the *White Magic* of Signor Biletta ranks among the most deservedly successful we remember.

"The principal singers did their very best. Miss Louisa Pyne, who has just recovered from a very severe indisposition, has rarely sung with more neatness and brilliancy. Signor Biletta knows well how to write for voices, and has fitted the popular English *prima donna* to a nicety. Miss Pyne played the character of Coralie's maid with great archness; and Messrs. Harrison and Weiss exerted themselves zealously. The opera is placed upon the stage with the utmost care and completeness. The band and chorus (more numerous and efficient than hitherto) went extremely well, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon. After each act the principal singers were brought before the curtain, and, at the conclusion, Signor Biletta was summoned and enthusiastically applauded."

Sir Bulwer Lytton's play of "Money" has been revived here, and the characters most ably supported.

#### ADELPHI.

The laughable "Paul Pry," to the revival of which we alluded last month, the favourite drama of "The Wreck Ashore," and other stock pieces, have lately drawn crowded houses to the Adelphi, and maintained the reputation of this theatre as one of the most attractive in London. For genuine and yet high cast melodrama, and rich, mirth-inspiring burlesque, it is unrivalled.

#### MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND.

(Extract from a private Letter of Feb. 7th.)

"I have a little bit of news to tell you, of an event that has lately taken place, and having been one of the actors, or perhaps a supernumerary in it, can give you some particulars that might interest you—I mean Jenny Lind's wedding. She left New York for Boston about three weeks since, and shortly after wrote me a long letter, confessing what she had been too bashful to reveal before, viz. that she was engaged to be married to a young German artist, Otto Goldschmidt, and to whom she was very tenderly attached. She asked me to draw up her marriage contract, gave me particulars how she wished her property to be settled, &c., which was done in due form; and in connection herewith I will mention, that with that high

spirit of generosity that has always marked her character, she set apart £20,000 to found a charity school in Sweden! Last Wednesday I went to Boston, and she approved of the marriage contract; and the next day, the 5th inst., she was married to Mr. Goldschmidt, at the house of Mr. Ward, a friend of hers and G.'s. The morning was bright and cloudless, and prognosticated well for her married state. She was dressed in white silk, with a veil and orange-flower wreath, intermingled with myrtle à la *Suedoise*, with a bouquet or corsage of the same, and looked very charming. The queries were pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, a clergyman from New York, whom she had invited for the purpose. Only half-a-dozen friends were present; among them, Mr. Everitt, who was minister to London a few years ago. Then came the kissing of the bride, performed by the staid guests by imprinting a benedictial kiss on the forehead, except by one whom Jenny embraced, and gave an old-fashioned Swedish kiss! She seemed a very Amina, so joyous, so happy, stepping on air as it were. After a while she sat down to the piano, and sang 'Ah non giunge' with a heartiness that would have brought the whole Opera-house to her feet. In the afternoon they went off to a country-seat at Northampton, about one hundred miles from Boston, which they have hired for a few months. In the summer they return to Europe. Mr. G. is seven years younger than herself—about twenty-four years old, a small, very good-looking man, of a high-toned character, well educated, and devoted to her. He is from Hamburgh, where his father is a respected merchant."

The above extract seems to us too interesting to need a word of comment.—ED.

#### MUSIC.

THE YULE POLKA. By J. W. Marshall. (*Leader and Cocks.*)—This pleasing composition deserves our warmest commendations, and possesses the charm of great originality. Though the title is inappropriate for this season of the year, the gaieties of Christmas having long passed, still its merits will be appreciated whenever a lively and animated polka is required, being excellently adapted for dancing, and we do not doubt that it will become a great favourite.

#### DOST THOU FORGET?

LA PLAINTÉ. By E. de Barry.—(*Ollivier, New Bond-street.*)—"La Plainté" is the production of a new composer, and, if we are not mistaken, a composer who is likely to take in future a high standing. The melody throughout is charming, and the harmonizations are both musically and effectively managed.

"Dost Thou Forget?" is, we think, a ballad of that kind which is doomed to a barrel-organ popularity, a ballad likely to please everybody, because everybody can go away from hearing it, humming it over; it has a vein of much originality about it.



**LATE HOURS.** The Poetry by W. H. Belamy; Music by Charles W. Glover.—(*Case.*)—So much trash is now-a-days set to music, and offered to the public in the form of songs, that it is quite a pleasure to meet with a real English ballad doing justice to the name. We doubt not "Late Hours" will be duly appreciated, and be-

come very popular; from the simple and pretty manner of its arrangement, it is well adapted for the generality of vocalists. The melody is striking, and well suits the words, which convey a pretty tale and moral, poetically told.—We think this ballad peculiarly suited to Miss Poole's exquisite voice and lively style of singing.

## THE GARDEN.—APRIL.

"I come, I come! ye have called me long:  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.  
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth—  
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass—  
By the green leaves opening as I pass."  
"*Voice of Spring.*"—MRS. HEMANS.

### FLOWER GARDEN.

Look well to the stock of bedding-plants, and see that those well-rooted are progressively hardening off. The propagation of all sorts of which there is a deficiency must be closely followed up now, as it will soon be too late to get strong plants. Continue the digging of flower-borders, and, as it proceeds, take care to reduce all overgrown plants, and at the same time to draw largely on the choicer store, and reserve plants to make good all deficiencies; such plants as Antirrhinum, Pentstemon, Phlox, Sweet-william, Mule-pink, Clove-carnation, double and single Wallflowers, are very suitable for the purpose. Hardy annuals in pots, or otherwise preserved, may now be turned out in beds or patches for early flowering, taking care to keep them well watered until they have rooted out. Stir the soil amongst advancing beds of Hyacinths and Turban Ranunculi. Top-dress Pinks. Plant out seedling Pansies, and make good all deficiencies in October-planted beds. Sow lawn grass-seeds as soon as we get showery weather. Make good edgings of all kinds, and keep grass and gravel well swept and rolled.

### HARDY FRUITS.

If Strawberry-beds are not yet done, no time must be lost in slightly stirring the surface about them, for the destruction of weeds and extirpation of slugs and other vermin; but take care not to move the earth deep enough to disturb the roots, and be careful of damaging the crowns. Finish off pruning and nailing of all sorts immediately. Figs may now be quite uncovered. Thin out the main branches, and nail the rest to the wall, taking care to retain all the side-shoots, as it is from them the fruit will be produced. Attend to the mulching of fresh-planted trees. Remove a little of the surface soil from the roots of older-exhausted trees, and add some fresh compost. Stake all fresh-planted trees in the open quarters.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

Herbs of all sorts, such as Mint, Thyme, Tarragon, Pennyroyal, Chamomile, &c., should now be planted in beds and kept watered for a time. Attend well to the getting in of successional crops of Peas and Beans. See that the beds for the main crops of Carrots are getting in good condition. Attend to

the pricking out and airing of the early-sown Celery and Cauliflowers. Sow a little Red Beet for early use; also Salsify and Scorzonera if required. Sow successions of Spinage and Salading of all sorts.

### FIGS.

Thin out the branches where crowded, and also the fruit if too thick. Pinch off the points of the young shoots when they have grown a few joints. This will not only strengthen the fruit for this season, but will produce a good supply of short-jointed shoots for another year. Keep up a good heat, with atmospheric moisture, and plenty of water and liquid manure to the roots.

### GREENHOUSE.

Forward pelargoniums will now be sufficiently advanced to require training out and supporting, either to neat stakes, or by passing a string or wire under the rim of the pot, and gently drawing the branches down with a small string of matting, which is then fastened to the string. The latter method is both neat and effectual, but can only be practised with success where there is good convenience to grow the plants dwarf. If they are at all liable to be drawn, stakes are indispensable, and they must be left long enough to allow for future growth. Syringe these plants often in favourable weather, and when the trusses are formed some clarified liquid-manure will do them good. The most forward Calceolarias will also require to be supported with neat stakes, leaving them long enough to train the flower-stems up as they advance. Fumigate often and slightly; let them have a free circulation of air, but in very bright hot sun they must be shaded during midday.

### PEACH-HOUSE.

Commence tying-in the branches in the earliest house, taking care to retain no more than will be required to furnish the trees well for another season. Such shoots as have a fruit at the base, and are not required, may be stopped short, and kept so by frequent stopping. Be careful of too much fire heat during the stoning process. Continue thinning the fruit and disbudding in the later houses. Syringe freely at all times, except just when the trees are in bloom—this will keep down red spider. If green fly appears, fumigate immediately.—C.











## THE TOILET.

### COSTUME FOR APRIL.

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

Notwithstanding that the spring is thus far advanced, the extreme cold and rigour that have marked its opening have kept back the *modes de printemps* wofully: the March fashions have been precisely the same in point of material and colour as those that prevailed throughout the winter. Velvets, satins, and cachmeres have held their places, and the *élégantes* have displayed as much good sense as good taste in suiting their toilettes to the state of the temperature, instead of—as is too often the case—consulting only the name of the month. Even now, as you will perceive, the general style of morning dress partakes more of the winter than of the summer modes; and until next month no very great change is anticipated.

The evening dresses are of course less subject to the caprices of the weather than the morning, and some new and very beautiful ones are appearing for the balls and *fêtes* of Easter, of one of which at least we must give our readers some description. It consisted of two skirts of white *tulle*, embroidered with gold spots, falling over a white satin slip, and each bordered with three rows of trimming in gold, at certain distances. The body was embroidered like the skirts, and trimmed with gold blonde, opened in front to the waist, over a *corsage* of satin, and was fastened across by four little gold *torsades*, tied in the centre, and finished with tassels. A fifth *torsade* formed the *ceinture*, with falling ends and tassels to match. The *tulle* sleeves were open, and looped up with similar cords and tassels over short and tight satin ones.

The *coiffure* which accompanied this exquisite dress consisted of two *touffes* of white marabouts, sprinkled with gold, and held together by a half-wreath, crossing the head in large gold leaves.

It seems likely that the profusion of trimming which for some time past has prevailed, especially in evening dresses, will continue in vogue. Flowers, ribbons, lace, and especially gold, silver, and beads, are in high favour, though it is probable the latter will give way to a lighter style of trimming as the season advances. Flowers can never be supplanted by any other mode, and really the perfection to which they are brought in this temple of fashion 'yclept Paris, is perfectly amazing: year after year, though in the one gone by you thought the art had arrived at its *ne plus ultra*, you see fresh marvels; and one is almost tempted to think that in the present day the tell-tale bees that revealed the trick the Queen of the East sought to put on the wisest of monarchs, would have hesitated ere they distinguished Nature from Art. Flower-making here is made a study, as painting, sculpture, or any other of the liberal arts; and *les fleurs fines* (the first-rate flowers) are as much the result of years of examination, observation, and study of nature, as the most beautiful pictures and statues which adorn our galleries and museums. The art may be a puerile one—be it so, but how few works of feminine skill are not so? and what employment better suited to female hands than the production of these exquisite memories of Flora's handiwork? We know two young girls, sisters, the daughters of a widowed

mother, who from their childhood have studied this beautiful art; they are unknown to the frequenters of the brilliant *salons*, who, while their robes and *coiffures* are decorated with blossoms that look as if a human hand could hardly have touched them, little guess that these delicate and fragile flowers were made in a dingy little *entresol* in the Rue du Bac, the very aspect and atmosphere of which would, they might imagine, destroy every vestige of freshness in such delicate wares. They—the *grandes-dames*—purchased them at some of the brilliant *magazins de fleurs*, where everything around was in character, and of course paid at least four times the price given by the *marchand* to the makers. The skill of these young girls has, however, obtained them certain privileges; they make for the first houses in Paris, and the head gardener of the Jardin des Plantes has given them permission to select specimens of the rarest plants and flowers in that beautiful collection to copy, which they do with an exactitude that is really inconceivable. It is said that in almost all *coiffures* stars will be a prevailing mode: gold and silver stars glitter on the ribbons, hang from the centres of flowers, are embroidered on *tulle*, gauze, &c., confine bands of gold braid, which form a network for the back of the head, and are worked in straw for bonnets, which are really beautiful for lightness and elegance. The question of *gilets* is still agitated; but they find so many advocates, that they are likely to last some timelonger—not, perhaps, as the season advances, the regular *gilet* in silk, *pique*, or other thick material, but the *fichus gilet* in lace and embroidered muslin, lined over net, as the wearer may choose. These latter have sleeves, and generally *jabots*, and are as elegant as they are convenient, answering the triple purpose of waistcoat, habit-shirt, and under-sleeves. They are, and will probably continue for some time, to be the *grande mode* of the season. *Pardessus* of *jaconas* and muslin, fitting rather close to the figure, and trimmed with two *volants* of embroidery, will be worn as the weather becomes warmer.

Flounces in profusion are to be adopted for gowns and mantles; the latter are quite in the Louis Quinze style, short, light, and with hoods, trimmed with *volants* of silk *découpée* or lace, *ruches*, and *nœuds*. The style *Pompadour* for evening dresses is still the favourite, and likely to continue so. *Chapeaux de paille* will be universally adopted for the spring and summer: they are made as light as it is possible to be, *à jour*, imitating laces, *guipure*, &c. The *fond* in general is of *crin*, black or white, embroidered with straw; and they are to be lined with *taffetas* or double crape. The more simple ones are trimmed with *ruches*, some with a large bow across the centre: the dressed ones are to have flowers and *follettes*—that is to say, bouquets imitating feathers, foliage, &c., all in straw. It is perfectly inconceivable how a material apparently so intractable can be made to produce these beautiful trifles. Imagine sprays of lilac, hawthorn, roses, honeysuckles, and lilies of the valley, tufts of feathers, leaves, and grasses, composed entirely of straw!



As to the shapes of the bonnets, tastes are so varied, that it is really almost impossible to say what will be fixed on. Some authorities declare that they are to be worn so much *en arrière*, that they will have to be fastened by a long pin to the back hair; while others insist that they will, on the contrary, be made to *encadrer* the face; at all events, the *calottes* will be flat instead of rounded. For our own parts, we confess a decided leaning to the second mode; as the former is not, to our taste, either ladylike, pretty, or comfortable; *en attendant* the settlement of this all-important point, no very great change of shape is yet visible: they continue to be worn very open, very much trimmed inside and out, and with *extremely* wide *brides* to attach them; indeed, all the bonnet-ribbons are greatly increased in width.

Quite a new, or rather quite an old fashion revived, is beginning to make its appearance in sleeves. This is what our great grandmothers used to call *slashing*, that is, puffing of cambric, net, lace, &c., coming through the gown sleeve all the way down. The effect is so light and pretty, that we do not think it can fail to become extremely popular

in summer costume. The details of the trimming may be varied *ad infinitum*, the openings being decorated with black lace, *découpées*, &c., and fastened with fancy buttons; while either a *bouillonnée* or *manche pagode* finishes the sleeve. For the fronts of morning gowns, a sort of *tablier* rounded at the ends, and trimmed all round with a deep black lace and *nœuds* of ribbon, begins to appear; but I think the effect rather heavy. *Basques* are as much in vogue as ever, and likely to continue so. In almost all materials with patterns, the *dessin* is made expressly for each gown. Where there are flounces, the stripes, flowers, or other drawings border the *volant* itself, and are repeated on the skirt above, on the *basques*, the front of the *corsage*, and the ends of the sleeves. Where there are no flounces, in muslin, *jaconas*, &c., a small, delicate, chintz pattern covers the gown, and a larger *dessin* in the same style and colours, goes down the front, and is repeated on the *corsage*, *basques*, and sleeves: the effect is extremely novel and pretty; indeed, all the morning dresses in cotton materials are singularly beautiful as to patterns and colouring this year, and from their elegance cannot fail to be *bien portés*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADA AGNES.—We will endeavour to answer this correspondent's questions, although they are somewhat indefinite.

1. We would recommend Pestal arranged with variations by John Blockley, published by Leader and Cocks, or *Le Desir* by H. Cramer, published by Cocks and Co. There are many others, but a selection must depend entirely upon personal feeling and the skill of the performer.
2. The price of a real pearl bracelet will depend very much upon the size of the pearls and the style of the ornament. A slight difference to the eye may make a vast difference in the value. We recently saw a very pretty pearl bracelet at Mr. Bennett's, in Cheapside, the price of which was £10. It was of what is called the Pompeian pattern, being an imitation of a chain found at Pompeii.
3. "Walker's Exercises for young Ladies" will probably give enough of the desired information respecting equestrianism. It was published at 9s., but we saw a copy the other day at 2s. 6d.

ALPHA BETA.—Accepted No. 7. The others declined, with many thanks.

C. J. HUNT.—We regret that we cannot find room for this correspondent at present; but we are duly sensible of his endeavours to please us.

ROWENA.—An article on the subject of Archery is in preparation, and will appear probably next month.

"LAURA STUDLEGH."—We would recommend you to make your wishes known to our contributor AIGUILLETTE, 126, Albany-street, Regent's Park, who may, perhaps, have it in her power to serve you.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—An excellent work on the subject of making wax-flowers is a number of the "Lady's Library," published by Darton, Holborn Hill. It is elementary, and cheap.

T.—We can assure this inquirer that the remarks by our Parisian correspondent in our last number were intended to be anything but "faintly complimentary" to the French traitorous President. In

the present difficulty of getting a letter intended for an English magazine through the foreign post-office, it is sometimes necessary to resort to "irony" to conceal indignation.

A YOUNG GOVERNESS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND complains that through the whole winter she has not been allowed an occasional fire in her bed-room or a warm water-bottle to relieve her "dreadfully cold feet" at night. Such callous disregard of her wants and feelings, under the shallow practice of not giving trouble to the servants, deserves no small degree of reprehension, especially as the tyrannical lady who makes this regulation gives herself in the most luxurious manner the comforts which she denies to her dependant. "In her young days," forsooth, "she didn't require such debilitating indulgences." Very likely not—some animals are very hardy.

BESSIE.—Queen Caroline—the wife of George IV. was taken ill in Drury Lane Theatre on the 30th July, 1821, and died the 7th August following. The funeral procession was forced by the people to pass through the City: an affray ensued between the Guards and the populace, and two persons were shot. Her remains were deposited in the family vault at Brunswick.

SCEPTICA.—We do not think that the subject is left in the same state of obscurity as before. After carefully studying the question, we must give in our entire adhesion to the opinion of the *Quarterly Review*, that the strange, dissipated, and yet most able Lord Lyttleton was the author of "Junius." The article proving this point is one of the most sagacious and conclusive solutions of a mystery that has ever appeared in periodical literature. The life and death of Lord Lyttleton are a complete key to the career of "Junius." Sir Philip Francis's claims are, we believe, now set aside. The *Athenæum* has demolished them.

AMICA.—Messrs. Evans and Co. of course make sewing cottons, which are just as perfect for their purpose as those which we recommend for crochet, embroidery, &c.









*Isabel. 2<sup>nd</sup> Queen of Spain.*

*London. Published by Rogerson & Tuxford, 246, Strand, 1852.*



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

MAY, 1852.

## THE STORY OF ANGELIQUE.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

BY GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY,

AUTHOR OF "HALF-SISTERS," "MARIAN WITHERS," "THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY," &c.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

BOOK OF EXODUS.

This is not, as at first sight it might appear, an arbitrary threat of vengeance, a declaration of malice instead of justice; it is simply a declaration that the everlasting laws of cause and effect can never be turned aside. There is no escape possible from an action that has once been done.

That the innocent suffer with the guilty, often instead of them, is not injustice, but only a portion of the immutable law by which every action brings its own consequences, as a tree bears fruit after its kind. There is no chapter of human life more tragically sorrowful than that which relates the sufferings of those who are victims to the deeds of others; although few, be it said, are so personally guiltless as not to have quickened or aggravated their sufferings by some error of their own.

The following story, which is in all respects true, bears upon this subject: it was related to us some years ago by an old physician, since dead. He was an excellent man, and remarkable for his skill and sagacity in treating all phases of mental alienation and insanity. He was one of the first who endeavoured to strip these terrible afflictions of the mysterious, almost supernatural, dread with which they were invested, and to bring back the poor sufferers within the confines of humanity, from which they had been banished by the fear and cruelty their malady inspired. When a young man, he resided for some time in Paris, for the sake of attending the lectures of the *Ecole de Medicine*, and visiting the hospitals; and it was during that period he became acquainted with the following history, which we give, as nearly as we can recollect, in his own words.

"One day," said he, "I was walking in the court of the *Salpêtrière*, along with one of the physicians attached to the hospital; I was surprised to see a young and very beautiful girl standing near a group of infirm, crone-like old

women, such as are the chief inmates of this hospital. She walked with an air of listless abstraction along the paved court, upon which the afternoon sun was pouring its fatigued and dusty rays; from time to time she quickened her pace, and exhibited a restless and angry impatience as her attention was roused by the conversation of those around her.

"What is she doing here?" I asked of my companion, who, as I told you, was one of the physicians attached to the hospital.

"Ah," replied he; "that lovely creature is one of my insane patients."

"She looks more like an angel than an insane patient!" I replied with enthusiasm. She wore a white dress; her rich brown hair fell in natural curls over her shoulders, and was confined round her head by a blue fillet: her hands hung loosely before her, and as she walked she was constantly twisting her fingers.

"Ah, poor child!" said my companion, whose eyes followed her with a look of compassion; "she has been quite mad for more than two years past. She is never easy unless she is moving about; and, as she is quite harmless, I leave her at liberty to go where she chooses about the house and grounds. She seldom, however, comes into this court, for she dislikes to see persons around her. Did you ever behold a face so unutterably sad?"

"No! and I pray God that I never may again."

"As we spoke, the young girl seated herself upon the steps of the fountain that was in the midst of the court, gazing vacantly upon the splashing water, and, except for the picking motion of her fingers, she was as quiet as a stone.

"She cannot be yet twenty. What sorrow can have caused all this?"

"It is about as miserable a story," replied my companion, "as any I have known in the



whole course of my five-and-thirty years' practice. If you care to hear it, I will tell you; but I must first persuade Angelique to go in-doors. This sun is far too powerful for her to be sitting under the full blaze of it as she is now doing.'

"He approached and took her hand; she arose like one walking in her sleep, and accompanied him into the house.

"Now," said he, when he returned to me, let us go into my sitting-room; there is a good hour before lecture, and I will tell you the history of Angelique.'

"My friend had rooms assigned to him in another part of the hospital, although he only resided in them occasionally. A wrinkled old woman, who looked as if she had stepped out of a Dutch picture, opened the door for us. She had formerly been one of his patients: he had performed a difficult and complicated operation upon her, which was one of the miracles of surgical skill and intrepidity of that day. It had been successful; and the poor creature, who was a widow, had attached herself to him. He had given her the post of concierge to his apartments in the hospital, and day and night they were kept in readiness for him. She lived in a little room at the head of the stairs, and there she sat with her knitting, listening like a dog for the footsteps of her master. She did not speak as we entered: her awe and admiration kept her dumb; but there was a look of such intense affection and delight when she saw him, as I can never forget. Her hand trembled so much as she attempted to unlock the door, that he took the key from her, and began to praise the comfort and order in which she kept the place. It was a deliciously cool and shady room; everything was in the exactest order—the books on the shelves round the room, the cases of instruments arranged on the table, and writing materials laid ready for use. The white muslin curtains looked like ball-dresses. A glass filled with fresh flowers stood in the window. The bedroom adjoining was equally luxurious in its freshness and delicate cleanliness. 'Who would imagine that so much misery and suffering were only separated from us by a brick wall!' I exclaimed, looking round.

"Ah, yes. Old Marguerite is my guardian angel, and keeps all evil sights and sounds out of these rooms. Nobody knows but myself all the good she does.'

"The old woman's face grew radiant under these words, and after setting down a pitcher of iced water, as there was nothing else to be done, she retired.

"That old creature deserves to be canonized," said the Doctor, looking after her. 'I will tell you her history some day. She has attached herself to me, and I suppose considers me her master; but there is not a patient inside these walls but has reason to be thankful for her presence. Poor, old, infirm, as she is, without a penny or a friend in the world, she makes her life a blessing to all who come within her reach. What she continues to accomplish with so little, makes it wonderful how others, possessing every

facility of fortune and position, contrive to do nothing but make a heavy burthen to themselves of their own advantages. The very sight of her, when I am weary and dispirited, is worth a hundred a-year to me!'

"Well, replied I, 'you shall tell me about old Marguerite another day; but what of Angelique?'

"Ah," said he, shaking his head, and smiling, it is easy to see you are a young man. It is true enough, however, you came here to listen to the sorrows of Angelique, and not to the virtues of my dear old woman; but there is a connection between them, as you will see.'

The Doctor placed his watch on the table, that he might not forget the time for his lecture, and began.

"Angelique belongs to a good family, who reside near Beauvais. Her mother is even now more lovely than her daughter: she was married when very young to an officer of Artillery, one of my oldest friends. I was present at the marriage. He was much older than his wife. His good looks, such as they were, had been pretty well effaced by the hardships of active service. He had, amongst other things, served in the Russian campaign. His hair was grey, and his face stern and wrinkled, though scarcely arrived at the term of middle age. Under a cold, undemonstrative manner, he carried one of the noblest and most generous hearts in the world. His words were few, but all who knew him felt that one word of regard or commendation from him, meant as much as the passionate protestations of others. To many of his friends it seemed an ill-assorted match, but he was deeply attached to the beautiful and wilful young creature; whilst she, whether from the instinct which taught her to appreciate his noble qualities, or attracted by the difficulty of inspiring a romantic passion in one so calm and self-possessed, I know not; but she certainly had exerted all her fascinations to attract him, and refused a brilliant proposal of marriage from another quarter. Unhappily, when once married, the discrepancy between their characters was not long in making itself felt. He a calm, straightforward, and essentially matter-of-fact man, who, having once told her that he loved her more than anything in the world, and reposing in the intense consciousness of his own affection, would as soon have thought of assuring her every day of his existence as of repeating protestations of affection: whilst she, an undisciplined, passionate creature, with all the mobile, impressionable organization of genius, was constantly made wretched by his undemonstrative, silent habits. I dare say she really suffered; for I was more than once called in to see her, and found her in a state of hysterical prostration, arising from some casual word or slight inattention on his part, against which she had broken herself in a passion of wounded susceptibility, and which distressed him none the less that he could not understand how he had occasioned so much suffering. I believe in my heart that all women have a touch of insanity in



them : they are always either mad or mischievous : none of them are to be depended upon for an hour together, and they can neither guide themselves nor submit to be wisely guided by others. When Madame de M. did not torment her husband by her wounded affection, she persecuted him with displays of tenderness, which, to a man of his disposition, must have been perfect martyrdom. To give you some idea of her mode of proceeding, I will tell you an instance. Her husband was military superintendent of the district, and had to be frequently absent from home. Once he happened unexpectedly to be detained beyond the time he had fixed for his return. A violent storm arose that same evening. Any woman might have been excused feeling some anxiety ; but Madame M., instead of reflecting that her husband was an old campaigner, completely lost what little sense nature had given her, and rushed off alone into the road, thinly clad, and wandered about for two hours in the midst of the storm, until she met him peaceably returning, and making all speed to save her from prolonged anxiety. Of course she was seriously ill after this fine exploit, and complained to me bitterly of her husband's indifference and coldness, because he had mildly commented upon her imprudence, and said, ' But, my dear, supposing the sky to have actually fallen upon me, what good could you have done by coming to see it ? '

" These words cost the poor lady many bitter tears. Her unregulated sensibility was the bane of her own life and the torment of her husband's ; but he was deeply attached to her, and supported her fantastic humours with a patience that made me sometimes wonder whether it were a folly or a virtue. I suppose it must have been her beauty that blinded him. It must be confessed that she was very lovely, and her personal beauty was even less than the exquisite gracefulness of all her movements, and I suppose that much as her husband was occasionally annoyed, his natural vanity was propitiated by being the object of her extravagant demonstrations.

" He had, like most men of a reserved disposition, a great dread of being made ridiculous and remarkable, and he suffered dreadfully from his wife's theatrical taste in devising domestic and dramatic surprises in his honour. I remember on one occasion I was trepanned into assisting at one of these precious scenes, though it was as a victim ; for never would I have sanctioned it had I at all suspected the event ; but Madame M. was full of stratagems and intrigues, and straightforward people had no chance with her. You shall hear how it happened ; I can laugh at it now, though I was furious at the time : it will show you the sort of woman she was.

" I received an invitation to spend a certain day at their country house. I knew it was the anniversary of their marriage, and thought it quite natural they should have some *réunion* to commemorate it. On the day appointed I went, unsuspectingly enough, and found a large com-

pany assembled, all more or less in fancy rural dresses. Madame M. herself was attired according to her notion of an Arcadian shepherdess, in India muslin, with a blue scarf striped with silver, and a crook adorned with blue and silver ribbons. She looked very pretty certainly ; the weather was lovely, and there was a tent in the garden, where we were to dine, and a band of music in picturesque attire to enable the company to dance on the turf in the approved Arcadian style. I looked about for M., wondering how he had been prevailed upon to consent to all this, when Madame M. informed me with a bewitching smile that it was all a surprise in honour of her husband, which had been got up during his absence, and that he was expected to arrive every moment. In fact, at that instant, poor M., who had travelled *malle poste* in order to be at home to spend that day with his wife, arrived at the gate ; scarcely had he entered the garden when a band of children, fantastically dressed and armed with garlands of flowers, sprang from behind a thicket of evergreens, and having first executed a *pas de ballet*, concluded by flinging their garlands over him, and led him in their chains to the lady of the *fête* the band meanwhile playing a triumphal march ! You may fancy how a man tired to death with a whole night's travelling, and hoping to come home to sit peaceably in his dressing-gown and slippers, would feel at being made the centre of such an exhibition ; but the worst was yet to come. He had not recovered from the confusion of such an unexpected reception, when we were summoned to dinner. A species of triumphal chair had been erected for him as the hero of the feast, decorated with garlands and devices in flowers, as indeed was the whole interior of the tent. That nothing might be wanting to complete the foolery, a party of her friends who were in the secret sang a chorus in compliment of the occasion as he took his seat ! I was furious at having been betrayed into sanctioning such impertinent folly by my presence ; but I confess I trembled lest M. should be provoked into some extremity ; I hardly ventured to look at him. However, he resigned himself with the most angelic goodness, and only said, with a slight perceptible annoyance, ' Adrienne, Adrienne, this is too much. How could you do so ? '

" Shortly after this precious exhibition I was obliged to leave Beauvais. I accompanied a scientific expedition despatched to South Africa by the French Government, after which I continued my travels into other parts of the world. I was absent many years. On my return, my first care was of course to pay a visit to my mother at Beauvais ; she was then very old, and I had scarcely dared to hope ever to see her again.

" I found the M.'s still residing in their old house : he had received a considerable accession of fortune and consequence, and been employed by Government on several occasions in various missions. He was now approaching the evening of his days—a fine specimen of a veteran. His



wife was still extremely beautiful, and I could not but be struck with the great improvement in her character: a composed, matronly deportment had replaced the fantastic levity of former days: her manner to M. was at once affectionate and deferential, and I fancied I read the expression of a certain remorse in the unobtrusive and delicate attentions with which she surrounded her husband. However it might be, I thought her grown quite charming, and M. himself was of the same opinion; he was, in truth, the happiest and most contented of mortals. They had two children—their own son Charles, a fine young fellow just entered as student in the Polytechnic School, and Angelique, who was well named—for I never beheld so lovely a child—she was then about twelve years old, and realized one's notions of an angel: she was not, I was told, their own child, but the daughter of Madame M.'s cousin, who having accompanied her husband, who was an emigrant to England, had died there, leaving her little Angelique an orphan in a strange land. Her last act was to write a letter to her cousin Madame M., entreating her to befriend and protect her child. M. showed me the letter himself, which was very touchingly written, and I was not surprised to find that he had proposed to adopt the little Angelique as their own. Madame M. had joyfully agreed to his proposal, and, as M. expressed it, 'devotedly made a journey to England in the depth of winter to fetch her young relative, who had since that time been to them like a daughter.'

"Nothing seemed to me more natural, and I rejoiced that Madame M. had such a resource and occupation as the education of this engaging child. Children are a woman's guardian angels, and the training of them her true vocation—in fact, I incline to think the chief end for which she was sent into the world. However, I had not much time to remain with my friends, as I was appointed to a post in the Jardin des Plantes, and was made one of the Professors of the Ecole de Medicine, and had to commence my duties without delay. My mother died in the following year, and I disposed of our property in that neighbourhood, so that for several years I had no occasion to return to Beauvais. After I became attached to this hospital, my duties increased so much that my correspondence with my friends almost ceased. I heard at rare intervals from M., whom I regarded with an affection that it did not depend on time and absence to weaken.

"One day, it might be about five years after the visit I mentioned, I received a letter from Madame M., written in characters scarcely legible, entreating me to go down at once, as something very dreadful had occurred. All doctors are accustomed to some exaggeration in the appeals made to them; I was not therefore very much alarmed, though I determined to attend the summons. After delivering the lecture which was for that afternoon, and engaging a friend to visit my patients, I arranged my business so as to be absent for a couple of days,

and departed that same evening by the *malle poste* for Beauvais. I alighted at the gate. On reaching the house, Madame M. met me in the hall, with an aspect of such stony despair that I started as though she had been a spectre—so utterly changed from her natural appearance—her face and lips were rigid and bloodless, her eyes fixed and open like those of a sleep-walker.

"'Has anything happened to M. or the children?' I said hastily, for I confess her manner impressed me with a fear for the worst.

"'Come this way and you will know all.'

"Her voice sounded strange; it was hard and desperate, and seemed as if it came from an automaton rather than a living woman.

"I followed her to a parlour on the ground floor, which was so much darkened that at first I could discern nothing; but after a few moments I perceived my poor M. lying on a sofa, and propped up with cushions. The windows were open, and a current of fresh air laden with the scent of flowers came into the room. It is strange how, at some moments of crisis, we can take notice of the meanest trifle.

"I approached his couch with some precaution not to startle him, and I observed that his wife sat down in the darkest corner of the apartment. 'I knew you were here,' said he in a faint voice, 'although no one told me you had been sent for. It is like you to come.'

"He spoke in a confused voice, articulating with difficulty. I raised a corner of the window curtain to look at him; his face was distorted; it was a stroke of paralysis which had taken the whole of one side. He was beginning to recover his speech. The physician who had attended him on his first seizure arrived—an intelligent and skilful man; we agreed upon the course of treatment to be pursued, and then I made some inquiries into the particulars of his illness.

"'I know nothing,' replied the other cautiously, 'except that there is some family mystery connected with it. I was called in to M. three days ago; he was labouring under a congestion of the brain, the result of some severe mental shock. The same day M. Charles, the son, was seen to leave the house in a state bordering on frenzy, and has not been seen since. Old Martin told me that there had been some dispute, for that he had heard high words after dinner between his master and mistress and M. Charles, who were together in the dining-room. That something serious has transpired I am convinced; until three days ago Monsieur M. was in perfect health; I saw him and conversed with him in the morning.'

"I returned to the side of my friend, my mind filled with painful anxiety. At the door of the room I met Angelique, who was watching for me; she grasped my arm, and said hurriedly, 'They will not let me see papa; no one will tell me what is the matter, and Charles left home three days since without speaking to me. I saw him as he went out, and tried to stop him; but he flung me off with a dreadful look, as if I were an evil being, and he has never returned. Mamma has become so strange I am afraid to



approach her. What is the matter? Why may I not go into that room and see papa?"

She was evidently under great nervous excitement, poor child, and there was an expression in her eye that I did not like; her dress was in disorder, and it was evident she had not slept for a long time. I endeavoured to calm her as well as I could, and tried to induce her to lie down, with the promise that she should see her father as soon as he could be permitted to see any one. She was in such a state of agitation and excitement that she was quite unfit to be left alone, and there seemed no one to take charge of her: the whole house had the air of being struck by lightning and abandoned, for not a soul was to be seen. However, the domestics were only indulging themselves in gossiping conjectures, both about what had happened, and what was likely to occur, after the fashion of that class, who love the excitement of calamity. I succeeded in breaking up the conclave, who were standing open-mouthed in the court-yard to hear the news just brought in by a countryman, that master Charles had been seen marching with a company of conscripts, who were being conveyed to Marseilles. I despatched one of the maids to Angelique, with strict orders not to leave her for a moment, and then once more returned to the room where M. was lying. Madame M. still sat crouched in the darkest part of the room, and had not apparently altered her position since I had left. Martin, an old domestic, who had lived with his master in the family since his master's marriage, and who had been his servant whilst in the army, sat beside the couch.

"M. opened his eyes as I approached.

"Any news of my son?"

"I briefly told him what I had just heard.

"God's will be done!" said he; "we have been living for years over a fearful mine, and now it has exploded."

"He lay silent for a few moments, and then said—

"Good Martin, leave us for a little, I must speak whilst I am able."

"Martin left us; and having ascertained that Madame M. was gone, and that there was no listener, I returned to my place beside the couch. M. had in great measure recovered the use of his speech, although his articulation was still feeble and indistinct. He was not capable of consecutive conversation, but he contrived to make me understand the crisis that had occurred; and afterwards further information came to me from another source.

"It would seem that Madame M. had for a long time shown a strange jealousy of the family intimacy in which her son Charles and Angelique had always lived together, and insisted that the young man should be sent to Paris to study, or else to one of the German universities; and had at the same time shown great anxiety to negotiate a marriage that had offered itself, in spite of the youth and disinclination of the young lady herself. This anxiety was attributed by her hus-

band to her maternal ambition; but as in fact he had an opportunity of placing his son advantageously, it was arranged that Charles should study for an 'ingenieur des mines.' All these difficulties, and the approaching separation, probably enlightened the young people upon the nature of their feelings for each other; the day previous to his departure from home, Charles formally demanded permission of his parents to consider Angelique as his future wife. M. had not the least objection; but Madame M., who must long have lived in constant dread of this terrible moment, disclosed to them that Angelique was her own child, and that all the fable about her cousin's death had been invented by her, that she might not be separated from her daughter!

The father and son listened without interruption to this fearful disclosure; the son, with one deep and bitter malediction on the mother who had brought down such misery upon them, fled from the house, none knowing whither he went; the wretched husband fell at his wife's feet, struck down with apoplexy. Poor M. was not in a condition to go into particulars, but they were afterwards told me by the miserable woman herself. It seems that on one occasion M. was despatched by the government on a mission to one of the Colonies; he was absent more than two years, Madame M. being the impulsive, passionate, ill-regulated creature I have described to you—bitterly pained at her husband's refusal to permit her to accompany him (which was in fact quite impossible). After suffering bitterly from what she conceived his indifference, she, partly from resentment, and partly from the love of strong emotions, which is characteristic of women of her nature, let herself go into a criminal attachment to a young Englishman, who had conceived a romantic passion for her. I believe there was more resentment against her husband than love to the other in the whole affair; but that changed nothing, except perhaps to increase the remorse in which every after-moment of her life was steeped.

"Her husband, before his departure, had furnished her with a good excuse for removing to Paris, where every mystery is safe, no one suspected her secret. Her lover died in consequence of the injuries he received by a fall from his horse, in a steeple-chase which he had got up to show the Parisians how people rode in England, some months previous to her husband's return; and she seemed thus guaranteed against all hazard of discovery. She endeavoured by redoubled attention to compensate to her husband the treachery of which she had been guilty; her attachment to him revived with all the tenderness of remorse, and the unsuspecting generosity with which he adopted the little Angelique touched her to the quick. I believe, if repentance ever could avail to expiate crime, that Madame M. might have washed away hers; but as every action is a debt contracted with everlasting justice, there exists no power which can remit the conse-



quences—sooner or later it must be met, with all its liabilities, and the longer they are delayed the more complicated do they become.

“It was not until some time afterwards that I learned all these details; but I tell them you at once, not to interrupt my story.”

“When poor M. had made an end of his communication, the tears streamed helplessly from his eyes. I pressed the hand that still retained its life; and although any scene of violent emotion was very bad for his bodily health, yet I saw that the discovery of a crime committed against him so many years ago had not broken the habit of affection, and the need to see his wife constantly in his presence.

“He looked piteously at me—‘What must I do?—Where is she?’

“With an instinct which in times of emergency is generally more trustworthy than any rules, I rose and opened the door. Madame M. sat crouched before it. I took her hand, and led her without speaking to the side of her husband. She sank down beside the couch, and took hold of his poor paralyzed hand, sobbing convulsively. I was alarmed for the consequences. A spasm contracted his features—he laboured painfully for utterance. At length we distinguished the words, ‘God forgive—I do.’ I whispered to Madame M. to be calm, and administered some medicine to my poor friend, and then withdrew, leaving the wife restored to her right of watching beside him. The effects of this agitation were not so bad as you might expect; the calm to the patient’s mind overbalanced the danger to his bodily health; and when I left I was not without hopes that he might be able to move about again. Angelique was the one whose condition the most excited my fears, and I gave the medical man in attendance many charges about her. I was obliged to return to my own duties in Paris, and could not again visit my friend; but I continued to receive satisfactory accounts of them. It might be about six months after my former visit, when I received a second summons, more urgent than the first. I threw aside every other engagement, and went. The fatal consequences of Madame M.’s crime were not yet exhausted.

“No direct intelligence had ever been received from the unhappy Charles; but the news brought by the countryman, of his embarkation at Marseilles with a company of recruits for Algeria, had been confirmed. A few days previously a letter from the Colonel of that regiment had arrived, containing a cross of the order of ‘military merit,’ and a few lines, saying that M. Charles M. had been mortally wounded in an expedition against an Arab encampment, and on his death-bed had revealed his name and station to his officer, charging him to send word to his father, and to beg his mother to forgive the words he spoke when he left her presence. The Colonel added many praises of the good conduct and gallantry of the young man who had seemed to court the death of honour he had found. The cross enclosed was the one with which he had been decorated on the field. But

the unhappy woman had not yet drained the cup of retribution.

“Angelique was up-stairs, lying ill of a brain fever, and her uneasiness gave us but too clearly to know that by some deplorable fatality she had become acquainted with the wretched secret of her relationship to her betrothed lover. Hitherto she had only fancied that the obstacles that had driven Charles from home arose solely from the ambition of his parents, who desired him to form some higher connexion; and she had comforted herself with hopes and dreams of better things, after the manner of the young. The tidings of his death, and the knowledge of the terrible secret of her own birth, had proved too much for the poor young creature’s brain. She recovered from the fever, but it was only to live in a state of prolonged mania.

“As I could not remain to watch her case as I desired, I prevailed upon Madame M. to allow her to be removed to Paris, that she might be constantly under my care. I obtained admission for her into this hospital; and that good old woman you saw when you first entered has been her unwearied and devoted attendant. I knew I could depend upon her fidelity as well as upon her devotion to my will; and once acquainted with the cause of Angelique’s affliction, she has seconded my efforts with an intelligent sympathy that has done more for her than my skill.

“Of late I have entertained sanguine hopes that Angelique will recover. At first she used to be in a constant state of reverie: at times she would shed tears, and speak of ‘him,’ but without designating him by any name; and then she would clear up into those smiles of insanity which are so painful to witness; but she never seemed conscious of anything passing around her. Of late there has been a change; she begins to notice objects like a child, but only for a short time, and any attempt to prolong her attention irritates her, though she is never violent. Once or twice within the last fortnight she has had what may be called intervals of intelligence, and her mind seems to be gradually recovering its strength, gathering itself together. It will be some time yet before the cure is effected, but I repeat that I have sanguine hopes of success.

“But now,” said he, looking at his watch, “we are seven minutes after our time; the gentlemen will have become impatient—so come along.”

I followed my friend into the Lecture-theatre, after which came other duties and employments. I had no opportunity of again seeing the doctor, except at lecture time, for many weeks afterwards; neither, though I often walked in the court of the hospital, did I ever again catch a glimpse of the fair creature whose story had so painfully interested me.

I was suddenly recalled to England by the dangerous illness of my father, and I did not return to Paris to finish my courses until the following autumn.



My first care was to pay a visit to my old friend and master at the Salpêtière, to enter myself upon his class. I found him in his old room at the hospital, as kind-hearted and as much occupied as ever; and old Marguerite was still sitting at the head of the stairs, knitting her eternal stocking.

He received me with cordiality; and after replying to all his questions about England as well as I was able, I inquired whether Mlle. Angelique was still in the Salpêtière?

"No," replied he; "I am happy to say that my hopes did not deceive me; Angelique has now returned home, quite cured. She will never again be gay and light-hearted as of old, for she still recalls the Past. But she learned from my dear old Marguerite the secret of resigning herself to the will of the Highest—a wisdom that would heal many broken hearts if it were more practised. With Angelique it is not a theory, nor an enthusiastic exaltation; it is a quiet, modest principle, which enables her to

accept, without complaint, the heavy sorrow that has blotted out her youth.

"With her restored reason, she has taken up all her old habits of occupation, and assists her mother with the most affectionate devotedness in the care of her adopted father—for my poor friend still lives, though now in the last stage of weakness. She never recurs to the past by the most distant allusion. I have generally observed, that when a patient recovers from alienation of mind, it is with a higher tone of thought and principle than they manifested previously; whatever previous good there was in them, is generally strengthened and matured, but I never saw the fact so strongly marked as in the case of Angelique. All levity, all consciousness or thought of *self*, seems to have been purged from her nature. She goes about like a being set apart from the world, with a sweet, tranquil seriousness, that it is like the presence of an angel."

March 18, 1852.

## THE WAYSIDE BROOK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The Wayside Brook—how clear and bright  
Its waters glittered to the sight!  
It lay beneath a leafy shade,  
Where gladsome birds sweet music made:  
How often there, we loved to stay,  
Watching the waning hours of day,  
And then a silent farewell took,  
And parted by the Wayside Brook!

We meet in courtly circles now;  
Gems sparkle on thy queenly brow,  
And I may claim an honoured stand  
Amid the gifted of the land;  
We are not as we used to be,  
We boast not spirits light and free,  
As when the flowery path we took  
That led us to the Wayside Brook!

Yet, 'mid our proud, triumphant track,  
A word can bring past pleasures back;  
We turn from scenes of dazzling show,  
Around us fragrant breezes blow;  
The birds a choral welcome sing,  
The dancing waters gaily spring,  
And still the same in heart and look,  
We linger by the Wayside Brook!

## SCANDAL IN FAIRYLAND.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Do you hear the Breeze whispering? Hush! hush!  
Do you hear him? now listen to me:  
There's a bonny sweet Briar there, hid in the bush,  
And he whispers and kisses, and makes her to blush—  
But I'm told by a dear little spy of a Thrush  
He has rivals—and one is the Bee;  
Entre nous,  
He's a very rich rival, the Bee.

We all know how the Fuchsia tight-laces—

Well, her cheeks have grown perfectly red;  
And I've heard it reported in several places  
That the Lily is losing the whole of her graces,  
That failing and fading her beautiful face is  
Through tipping cold dew-drops in bed;  
Entre nous,  
It's a bad habit tipping in bed.

They *do* say that the Rose is a figure,  
(But we mustn't believe half they say),  
That she's losing her petals and lacking her vigour,  
Growing weaker and weaker, and bigger and bigger—  
It's a shame among friends to use overmuch rigour.  
But, hark you! I saw her to-day;

Entre nous,  
I'm afraid she *is* fading away.

Have you heard little Puck is exiled?  
Such I vow was reported to me;  
Yes! for being a somewhat too tricksome and wild,  
And behaving far more like a little pet child,  
Than a decent small fairy whose pranks should be mild.

But Pease-Blossom is waiting for me—  
Au revoir,  
You'll remember the Briar and the Bee!

## THE MUSICIAN.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

There was a dream of beauty in his heart  
That lent a magic strangeness to his touch  
That night; while ever and anon there shone  
Upon his brow a fitful gleam, that came  
And went, like sunlight on the dancing waves.  
As intermingled in one beauteous chain  
The twining concords, and the discord sweet  
That heightens what it interrupts, he looked  
Like one who breathless stood, and listened keen,  
His senses on the stretch, at Delphic shrine  
In heathen days gone by.

Himself, alas!



Both oracle and votary, he gave  
By the melodious weaving of his fears  
The lie to his desires.

And *she* was there ?

Yes : clad in robes as light as summer mist,  
A wreath of fragrant bells among her hair,  
(The lovely hair that wrapt her like a veil.)  
A beaming bracelet on her snowy arm,  
Footfall like music, and a tongue as sweet.  
She, but that very morning by his side,  
He master then, she pupil—had sat mute,  
And listened to his every word, and shown  
Such sweet humility as made him more  
Her slave, than all the radiance of her charms.  
*Now* looking on her (he is unobserved  
By that most brilliant crowd), how can he dare  
To love a creature far from him removed  
As spherèd angel ?

Surely her least thought

Is not for him : a Prince is by her side,  
Breathing his honied sighs into her ear,  
Telling in all its first romance the tale  
Which prince and peasant tell in pleasant strain,  
When heart to heart speaks out. *This* hand may  
press

The delicate little fingers in his own,  
And he may watch unblamed the rose-red blush  
Rising like dawn upon the expectant sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chained to his harp, and doomed from eve to morn  
To prompt the mirthful dance he never shares,  
Who is yon slave, that he presumes to love ?  
And yet—It shall inspire him. That sad dream  
Of love that never hopes to meet return  
Shall add new fire to his heaven-dowered soul,  
Shall strike out sparks of forceful eloquence,  
Shall stud his pages with unearthly gems.  
Hear not his music lightly, ye who come  
In after days to listen ; every phrase  
Expresses vaguely spirit-haunting pain,  
Or momentary bliss, or bitter tear ;  
It is a revelation of his soul.  
Then listen to it, brother, tenderly,  
And yie'd a human sympathy with all ;  
For Love is ever Genius' handmaiden.  
Oh, Tasso ! Did not Leonora stir  
Breezelike the Eolian music of thy soul ?

*March, 1852.*

## A CHAPTER ON PIGMENTS, PATCHES, MASKS, &c., &c.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We have reserved for the subject of this paper those artificial helps to beauty, to the use of which feminine vanity, and that still stronger feeling (to which it is the handmaid)—the wish to appear attractive in the eyes of man—have at all periods, and in all parts of the world, led. Unlike other superfluities, the offsprings of luxury and refinement, we find the aborigines of America and the Cape as fond of enhancing, after their fashion, their charms with charcoal and red earth, as French ladies of the last century were lavish of pearl-powder and rouge. The intention is the same, however the pigments of the artists may vary. Nor is the universality of the practice more curious than its antiquity. The prophet Jeremiah speaks of rending the eyes with paint ; and the toilet of Jezebel, mentioned in the Second Book of Kings, differs little from that of a modern actress, who paints her face, and brightens and enlarges the appearance of her eyes, by an application nearly similar, except that the material is Indian ink, instead of the powder of lead or antimony, which ladies in the east still use for this purpose.

The semi-pagan writer Tertullian, attributes the discovery of rouge, and the black powder for the eyelashes, to the researches of the fallen angels, who out of their knowledge of the hidden things of earth, and their love for the daughters of men, drew from the inmost recesses of nature whatever could add to or embellish the beauty of their mortal favourites—an idea which gives an antediluvian antiquity to this part of our theme, and subjects the daughters-in-law of Noah to the imputation of bringing back to earth the meretricious arts of their forebearers. At any rate the books of the old Tes-

tament, to which we have alluded, prove that at a very primary period of written history women (if not men, which some authors incline to think) aided their complexions with fucus ; and like the Arabian dames of whom Russel speaks (Moore, by the way, has quoted him in verse)—

“ Mixed the kohol's jetty dye  
To give that long, dark languish to the eye.”

A practice which, from the proofs furnished us in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, appears to have been as popular with the beauties of Thebes and Memphis as with the stately daughters of the Twelve Tribes.

Shaw, in his travels, tells us that the mode of using the lead ore amongst eastern ladies, is by dipping a wooden bodkin about the roundness of a quill into the powder, and drawing it afterwards between the eyelashes over the ball of the eye—a process well expressed in the prophet's phrase, “ rending the eyes ;” for this appears to be the ancient manner of using it, some of the vases and bottles which have contained *sthem*, as the Egyptians called the metallic colour for the eyelids, having with them the pins, or styles for laying on the pigment.

It was most probably from this people that those of ancient Greece and Rome borrowed their love of unguents and cosmetics, as well as their use of false hair and metal mirrors, and all the other artificial aids that luxury afterwards brought into vogue, as we find them on the buried toilettes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and which were as ordinary when Ovid wrote, as two hundred years after when Lucian described them.



From the Roman poet we learn that hair-dye was as much in demand in the city of the seven hills as in any modern metropolis we might mention; and that towers of false hair were worn by those to whom nature had been niggardly in this adornment, as well as false teeth, false eyebrows and eyelashes, and that pomatum, rouge, and *white paint* were in constant requisition. This latter "Pharian varnish," by the way, was procured from the entrails of crocodiles (numbers of which infested the island of Pharos, at the mouth of the Nile, from which its name was derived), and is said to have been excellent for taking off freckles and spots in the face, and for whitening the skin; but various herbal preparations were used for the same purpose.

Like the ancient Britons, who perhaps derived the taste from their conquerors, the Romans were great admirers of sunny or bright hair, the *flava coma*, which colour they gave it artificially, as did the old inhabitants of our island, whose naturally fair locks were rendered brighter by the aid of a cosmetic.

Even in comparatively modern times, we find this admiration of golden hair existing; but the poetry of the phrase cannot conceal that the hue occasionally degenerated into the objectionable colour, which Hentzner, with good hearty truthfulness, tells us Queen Elizabeth affected at sixty-seven. "*She wore false red hair!*" a fashion which doubtless other ladies of the time were fain to follow. At one period we read that fashion became so fanciful upon the matter, that the fair votaries who followed her wore their hair of different colours, alternated according to taste.

According to the chronologists, fans, muffs, masks, and false hair, made their appearance in this country almost simultaneously in 1572, having been imported from France, where they had found their way from Italy, under very questionable auspices. If this be correct, we may regard the "virgin queen" as the original patroness of the "invisible perukes," and "real heads of hair," which have never since fallen into desuetude, and according to the statements of their manufacturers, have just now attained to a perfection which in their modest phrase surpasses Nature herself. Powdering the hair is a comparatively recent innovation, and is said to have taken its rise from some of the ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain, whitening their heads to make them look ridiculous.\* By what means it found its way from the fair-field to the Court we know not; but that which began in buffoonery has since been made an appointment of the gravest offices, and though no longer tolerated by fashion, maintains its dignity as an appendage of the bishop's throne and the bar.

Twiss, who wrote his travels through Spain in 1773, remarks that the *macaroni* ladies in Cadiz wore *yellow powder* in their hair, which to him was nauseous and disgusting. But he observes, with evident surprise at the omission,

that though the habits of both sexes are entirely in the French fashion, they use neither paint nor patches. These last coquettish adjuncts, which in all probability first covered a blemish on the cheek or brow of beauty, appear to have come into request about the year 1672, when a book was published, entitled "New Instructions unto Youth for their Behaviour, and also A Discourse against Powdering of Hair, Naked Breasts, *Black Spots*, and other unseemly customs." However Herbé, in his costumes, remarks that in 1690, "*Les dames conservaient l'usage du fard, des mouches, et des masques.*" And Addison tells us that the French baby for 1712, exhibited by the milliners at the Seven Stars in King-street, Covent-garden, and habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris, wore a small patch on her breast; and as we see in Hogarth's pictures, and the pages of the *Spectator*, even gentlemen resorted to the pretty affectation of wearing them. Sometimes they were placed upon the hand to draw attention to its shape, or whiteness; at others they served as notes of admiration to a dimple, or contrasted with the clear bright colour of the cheek. At the court of Queen Anne the fashion of wearing them appears to have reached its culminating point, but they lingered in the outskirts of fashion till within the child memory of our mothers.

Strutt tells us that the first mention he has found of the painting of the face in England, is in a very old manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Harleian library; but it would appear that the exquisites of the opposite sex resorted to this effeminacy also; and during the regency of Katherine de Medici rouge was commonly worn by the gallants of the court. Even Henry the Third of France, at one time famous for his valour, fell into this unmanly delicacy; and while conspiracies were forming about him, felt only anxious to improve his complexion, for which purpose he covered his face at night with a cloth dipped in essences, though he painted over its effect in the day.

The editor of the "Court and Times of James the First," informs us that during this dissolute reign all the court ladies painted so exactly alike, that, with their hair frizzled and powdered, they could not be told one from another: and observes of the Countess of Bedford, who had returned to court, (though in her sickness she in a manner vowed never to return there,) "Marry she is somewhat reformed in her attire, and forbears *painting*, which they say makes her look somewhat strangely among so many wizards, which, together with their frizzled, *powdered* hair, makes them look all alike, so that you can scarcely know one from another at the first view."

Philters were commonly sold by medical empirics in this reign (as they had been long before), for the improvement or restoration of beauty; and the old herbalists, from Dr. Turner downwards, abound with floral specifics for the purpose.

Cowslips, gathered with the dew on them, and



made into an ointment, or used as a wash, were said to be of great effect, and not only restored beauty when lost, but took away wrinkles! White roses were also deemed effective as beautifiers; and lady lilies, which as well as the young leaves and tendrils of the vine, are said to have been made use of by the Roman beauties in their baths.

The bath, by the way, has always been an indispensable adjunct of the toilette; but in an old MS. book of Prognostics, of the time of Richard II., ladies are advised, that "in the months of March and November they should not goe to the bathe for beautye." In the meanwhile, however, here is a recipe "to make a fayr face," by "putting together the milk of an ass and a black kow, poured on brimstone, of each a like quantity; then anoynte thy face, so thou shalt be fayr and white." Asses' milk appears to have been from a very early period considered of great effect as a cosmetic. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who is said to have been the most delicate woman with regard to her person, kept for the supply of her bath a train of five hundred milch asses in constant attendance. It was this fastidious lady who first introduced the use of the mask (which had hitherto only been used for theatrical purposes), as a preservative of the complexion—a fashion which, like most Roman ones, probably had its type in the East; the Arabian women, according to Carrei, wearing black masks, with little clasps prettily ordered; a fashion that, judging from the tenacity with which eastern nations cling to antique custom even in their costumes, is not likely to have been a modern innovation.

Such were the masks that in this country, during the sixteenth, and till the commencement of the seventeenth century, it was the fashion for ladies to wear whenever they walked or rode abroad, or went to the play, or other public place of amusement—a fashion in the high tide of which the fair wearers were famed neither for their prudery nor prudence.

There must have been something amazingly piquant in the appearance of these silken visors, which in general covered only a part of the face, revealing a portion of the forehead, and reaching down to the bottom of the nose, so that the mouth and chin might be seen. This article appears to us to have been more coquetish than useful; it was not the true Poppæan instrument which the old Roman ladies wore over their faces in hot weather, to keep off the sun and wind, but a mischievous pretence, discovering more than it concealed, and enhancing by its pretty mystery the effect of whatever beauty lurked in red lips and rounded chin, or revealed itself in the brow.

In Shakspeare's time, this was not the only species in use; Antolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," in the list of his wares, sings of

"Masks for faces, and for noses;"

a distinction which would lead us to suppose that the whole mask and the demi-visor were then equally in vogue.

In the reign of Charles I. this appendage was universally worn; and from the Queen herself to the smallest *marchande de modes*, no aspirant to fashion appeared in public without it. Everywhere the mask—on the mall, in the mulberry gardens\* (the only place, as Evelyn tells us, for ladies of quality and their gallants to be exceedingly well cheated), at the play, the park, and the puppet-show (for the Marionettes were even then in fashion)—everywhere the mask.

How curious a cavalcade does the following paragraph, a bit of court news in the days of the "nimble, quick, black-eyed, brown-haired," Henrietta Maria, as Dr. Mead calls the little French Queen of Charles I.—how curious a cavalcade does it raise up in the imagination! "On Tuesday the Queen went by water to Blackwall, and then dined aboard the Earl of Warwick's fair ship called the Neptune; went thence by water to Greenwich; thence came on horseback to and through London; the Earl attending her Majesty to Somerset House, forty or fifty riding before bareheaded, save her four priests with black caps—herself and ladies in little black beaver hats, and *masked*, but her Majesty had a fair white feather in her hat!"—This was in 1626; but in 1712, and even later, the mask had not wholly disappeared.

Except in pictures, no remnant of this antique appendage to dress appears to have been discovered amongst the unburied homes of Pompeii and Herculaneum; its materials were too perishable; and while the cosmetics (which according to the belief of the fair artificers) assisted the beauty of the face it protected—the perfumed unguents, rouge, and other toilette furniture, survive—the mask itself has mouldered.

To us the few steps (if any) that modern art has taken in advance of the ancients in these particulars, is one of the fairest signs of actual refinement and civilization. After more than 1800 years, we find the dressing-room of a lady of ancient Magna Græcia, as rich in all the artificial necessities of the toilette as any Macaroni beauty's of the present time. The essence-bottles, the vases of perfumes and oils, the pots for rouge and other paints, and vessels for collyriums of various kind, speak loudly for the Delcroixes and Atkinsons of that remote period, and prove that woman's vanity was at any rate as active a principle in the sex then as now.

Lucian, who lived in the reign of Trajan, has left his evidence, that the *lava-sealed* fate of these luxurious ladies by no means blunted the taste for endeavouring to improve natural beauty by art, but describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady of his period as furnished with all the adjuncts of a modern beauty's toilette, all the cosmetic array of powder, figments, lotions, &c. &c.† But we must not forget that most im-

\* The mulberry gardens occupied the present site of Buckingham Palace.

† Amongst the glass vessels found at Pompeii was one containing rouge similar to that worn at present.—*Mrs. Starke*.



portant appendage of the toilette, ancient and modern, and which at one period was absolutely a part of dress—the mirror.

Like the old Egyptians, both the Greeks and Romans made them of metal—small, and usually circular, with sometimes fancifully-shaped and elegantly-ornamented handles; a bronze one from Memphis, in the British Museum, has a handle in the shape of a lotus-sceptre, with the head of Athor, the Goddess of Beauty; and another, equally appropriate, is formed in the shape of a tress of hair, with two hawks. Amongst the “Greek and Roman antiquities” in the same collection, we find one, the handle of which is formed by a Venus holding a dove!

Sometimes they were made of silver; and in a lane leading from the house of Sallust, in Pompeii, in which the skeleton of a lady, with those of three (supposed) attendants, were discovered, a silver mirror, such as the Roman and Grecian ladies always carried about them, was found near her.

Women in the East, we read, are never without them; and Shaw tells us, that in Barbary a looking-glass is so favourite an appendage, that the feminine part of the inhabitants hang them at their breasts, and will not go without them, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goatskin to fetch water.

In other parts of Asia the ladies wear little

mirrors on their thumbs; and those of the Harem not unusually have them set in the centre of their feather fans. In Spain, and anciently in England also, they might occasionally be seen flashing on the *panache*, or exterior ray of this instrument when folded.

In the days of Henry VIII., when the palace mirrors at Hampton Court were, as Strutt tells us, of steel, looking-glasses being very few, and very small, were then only used by ladies who kept them in cases; and being for the most part portable, *carried* them in their *pockets*, or locked them up with other trinkets; so that even in this particular the analogy between the customs of the toilette in classic regions and times, and in the semi-barbaric ones of our own country, is more complete than on a cursory glance one would imagine.

Patches no longer point the eye to a dimple, nor masks affect modesty while provoking inquisitiveness; and though hair-dye, and rouge, pearl-powder, and lotions, still figure on the catalogues of the perfumers, bearing evidence that somewhere they are in demand, few of the consumers but have the grace to keep their obligations to such aids as quiet as possible—a very decided proof, that as refinement progresses we grow ashamed of such empiricism, and that woman is daily learning to trust to higher charms than mere physical beauty to make her a helpmeet for man.

## NATURE'S LESSON.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Now in her green mantle the glad earth is dress'd,  
And soft mists roll over the blue waters' breast:  
The lambskins are bleating, the birds warble gay,  
And morn's tears of rapture bead blossom and spray.

The violet and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
Far down the still meadows the cowslip is born:  
The willows are budding, the daisy is out,  
And light winds, like fairies, are roving about.

Come forth to the dingles, come forth to the springs,  
Ere the lark shakes the dew-drops from off his brown wings;  
And in the free pastures, and on the smooth beach,  
Give ear to the lesson which Nature would teach.

She speaks, that mild mother, so tender and fair;  
Oh list to her accents so full of fond care:  
She says from copse, mountain, dell, valley, and grove,  
“My children, my children, learn of me to love.”

On rich and on needy, on simple and wise,  
She looks with her holy and love-beaming eyes;  
And weeps that her offspring, so oft from their birth,  
Should people with mourners the green, lovely earth.

Attend her instructions, ye thoughtless and gay,  
Who frame your souls' measure to gladness to-day;  
Cast down from its altar the idol of self,  
And grant to the wretched the aid of your pelf.

Then Spring with new beauties shall ravish your sight,  
And Summer glide onwards in splendour more bright;  
And Autumn's wild dirges and Winter's dumb snow  
Shall be cheered by their blessings ye' ve ransomed from woe.

Ramsgate, Feb. 4, 1852.

## THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

My heart has been sad, but the spirit of Spring  
Would over my sorrows its influence fling;  
It breathes in the air, in the blue sky above,  
And tells us that still there is mercy and love:  
It hallows our griefs, howe'er shrouded in gloom,  
And whispers of Hope beyond death and the tomb.  
If a vision of Heav'n aught earthly can bring,  
It surely is seen in the beautiful Spring;  
E'en the song of the birds, as it floats on the air,  
Speaks peace to the heart, for the spirit is there.  
It is heard in the sigh of the ev'ning breeze,  
As it kisses and murmurs its faith to the trees.  
All around breathes of peace to the mind that is riv'n,  
For the gladness of Spring is the kind gift of heav'n.

And O! may its spirit of comfort be near,  
To whisper sweet hopes in each sorrowing ear;  
O'er the stricken in heart may it hover its wing,  
And make all rejoice in the sunshine of Spring.

Surrey, 1852.

E. A. LILWALL.



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 196.)

## CHAP. VII.

"Among men we recognise his nature, as the most thoroughly artist-like, whose most abstract thoughts still retain a sensuous cast, whose mind is the most completely transfused and incorporated into his feelings. Perhaps the reverse should be considered the test of true art in woman; and we should deem her the truest poet, whose emotions are the most refined by reason, whose force of passion is most expanded and controlled into lofty and impersonal forms of imagination."

*Greswold on the Female Poets of America.*

Judged by the previous test, it will be foreseen that I was likely to fail; my genius was certainly not "refined by reason," my passion seldom rose into impersonal forms of imagination. I wrote powerfully, for I felt strongly, and perhaps I wanted the creative faculty; so that whenever I departed from the distinct ground of self-experience, I sunk into obscurity and vagueness. At least this is the way by which I explain to myself how completely I have failed in achieving renown—how I have been a disappointed poet. I can reason on these things now; once they were gall and wormwood to me. Once—but I will tell you how it came to pass that my fairy castle tumbled into dust, and has never been rebuilt for earth, though I often see it pictured in the skies. Mrs. Crosby's story saddened me; yet she had had her joy: she had been given the idol of her heart for a little space of rapture ere the darkness closed over them for time. I envied her this, yet how had it ended! This mournful quenching of even successful love made me inexpressibly mournful. It was as if all earth's harmonies deepened necessarily into sighing and groaning for the dead. A sensation of hopelessness came upon me—my own exertions slackened—they were almost completed now. Time was drawing on to the great book season of October and November, the anticipatory Christmas. My poem was ready now; the grand difficulty was to get it printed. I took it to the publishers who owned the magazine to which I belonged. They smiled aside at the carefully-copied MS., so unlike a scribbling poet's handiwork. It was almost as neatly engrossed as one of Lamb's letters in red ink. They were very kind, very polite; but under the flow of silvery compliments was visible the inexorable denial to take my poem. I turned away, heart-sick. That evening I got a letter from Carola, dated Inver-

ness, full of rapturous commendations of Menie Anson, now the mother of two fair children. Many affectionate messages had both she and her husband sent to the desolate authoress, and a warm invitation to their house. But I had neither money nor time for such a relaxation. To so shackled a drudge as myself, a holiday was impossible, even if the proprietors of the "Star" would have booked me a gratis passenger to Inverness. If I could only get my poem printed, how proud I should be to send them a copy!—to him whose generous cares had first fostered my childish efforts. Carola in her letter joked me gaily about the *opus magnum*. "What about your *capo d'opera*, dearest?" she asked. "Has any savage heart of Grubstreet been charmed into softness by its Orphic strains?"

"Alas, alas," said I, beginning that very night to weary of hoping against hope.

However, next day I went to a literary man of eminence, a man of warm heart as well as of lively fancy. He had often written for our magazine, and had shown me some of those little kindnesses which suggest themselves only to the good-hearted. On this occasion he gave me a note to a publishing firm famous for its exclusiveness. "I can at least promise you a hearing from Mr. —," said he; "your own abilities must do the rest." I thanked him, and departed, rather more encouraged than I had been; for my vanity, or self-esteem, was still unenlightened as to the said abilities.

I was shown into an ante-chamber at Mr. —'s, where many like myself were waiting patiently to hear their fate. It reminded me of the dining-room of a consulting surgeon—that grim apartment, with its dusty, high-backed, leather chairs, its wax-cloth tables, its black marble mantel-pieces. Almost all English dining-rooms give the stranger ideas totally opposed to the festive. I know nothing more thoroughly chilling than a London dining-room at all hours, save that of dinner.

In this dining-room, then (for the reception-room opened out of it by folding-doors), there were assembled a number of authors—*author* written upon every brow. There was the foreigner, who purveyed the best literary gossip from abroad; the translator, who had lived so long on the Continent, that neither beard nor coat had returned to the decorous John Bull cut; the young student, with his new edition of Sallust; the young divine, with his prize sermons; a pert lady traveller, smart in a Roman scarf and Parisian bonnet; a doleful-looking, middle-aged man, whom I afterwards ascertained



to be the luckless proprietor of seven hundred and seventy copies of his published but unsold Poem, the Broken Heart, which he had not the moral fortitude to devote to the papering of trunks, and about whose inanition he was perpetually tormenting the impassable publisher. Finally, there was a bustling, vulgar little man, with a gilt chain and eye-glass, which he fidgetted continually over his fingers, as he rose every now and then, and paced the carpet, tapping the broken weather-glass, which had stuck immovably at Much Rain, or turning round and round upon the mantel-piece a model of the Thames Tunnel in coloured clay. This was the editor of a country magazine. I did not then remark a grave, but benevolent-eyed old man, who sat in the window-seat, almost concealed by the curtain, who from that obscure corner gazed thoughtfully on the rest. I sat some time; but as no one else showed impatience, I repressed mine. Gradually the party thinned, as one by one was summoned to the great man's presence. At last it was my turn. I entered through the folding-doors, and found a gentleman of remarkably engaging manners, occupied in reading my friend's note of recommendation. He looked up at me over his spectacles, gravely, but with much sweetness of tone and expression, begging me to leave my MS. in his hands, and to return in a stated number of days—I think it was ten.

"I warn you," he said, as I quitted him, "that the sale of poetry is so almost universally a dead loss to us, that if these papers do not contain what is positively first-rate in character, I must forbid myself the pleasure of obliging my excellent friend who has introduced us to each other."

My heart trembled as he said this, but I did not fear: it was only the greatness of the venture that troubled me with agitation. To calm myself in that long interval of expectancy, I wrote a *serious* essay for a religious periodical to which I sometimes contributed, and was very edifying on the worthlessness of human praise, the perils of worldly success. I was going to be tried as to my sincerity; it is easy to renounce what one has not; but to give up a hope, one's last hope, oh how bitter, bitter is it!

Just as I was setting out on the appointed day, the post brought me a letter from Carola. She said she was uneasy about her father; that he had grown suddenly thinner, and his appetite was falling off. The Ansons were very kind to them, she said, and she did not wonder I loved them so much. This letter dispirited me: it fell like an unforeseen shadow over my hopes. I felt ashamed to be thinking of my own selfish interests, while at the same time anxiety for my friends made me still more anxious about myself. The great man was busy. I was asked to wait, not in the dining-room where the casual applicants assembled, but in a little room, also opening on his study. The table was covered with newspapers; I took up one to while away the moments of feverish uncertainty, and my eye caught the following words:—

"Cape Town.

"The distinguished governor of Grahamstown, Ernest Marchmont, Esq., whose valuable services last year have been so highly appreciated at headquarters, is, we hear, to be shortly united to the youngest daughter of Sir Antony Wagstaff, Commander-in-Chief. The bride is eminently beautiful, as might be looked for in the choice of so exquisite a poet as the gifted Mr. Marchmont has already proved himself to be."

Now had I been in ordinary possession of my faculties, I should at once have seen that this paragraph was a mere "got up" affair, concocted to give pungency to "our own correspondent's" letter from Cape Town; but I was excited, and thrown off my guard, and I at the first glance filled up the imaginary picture of Ernest, flattered, prosperous, and confident, wooing a beautiful girl, the most elevated in rank, and doubtless the most winning in manners, of all the belles of Cape Town. The idea made me feel faint and sick—a mist swam before my eyes, when the door of the inner room opened, and out came the publisher and the old gentleman who on my previous visit had been sitting on the window-sill. I remember now that he eyed me very wistfully—perhaps my face betrayed my feelings; certainly the publisher's manner was full of gentle sympathy as he put my papers into my hands, saying feelingly, but firmly—"My dear young lady, you have mistaken your vocation—poet you are not; I find here observation, warmth, command of language, justness of idea—but poetry there is not, though much feeling, I might almost say passion. You have evidently good abilities; continue to exert them, but not in poetry."

I bowed my head—I did not speak—I took the papers, and turned away. It was the second great trial of my life, but I had not the courage to face it as I had done the first. The interval of long trouble had weakened me; I had less hope to fall back upon. Before now, my self-reliance had always remained intact; now it was in fragments. I had sounded the deep places of my soul, and how shallow had they proved! I had deceived myself—I had aimed after perfection, and I was arrested by mediocrity. You must have struggled as I had done to feel for me now. You must have lost friends, family, lover, fortune—everything but hope, to understand what it was to lose that hope at last.

I went out of the street in which the publisher's house was situated; it opened on the Strand. I walked down mechanically towards the city—I hardly knew what I was doing; when feeling my limbs weary, I got into an omnibus, which took me to Blackwall. The noise and tumult going on around me, were nothing to the confusion in my own brain. I had no purpose—I had no wish—I had no resentment. I had been tried by a fair trial, and judged with impartiality. I had no one to blame—no one to reflect upon. The absorbing sensation was a speechless, wordless astonishment at my own error in thinking myself a poet—an unbounded shame and agony of abasement: I could not, as



it were, face myself. We rattled up to the quay at Blackwall—half-a-dozen river-steamers were sputtering alongside. It was now late in the evening—the citizens were repairing to their wives and children ruralizing at Erith, Greenwich, or Herne Bay. I had no one to go to—no one to welcome me. I sat down on a bench, and stared at the hurry and animation of the scene, myself as lifeless internally as the wood on which I sat. On the other side of the high wall before me rose the taper masts of the ships in the East India Docks. They reminded me of Ernest, but the feeling reverberated in me with the dull heavy sound of metal striking on wood. What was Ernest to me?—oh, rather, what was I to Ernest? He was married by this time: I was forgotten—forgotten by him, by all. In my sick fancy I even put Carola in this number of forgetters. Menie Anson will supply me to her, nay, be far better, far wiser—I am fit neither for men nor gods; too dreamy to be practical, too dull to be poetical! What am I useful for—what do I live for, and for whom? I looked up from my reverie, and saw that the place was deserted. A clear October moon had risen over the reach just below Blackwall—the river rippled peacefully in its light. Everything looked so still, so calm, I felt that at any other time I could have wept soft tears; but *then* my heart was hard as the nether millstone. I looked again at the water, and a wild, wicked thought came into my head; it frightened me, but even in my fright the evil principle of rebellion stood up within me, and roused me to defiance of my fate. I am not, I believe, a woman of very violent passions; but their tenacity is lifelong. Once to love is to love always with me. The tornado passes away—the glacier on the Alp lasts for centuries, and moving slow and slower to its destruction, knows no end but that of the hill side on which it clings, and which it hurls with itself into the lake below. So had I loved Ernest—so had I loved Fame.

As I sat there, staring on the moonlit waters, a thought of *Death* came, and departed not. Only once had I ever seen a corpse—when I was young and happy, and clung lovingly to life. Then death had indeed seemed dreadful—to become that cold, moveless, ghastly thing, to leave friends and dear faces, and bright sunshine, and delicious books, and all the sweet imaginations of early youth—to go one knows not whither: this had then appalled my very inmost soul. But now, in my leaden despair, I remembered nought, save the calm, serene brow, the lingering smile on that white face, which seemed to speak of peace and rest in the invisible world to which its spirit had fled away. Oh! I forgot how terrible a sin it was to throw up the life intrusted us by God. I forgot how meanly ungrateful it is to forget his benefits, and remember only his chastenings—to cry out against the Almighty, "Give me death rather than life, for I know not what to make of thy law; it is worse than useless to me." I had been writing of patience, of self-denial, and of faith; but when the time came to practise them, alas!

they were but empty words. I was certainly not frenzied—I had grown quite collected again, I was perfectly calm; but it was the settled fixity of a collapsed mind—it was the catalepsy of despair. I had but one idea before me, and I was resolved to realize it. Those awfully true words of Hood thrill me now, when I remember that moment—

"The bleak winds of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river.  
Mad from Life's history,  
Glad to Death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled,

Anywhere! anywhere out of the world!"

I got up from my seat, I walked slowly but unwaveringly towards the quay; when I reached the edge, I gave one mechanical look to heaven, (mechanical, for indeed at that moment thought of God I had none); and where I should have been now I know not. I bent forwards over the stream, when a hand suddenly caught my dress, and a voice, half angry, exclaimed, in the words of St. Paul, "Do thyself no harm." I looked hastily round, and saw the old gentleman whom I had twice met at the publisher's. The revulsion of feeling, the tender pity I saw by the moonlight in his aged face, the revived sense of sympathy from my fellow-creatures—all these overpowered me, and I burst into tears—tears the most healthful and refreshing ever wept by stricken heart. My rescuer seemed highly to approve of this emotion.

"I like to see women cry," he muttered in a good-natured grumble, "it always does them good—it's natural to them; if you had had a good cry up yonder in Mr. —'s parlour, my dear, you would never have thought of drowning yourself! Good God!" he exclaimed, suddenly changing his tone to deep pathos, "to think of a creature under thirty, like you, drowning herself from sheer despair—it is awful. Where are your friends? let me take you to them—poor thing, poor thing!"

"I have no friends," I sobbed; for I was now fairly upset, and hysterical.

"Your parents, then?"

"I am an orphan."

"And an author by profession! beaten about in life—poor thing, poor thing," he once more repeated, patting my head in a fatherly way; "and I daresay you have eaten nothing all day, and your head is swimming like a merry-go-round."

So it was; my temples beat, and my hands and feet were ice-cold.

"It is no use asking questions or giving advice while you are in this state, my poor dear child," continued my deliverer. "You must come home to my house, and get a warm, and a good supper, and then we'll have a talk. Don't look frightened at the impropriety; for I have an old housekeeper, who never was famed for a beauty, and she'll play chaperone."

So saying, he drew my arm within his—a



movement I was too weak to resist—and with the impulse of his powerful frame dragged me rapidly from the river's side. I tried to walk, but my head swam so painfully, that I nearly fell, but for the strong hold which supported me. Seeing this, the good man took me at once in his arms, and carried me a few paces till we reached a hackney-stand. One of the many carriages which stood in expectation of river passengers by steamer or unlooked-for ship, received him and his burden, by which time I was nearly insensible. I have no recollection of the driver, nor how many streets we traversed. When we stopped at last, the sudden sensation of the jolting roused me up a little, and I saw we were in a small street off the Temple.

The door-bell was rung, a light flitted rapidly before a window, and in a few moments appeared at the open door-way, in the hands of a comely dame of fifty or fifty-five. She was not a bit ugly, as her friend had said. She was naturally much alarmed at his delay.

"Oh, Mr. Jacob, I have been so frightened about you! I thought you must be robbed and knocked on the head, and left for dying in the gutter."

"No such thing; I've been young lady hunting, and look what I've brought home. Not very bonny, is she? but very forlorn and friendless; do be kind to her, Mrs. Kitty, and get her thawed and revived—she seems quite lifeless."

I was not lifeless, however, but in that exhausted state when the senses received impressions passively, although incapable of active exertion; I could not have spoken, but I could hear; and very soon, seated by the fire, I could open my eyes and see.

There was apparently a confused murmur at the door-step; it was the hackney-coachman discontented with his fare—was there ever a hackney-coachman that was satisfied? Punch says not, and he is authority. Presently it died away, and the old gentleman bustled up the stairs in high glee, rubbing his hands—

"The rascal!" quoth he, "to make extortion on a sick woman. Ah, ha! your eyes are open again, my dear; make yourself at home, that's right. Mrs. Kitty, warm slippers, and your woollen shawl; and now for some spirits to comfort her, and infuse some life in her. Brandy shall it be, or rum? Did you ever taste rum, my dear? Is there any hot water, Mrs. Kitty? Oh, you needn't look so indignant, I meant no disparagement to your providing, but I thought as it was so late—ah, there's a steaming kettle! What a sight on a cold night! Look here, by-the-bye, here's some whisky, that's best of all—you shall have some real Highland toddy, miss. Eh! what's your name? No, by-the-bye, it is not civil to ask guests' names. Do you remember, Mrs. Kitty, the story I read you the other day of Arab customs? how they set meat before the stranger, and ask not his name till his hunger is satisfied, for fear he should prove of hostile race; for you know, having eaten of their salt makes even their deadly foe sacred—per-

haps as this young lady is an author, she may have cut me up, who knows?"

"I hardly think so, you are too kind," said I, languidly, as the hospitable man kept bringing out case-bottle after case-bottle from one of the prettiest silver spirit-cases ever seen. "I will tell you my name—Laura Studleggh—a name surely cursed, not blessed, at the font."

"Fie, fie, Miss Studleggh! that is not what I hoped to hear you say, so lately rescued from death," said Mr. Jacob, simply, but gravely.

I felt justly rebuked. "Oh! I am wrong; but you know not, no one can ever know, the sorrows which have fallen, heap on heap, over me."

"One knows," said Mr. Jacob, reverently, "even He who sent them, He who has an ulterior motive in all his doings, and doth not willingly afflict. But, my dear young lady, I doubt not you have been very hardly tried, and naturally now you feel depressed. May God bless you in your sorrows; and meanwhile may he bless to us these mercies."

With which short grace, Mr. Jacob fell ravenously on a little tray, just then brought in by Mrs. Kitty, containing chops and potatoes, and fried eggs and bacon, all smoking hot.

How Mrs. Kitty contrived it, I never could make out, having no genius in the culinary department.

She wheeled a little table to my chair at the fire, placed on it the very best of all the chops, and mixed a smoking glass of whiskey-and-water, which my deliverer insisted on my drinking. The bright room, lighted with gas, the neat, housewifely matron pressing me in so motherly a manner, the kind old man who had done me such service, the smell of the whiskey, reminding me so strangely of Scotland, and the warmth it infused into my torpid veins, the whole scene had a magical effect. Not being accustomed of late years to either wine or spirits, the small quantity I took then had a potent influence, not in composing me, but in stirring me up from dead apathy. My blood again leapt within me, my heart beat stronger and more regularly; life looked quite different from what it did beside the gloomy waters, when I sat shivering, weeping, and alone—those kind faces were even better than the whiskey. I cheered up gradually, till I felt ashamed of my cowardly despair. Struggling again assumed its better aspect—it was worth all life's pains to live.

Mr. Jacob watched me keenly, pretending all the while to be examining the bubbles in his toddy tumbler. Suddenly he broke forth—

"Well, is not this better than being fished up by a boat-hook, and sat upon by a coroner's inquest? You shudder; yes, death is a very different thing before supper and after. You can sympathize now with an apoplectic alderman, clinging to this world and its green fat."

"Oh!" exclaimed I, "how can I ever excuse myself for my folly, my madness?"

"Never mind excusing yourself to me; think of the Giver, he in whose face you would have flung back the gift! A suicide is always in a



nice frame for heaven, is not he? Such love and peace toward his fellow-creatures, such thankful resignation towards God!"

I burst into tears—the sin I had committed rushed upon me in its full enormity.

"My dear young creature," said my deliverer in the gentlest, kindest tone, "you seem very lonely in this friendless London; let me be a friend to you—I am old enough, and, God wot, sorrow-used enough, to give you some guiding in your thorny way. Tell me your story, and why you were so wearied of this chequered existence; to some folks, bless us, the cheques are all black, and to others nearly all white."

So I told him my story very briefly, yet omitting nothing of importance, save only my love for Ernest Marchmont.

Both he and Mrs. Kitty (who had by the way sat at table with him, and done full justice to the eggs and bacon) listened with an evidently touched sympathy. The good woman expressing hers by such ejaculations as, "What a mother—not fit to be a mother!" "That's dreadful!" "Well, I don't wonder you would not stand that! of course you ran away!" "What a sweet creature, Carola, la! such a curious name," and so on. She was a capital audience, Mrs. Kitty—she had had plenty of practice; Mr. Jacob used her as Sir Walter Scott used his old she-cousin, as a paper to try his hot irons on before attempting to curl the wig of the captious public. As for him, he sat twirling his spoon on his tumbler-edge, every now and then rapping it smartly on the table when anything struck him particularly.

When I had finished he said, "Well, my best answer to your story is, to tell you my own as shortly as I can; for it is late, and you must go to bed; and Mrs. Kitty will put clean sheets, and watch by you so that you may sleep in all safety till the morning light. I was one of two brothers; my mother died young; my father was a great mathematician and astronomer. We lived in the country, in a house on a high hill—a capital observatory, but a stupid enough place. Our father studied half the day, and watched the stars half the night. He had no idea of education; he was rather odd in many ways; I think oddity runs in our blood: I am odd too, they say. One of our oddities is extravagance; none of us could keep money; if it were not for Mrs. Kitty, I should never have a farthing in my pocket. My father liked rare books and costly instruments, and knew nothing of accounts. Algebra is rather cumbersome for the butcher's bills; it hardly comes into play for the washerwoman's account; and, although my father could tell you exactly how many miles of space lie between the Earth and the Georgium Sidus, he had not the least notion how many guineas went out of his purse from one year's end to the other. He was good, but odd—certainly odd. We cared little about it, but had a decided hatred to all the exact sciences; we were wild, harum scarum, dare-devil, break-neck lads. My brother Willy had a passion for

boating, I for acting; he was hail fellow well met, with all the bargemen on the river; I with the strolling company getting up Hamlet and the Castle Spectre, in the barn of the "Jolly Coalheavers" Inn. Willy often took an oar, I often took a part; he strained his back in catching a crab, and I broke my shins playing Harlequin at Christmas. My father was told of our pranks; he was very angry, and threatened to send us to school: we laughed at this as an idle menace, but the appearance of a gaunt usher at the Hall proved that he was in earnest. The next morning Willy ran away to sea. This bold step really frightened the philosopher—rudely shaken from his starry dreams to cope with fresh, ungovernable young wills. 'I used to pity Galileo for being imprisoned,' said he; 'but what is the torture to a martyr to science compared with the bootless anxiety for these unruly lads? Galileo had no sons.' He found Willy so untractable that he made the best of the matter by getting a commission for him in the navy. My brother greatly distinguished himself, married Mrs. Kitty in a flush of prize money, and fell in fight two years after, leaving her with a lieutenant's pension, which, my dear, she makes go as far as some people would a thousand a year. I was kept at home by my father; he took me into his great old study filled with curious manuscripts and ponderous tomes, and he tried to get me through Euclid and Cornelius Nepos! In vain; I was hopelessly stupid in those quarters. But when some part of the lesson had suggested to the teacher one of his favourite abstruse problems, and he had gone off in spirit in intense calculations, I amused myself devouring those mighty old volumes; and thus I learned of the Black Art, of Necromancy, and the Philosopher's Stone. I ran over ancient chronicles, and luxuriated in now-forgotten dramatists. All these things confirmed the bent of my mind towards the fanciful, the unpractical, the poetical, and wild. When I was seventeen my father died, leaving both his children unprovided for, and very extravagant in their habits, by way of assisting their destitution. Willy had his profession, but what was I to do? I went on the stage, and was thought then slim and presentable enough to enact the young lover in genteel comedy, with white trowsers and a gold-topped cane, or more often a cracking whip. Of course I fell in love with the young lady who acted Helen to my Paris: she was pretty enough, and not very pert, all things considered. But one day I fell in love with a beautiful girl in the boxes, a lovely lady all in white, with a scarlet camellia in her dark hair.

"Then I remembered I was a gentleman born, and I felt ashamed of being an actor in a second-rate theatre; so I left the stage and turned author. I never saw that beautiful girl again, but her influence over me was inappreciable; I began to live for another. I always hoped to see her again, and in the interval resolved to make myself more worthy of breathing the same air with one so lovely and so sweet-



looking. This fancy—for love I can hardly call it—woke in me ambition. I tried all sorts of literature; but, to make a long story short, I failed everywhere. My poetry was unmusical, my plays unactable, my novels unsaleable! A hundred times I made a new attempt, a hundred times I gave it up in despair! ‘Thou shalt not excel,’ seemed to be my sentence. At last I yielded to what seemed my fate; and look, this is my portion.”

He took up a bundle of manuscripts and handed them to me: one was a lexicon, another a grammar in the Polish language.

“Romantic studies, eh? Yet I can be contented even with them; and why? Because I have tried my utmost; and, thank God, we are accountable not for what we do, but for what we try. My faculties, such as they are, have undergone thorough sifting; and if they are not equal to the human task, they are equal to the divine one of honouring God. Do you think that, after all, there is much difference in the eye of Infinity between Milton’s intellect and mine? Go up to a high tower, and look down on your fellow-creatures; the giant will seem lowered like the dwarf, both of the same level; and remember, the Almighty looks from the height of his perfection on our various stages of frailty. I say again, it is the effort, it is the attempt which makes the glory, not the success nor the result. In war one great general may be lost by adverse circumstances, another by wind and waves may be lifted into victory; the first is execrated, the second adored. Do you think that is the measure meted out in heaven?

“From beginning to end this life is a probation, not of faculties, but of wills—of hearts even more than of minds; and our success in the one depends on our own exertions in the faith of God, in the other case they are entirely beyond our power. I cannot make myself a great poet; but I can make myself always, under God’s blessing, mind, an industrious, single-hearted man, searching out every little scrap of ability within me, and turning it to the best advantage, for the sake of my Master and my fellow-workers.

“But come; I am prosing as if I were reading an essay to Mrs. Kitty at noon-day, and you look haggard and tired. Away, away to rest; to-morrow I will take you to your home, at least your make-believe home; but let us often meet—I like you—you are honest, you have true feeling, you have stamina; and I am sure, after this providential escape, you will try and do well. Good night; the Lord be about thy bed and keep thee in all thy ways.”

And so pressing me kindly by the hand, he consigned me to Mrs. Kitty’s care. Hers was care. How cosy was the bed prepared for me, how kindly she assisted me in my preparations, how sacredly she blessed me and prayed for me! And how, soothed and softened, and fairly worn out by this eventful day, I at last fell into deep slumber, I can scarcely tell, for the emotion excited in me always, by the memory of those hours, rises up like a mist, and hides them distinctly from my view.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRIBES OF THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER.

BY AN OFFICER’S WIFE.

During the three cold-weather months of December, January, and February, Saikwah, the furthest north of our frontier stations on the Burrumpootu, is generally filled with large numbers of the surrounding hill-tribes, who come down in gangs of twenties and thirties, whole clans and families, men, women, and children together, for the purposes of trade and barter. Every capital and country has its own peculiar months of fashion; its season, in fact. In Paris the *beau-monde* begin it in October, dance all the winter, exhibit the *Journal des Modes* at Easter, and disperse. In our dear old smoky London “the court and fashion” have decided their advent to commence its season somewhere about then. So, though there is neither court nor fashion in Saikwah, the advent of the hill-tribes and savages, as I have before said, has fixed the commencement of its season for December.

Major H— had gone up on a tour of frontier inspection, and we had arrived at Laikwah about the beginning of February, 18—. The weather was clear and fine; the bold range

of opposite blue hills stood out distinctly near, with their chalk scars and landslips gleaming white in the morning sun, and the broad river, careering away, with its long yellow sand-banks, looked all alive, although there was no sail on its solitary breast. We had pitched our tents on what had been the parade-ground of the detachment of Assam Light Infantry there, but which the descent of the river during the last two or three rains had almost entirely cut away; so much so, indeed, that the whole station, bungaloes, sepoy huts, and bazaar had been obliged thrice, within the last eight years, to be moved back from the encroachments of the Burrumpootu, which in its descent, swollen with the periodical rains, tears down all in its course at this season. The current, sometimes setting round corners, brings down the bank, in lumps of eight or ten feet at a time—lumps which I have heard falling with the regular boom of a heavy cannonade, carrying away immense trees in its descent, grass, jungle, or native hut, just as it may be; and having sliced off a station by the half, at the end of the rains throws up, as it



were in mockery, a huge sand-bank in the centre of its main channel, and quietly subsides to begin the same work next year over again. However, to look, as we now did, at the broad peaceful stream, shining in the bright sunlight before us, with the long-legged, snow-white *boglas* (kind of stork) sitting fishing from the margin of its sands, one could never imagine it to be the same flood which, in the might of its wrath, comes lashing down in the rains, covered with blocks of white foam, large heaving trees, and the *debris* of human habitations.

Thus Saikwah was just now in her holiday-dress, and the roads and pathways were crowded by a vast concourse of wild men, and wilder women. Mishmees, who had come down from the Brahma Khoond—that spot of holy pilgrimage to Hindoos, who come from the farthest confines of India, sore-footed and weary with long marches through almost pathless jungles infested with wild beasts, and up the mighty river whose rapids often founder their fragile canoes, to bathe in the sacred waters of that beautiful pool; Abors, who had come from the lower range of the lofty chain of mountains which, rising beyond the Debong, separates us from Lama; Singphoes, who had come from their villages on the Upper Burrumpootu and its inland cultivations; Khampies, who had come from its north bank, where not many years before they had made their treacherous night-attack upon the then head-quarters of the A. Light Infantry, murdering its commanding officer, and reducing the cantonments to ashes; and Nagas, who had come from their own hills in the rear of Teggore—they were all there, talking their various dialects, with wild gesticulations, and filling the air with tobacco smoke.

The Mishmees are a race of short, spare-limbed, active men, who, as all the Assamese races, have the Tartar type of feature; the high cheek bones; the small black eyes, turned up at the corner; the low-bridged flat nose, with broad point and expanded nostrils; the large thick-lipped mouth, and the scanty beard and moustache. Their skins are a pale copper, with the red on the lip and cheek clearly marked; and although the style of feature I have just described does not seem to be that in any way calculated to form ingredients for the beautiful, yet I have seen, amongst their young women, faces which were really far from ugly. Their head-gear, too, is becoming; the hair, being gathered up in a large knot *à la Chinois*, is stuck through by a long silver bodkin; and around the forehead, meeting behind by a small band of cowrie shells, is a broad band of silver, highest in the centre, and decreasing towards the sides, but not in a point as is a *tiara*. Through the lobe of the ear is stuck a silver tube, about the thickness of the little finger, with a large round head in front, not quite the size of a half-crown piece; over which is scored a pattern, either star or rosette, and from the rim hangs a large circlet of brass wire. The neck is surrounded by several rows of the same; as also a mass of white and coloured glass-beads,

which are generally given to them by the officials of our Government; with red cotton handkerchiefs, and several other odds and ends of this kind. The rest of the costume is composed of a jacket, short and scant, cut in a point in front, and a point behind; this has short sleeves, and is slipped over the head, without tie or loop of any kind; and round the waist is fastened, by a peculiar self-acting twist of the edge, an oblong piece of striped cloth, with a border at the two sides, and which is lapped over to the left of the figure, reaching to about mid-leg. This is the attire of all the Mishmee women, young, old, and middle-aged; and to finish the picture, a short bamboo pipe, crammed with strong tobacco, is generally stuck in the mouth.

Many of the men wear queer Roman-shaped helmets, generally made of a strong underwork of plaited cane, and covered with shining bars of the same: these fit close to the head, and often have a pair of wild boar tusks, forming an arch, and stuck in front: others have large red fox-skin caps, with the bushy tail hanging down the back. Some wear a large loose woollen garb of Lama manufacture, a purplish red in colour, covered with white spots, centred with little sea-green crosses; some, not such dandies, merely a dark madder-coloured vest, open in front, and reaching half way down the thigh. But, whatever the nether garment may be, the arms are always strapped over it; and these consist of a long straight Lama sword in a black leather sheath, with a blade of good stout metal, and a knife about a foot long in a bamboo sheath; over the heart and round the back of the left side are slung small brass plates or shields, which, with many of their weapons, they get on their trading excursions amongst the villages of the other side; each has his spear in his hand. All the men are provided with an oblong black bear-skin pouch, in which is carried the valued pipe, tobacco, and other *et ceteras*; while most of them have a large cane basket slung on their backs, covered with the stiff, wiry, black fibres of the palm tree, which forms a kind of fur, throws off the rain, and keeps the contents dry. In this the entire worldly goods and chattels of the owner are packed.

These people bring with them large brass pots and gongs, which they barter with the bazaar dealers against salt, tobacco, and opium; also poison for the tipping of the arrows of elephant hunters in the plains; and often Lama dogs and cattle, as curiosities and presents to the civil and military officers of their acquaintance; but though we have tried every means in our power to keep alive the animals which they brought, we never were able to succeed after the hot weather set in. I had once a very handsome large fox-coloured dog, of the name of *Bhoot*, i. e. Spectre, given me by one of the chiefs, something the cast of the Scotch shepherd's dog, but with a bushy although tightly curled-up tail; but he panted and pined, and at last died with the heat of the plains. Major H



had a beautiful chowry-tailed cow given him by another of the chiefs; it was short-horned, and marked liver and white, with long soft hair and a beautifully long and bushy tail; but it in the same way seemed to feel the heat intensely, and in a short time died. They have also at different times brought us down some rare specimens of the Argus pheasant, and other birds of beautiful plumage; but we never could keep them for any length of time.

Amongst the Abors there are some stalwart men, although they are generally not much taller, though stouter knit, than the Mishmees; their costume also is much in the same style—quaint helmets which must have given as much thought to their wearers to invent and ornament, as the head-dress or presentation costume of many a belle of our modern ball-rooms. Yes, I have often looked at the strange mixture of hog's bristles, boar's tusks, scarlet and black dyed goat's hair; the bleached skulls of birds, and other such extraordinary materials brought together, and adapted in the most wonderful variety of forms so as to make helmets and head-pieces according to the skill and ingenuity of these poor half-savage mortals. Their arms are much the same as the Mishmees, with the exception of the spear, which is much longer in the shaft, having a small arrow-headed top, surrounded a little way from the neck with a ruff of scarlet goat's hair. They tattoo their faces and limbs, and their women wear their hair like the men, cut in a short crop round the head; but amongst such a savage race, living secluded within their own hills, having had from time immemorial little or no intercourse with the plains, it is strange, nay wonderful, to find the emblem of our holy Christian faith held in reverence, and the cross tattooed by them on the forehead of each man of the tribe, commencing from the root of the hair, and about an inch long. We asked many questions concerning the origin of this sign amongst them, but they could give us no satisfactory account of it. We thought perhaps that at the period when the French Jesuit missionaries were in China, some of them might have made their way through the mountains of Thibet into Lama, and thus over the hills into the lower range inhabited by the Abor tribes, there to leave the sign of the cross, as the only record amongst these poor savages of their visit, or of their labours towards their conversion. But we never found any proof in the works of the early missionary Jesuit fathers to further our conjecture, and the Abors themselves declare that they hold no record or tradition of such having ever entered or visited their mountains. So here the mystery ends; but it is a strange one.

The Abors are no great traders, but still they bring gongs with them for barter, and return, like the Mishmees, with droves of miserable poor and meagre cattle, which they pick up in the plains to carry with them back to their homes for purposes of agriculture.

The Khampties and Singphoes are certainly the gentlemanly part of this wild rendezvous of

frontier tribes, they being clothed at least in a more rational and less eccentric style: their favourite colour is dark indigo blue, of which the jacket is made. The cloth which envelops the lower limbs is generally white, or sometimes, amongst the chiefs, striped and figured Burmese silks, the gay colours of which contrast well with the dark skin and darker jacket. The hair is worn in a knot on the top of the head, and a large turban wound round it. Amber sticks about three inches long, and the thickness of a finger, are shoved through a distended hole in the lobe of the ear; and the universal weapon amongst them is the broad-bladed and square-ended Assamese sword.

As for the gentlemanly appearance of the Nagas I cannot say as much; for a greater set of harlequins in costume cannot be imagined: I have in my own mind always set them down as first cousins to the North American Indians, although they don't wear their grand buffalo robes; for in fact they wear no robes at all—merely a small band of dark-blue cloth, edged and fringed with scarlet, wound round the loins. Their idea of the imposing, however, has often put me in mind of David's famous heroes in his Luxembourg pictures, where we have Brutus, and others of his coteremporaries, made in a state of nature as to body clothing, but loaded with a helmet of immense dimensions, and armed with a sword and shield. Well, though the Nagas have certainly not seen David's pictures, they have much the same notions on the subject as himself; and so the head, being chief amongst the members, has alone glory paid to it. I have seen some of them decorated with conical-shaped helmets, surmounted by a broad band of bamboo, stuck full of hogs' bristles; from each side start small buffalo-horns, and from the back wags a long piece of cane, to which is bound a solitary magpie's feather, and under which dangles a long lock of human hair. They do not scalp, as the American Indians do; but the Nagas all more or less wear the scalping-knot, which the enemy takes possession of to adorn his helmet, after giving the *coup de grace* to his fallen foe. Others have single buffalo-horns sticking out of one side of the head-piece, or curling over the top, from which hang pendants of scarlet or black goats' hair. Some wear their hair gathered into a long queue, which is at intervals bound with cane. This, I must say, looks a sad caricature of civilization, for the head-piece of these gentlemen is generally ten times more fantastic than that of the others; but they think themselves, I doubt not, much to be envied. Many have their heads half shaven, and then surrounded by a coronet of large white shells, the centre one coming down with a curved peak over the nose. These shells, as also bits of scarlet broad-cloth and glass beads, are the presents which are most often made to them on the part of government, which, as in little things, so in great, expends often a good deal, I fear, to reap small advantage on the N. E. frontier. The Nagas, however, don't understand much about political economy; and



as long as they can cut throats in their own hills, and bully those sent to rebuke them, they don't much care how the world wags in the plains below them.

After this description it may be imagined the group was strange and motley enough. I had been all day amusing myself with taking sketches of many of these wonderful mortals; and as I now rested from my labours, and looked out of the tent door on the moving mass of gaily clad and little clad figures before me, I caught sight of a very grand old man, who went sweeping by with a long retinue of attendants: he wore a cane helmet, surmounted by a bunch of hogs' bristles, and a single wild boar's tusk on one side of it; his robe was one of the Lama woollen ones, and his arms were folded on his breast as he stalked on, head and shoulders above the crowd.

"Who is that?" said I to one of the attendants. "I should like to draw him, he is such a fine figure."

"That is Bhagakwah Bourra," being translated, "The Tiger-eater old man."

"Go and call him," said I; and presently the purple Lama robe and bristled helmet stood before the door. I made known my wish, and the old man agreed to stand to me for his sketch; but I was burning to know why he was called the "Tiger-eater," so we put the question.

"Because I fought face to face with a tiger,"

said he, stretching himself up to his full height, and holding out his left arm, which was terribly maimed and scarred, and he continued—"See this arm, it is broken and bit—I cannot move the fingers of the hand—but still I killed the tiger." So, like the children, I asked for the story.

"I was young and strong then," said he, "and was working one day in my opium garden outside my village—the jungle was on one side, the village on the other. Suddenly one of our cows, which had strayed, rushed madly out of the jungle, pursued by a tiger. I was in the way, the cow fled past, and the tiger fell upon me; he fastened upon this arm, and with the claw of one of his hind legs kept tearing my thigh. I fought long to get out my sword, but it was jammed in the scabbard; he tore me, he bit me: at last I got my weapon free, and I made a desperate thrust into the beast's body—then another at his throat; but we fought together—we wrestled for life. My sword was not very sharp, but still I hacked, still I sawed; we were bathed in blood, man and beast. I felt his hold giving way, and everything was reeling before my eyes—we both fell together. By-and-bye I woke up—I could not move—but I saw the tiger lying dead by my side. So they called me 'The Tiger-eater,' when I was young, for I was the head of my village, and they were proud of me—but now the 'Bhagakwah Bourra.'"

## THE FATE OF A FLIRT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(A REAL INCIDENT.)

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Looking over a Philadelphia magazine, published in 1791, I was somewhat amused by an article therein, censuring severely the indolence and fine-ladyish manners of the women of that day, and contrasting the enervating habits of modern refinement with the simplicity, frugality, and industry of their grandmothers. At the present time, we look back with regret to the good old times complained of by that same censor, and regard the very matrons whom he stigmatizes as idle, vain, and frivolous, as models of excellent housewifery and industrious management—in short, as the very realization of Solomon's ideal picture. No doubt, as we recede into the past, we shall find, in successive generations, similar examples of veneration for a by-gone age at the expense of the present—similar instances of contrast, in which the verdict is always in favour of those who have passed from the stage of action. In the next age, probably, we matrons of the present day shall have our turn of being held up as ensamples for the imitation of our juvenile descendants—shall serve to illustrate the virtues of a past generation, to be emulated, though scarcely equalled, by those who shall come after us. Praises lavished upon

us shall then give point to the lectures of busy reformers, who reprove the faults of the female world. It is according to the established rule of things that so it should be.

Now, although much of this is certainly to be attributed to the universal propensity to prize that which is gone, rather than that which is in possession, it cannot be denied that, in some respects, the world does degenerate as it grows old. It would require a philosophical dissertation, with no little historical and statistical knowledge, to point out all the matters in which we stand lower than our ancestors, and in which those who "catch the manners living as they rise" are ready to acknowledge that society deteriorates day by day. I shall not undertake the task, in which the experience and observation of each individual would be a more reliable guide in forming a judgment. An incident, however, which throws a strong light upon the manners of the olden time, may have a bearing on the question, and suggest inquiry to the philosophical as to the effect of luxury and refinement on the manners of a community. The story was related to me almost upon the spot where the occurrence took place, and is con-



firmed in all its particulars by the recollection of "the oldest inhabitant."

Some eighty years ago, the now flourishing town of E——, on the Delaware, was but a small settlement in one of the remote and comparatively wild portions of Pennsylvania. At the present day the compactly built town fills the space between the mountains and the two rivers that here form a junction, while their banks are lined with busy manufactories and the dwellings of men. The lofty hills that rise abruptly from the plain, or overhang the waters, are cultivated in spots; and the patches of woodland here and there seem spared for the purpose of adorning the landscape, and affording secluded walks to the wanderers who love the beauty of nature.

At the period to which our tale carries us back, the scenery of this beautiful region was not less enchanting, though far more wild and savage. A dense forest then covered the mountains to their rocky summits, and bordered the rivers for many miles; the valley, through which flows a sweet stream to mingle with the Delaware, was dark with the shadow of primeval woods; and the waters, untroubled by the different manufactories for the uses of which their streams have since been diverted, swept in calm majesty along their time-worn channel, scarcely knowing the difference of seasons. Not far from the Delaware, a double row of low-roofed, quaint-looking stone houses formed the most populous part of the settlement. Other dwellings, scattered about in different directions, were built in the same style, and evidently inhabited by the same sturdy and primitive Dutch population. Many of these houses are still standing, and give a character to the appearance of the whole place.

It has been often remarked how unchangingly, from one generation to another, the habits of the Dutch people are preserved by their descendants, giving a monotony to their life and manners; while their more mutable neighbours are yielding themselves, day by day, to the law of progress. This inveterate attachment to the old order of things, and aversion to innovations peculiar to their nation, kept the ancient inhabitants of E—— in the same condition with their forefathers, notwithstanding the improvements introduced from European cities into other parts of the colony. Philadelphia, though at that time but a village in comparison to what it is now, was looked upon as a place of luxury and corruption, dangerous to the morals of youth. Few of the families composing the settlement at E—— had ever been there, or had visited any other of the provincial cities. They sought no intercourse with the world's great Babel, content with the information that reached them regularly once a-week with the newspapers brought by the post-boy, which were loaned to the neighbours in turn by the few who received them. Now and then, it is true, when the business of the day was over, a number of men might be seen seated in the large sitting-room of the old stone tavern, or on the veranda, wear-

ing their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, smoking their pipes, and discussing events of which the rumour had reached them, when these were more stirring than common. But these discussions were always conducted quietly, and without the exhibition of any feeling of partisanship. They were terminated at a very early hour, all thought of political matters being usually dismissed with the last puff of their pipes, as the worthy mynheers took their way homewards.

As little did the love of change prevail among the good *fraus* of that day. They were of the class described by a distinguished chronicler, who "stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore frocks." They wore the same antiquated quilted caps, and parti-coloured homespun gowns, that were in fashion in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller: their pockets were always filled with work and the implements of industry; and their own gowns and their husbands' coats were exclusively of domestic manufacture. In cleanliness and thrifty housewifery, they were excelled by none who had gone before, or who came after them. The well-scoured stoops and entries, fresh and immaculate every morning, attested the neatness prevailing throughout the dwellings. The precise order that reigned within, in the departments of kitchen, parlour, and chamber, could not be disturbed by any out-of-door commotion. Cleanliness and contentment were the cares of the household. The tables were spread with the abundance of the good old time, and not small was the pride of those ministering dames in setting forth the viands prepared by their own industrious hands. It must not be supposed that all their care and frugality were inconsistent with the dear exercise of hospitality, or other social virtues usually practised in every female community. If the visits paid from house to house were less frequent than in modern times, there was the same generous interest in the concerns of others, and the same desire in each to save her neighbour trouble, by kindly taking the management of affairs upon herself, evinced by so many individuals of the present day. In short, the domestic police of E——, at that remote period, was apparently as remarkable for vigilance and severity in hunting out offenders as it has proved to be in times of more advanced civilization.

The arrival of new residents from the city was an event of importance enough in itself to cause no small stir in that quiet community. The rumour that a small house, picturesquely situated at the edge of a wood some distance from the village, was being fitted up for the new-comers, was soon spread abroad, and gave rise to many conjectures and surmises. The new furniture that paraded in waggons before the astonished eyes of the settlers was different from any that had been seen before; and, though it would have been thought simple enough, or even rude, at the present day, exhibited too much of metropolitan taste and luxury to meet their approval. Then a gardener was employed several days to



set in order the surrounding plot of ground, and set out rose bushes and ornamental plants; the fence was painted gaily, and the inclosure secured by a neat gate. A few days after, a light travelling waggon brought the tenants to the abode prepared for them. Within the memory of a generation, hardly any occurrence had taken place which excited so much curiosity. The doors and windows were crowded with gazers; and the younger part of the population were hardly restrained by parental authority from rushing after the equipage. The female, who sat with a boy on the back seat, wore a thick veil; but the pleasant face of a middle-aged man, who looked about him and bowed courteously to the different groups, attracted much attention. The man who drove had a jolly English face, betokening a very communicative disposition; nor was the promise broken to the hope; for that very evening the same personage was seated among a few grave-looking Dutchmen who lingered at the tavern, dealing out his information liberally to such as chose to question him. The new comer, it appeared, was a member of the Colonial Assembly, and had brought his family to rusticate for a season on the banks of the Delaware. This family consisted of his English wife and a son about seven years old. They had been accustomed, he said, to the society of the rich and gay both in Philadelphia and in Europe, having spent some time in Paris before their coming to this country.

The information given by the loquacious driver, who seemed to think the village not a little honoured in so distinguished an accession to its inhabitants, produced no favourable impression. The honest mynheers, however, were little inclined to be hasty in their judgment. They preferred consulting their wives, who waited with no little patience for the Sabbath morning, expecting then to have a full opportunity of criticizing their new neighbours.

They were doomed to disappointment; none of the family was at the place of meeting, although the practice of church-going was one so time-honoured, that a journey of ten miles on foot to attend religious service was thought nothing of, and few even of the most worldly-minded ventured on an omission. The non-appearance of the strangers was a dark omen. The next day, however, the dames of the settlement had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Winton—for so I shall call her, not choosing to give her real name—as she came out to purchase a few articles of kitchen furniture. Her style of dress was altogether different from theirs. Instead of the hair pomaturated back from the forehead, she wore it in natural ringlets; instead of the short stuff petticoats in vogue among the Dutch dames, a long and flowing skirt set off to advantage a figure of remarkable grace. At the first glance, one could not but acknowledge her singular beauty. Her form was faultless in symmetry, and her features exquisitely regular; the complexion being of a clear brown, set off by luxuriant black hair, and a pair of brilliant dark eyes. The expression of these was not

devoid of a certain fascination, though it had something to excite distrust in the simple-minded fair ones who measured the claims of the stranger to admiration. They could not help thinking there was a want of innate modesty in the bold, restless wanderings of those eyes, bright as they were, and in the perfect self-possession the English woman showed in her somewhat haughty carriage. Her voice, too, though melodious, was not low in its tones, and her laugh was merry and frequently heard. In short, she appeared, to the untutored judgment of the dames of the village, decidedly wanting in reserve, and the softness natural to youth in woman. While they shook their heads, and were shy of conversation with her, it was not a little wonderful to notice the different effect produced on their spouses. The honest Dutchmen surveyed the handsome stranger with undisguised admiration, evinced at first by a prolonged stare, and on after occasions by such rough courtesy as they found opportunity of showing, with alacrity offering to her any little service that neighbours might render. The women, on the other hand, became more and more suspicious of her outlandish gear and her bewitching smiles, lavished with such profusion upon all who came near her. Her charms, in their eyes, were so many sins, which they were inclined to see her expiate before they relented so far as to extend towards her the civilities of neighbourhood. The more their husbands praised her, the more they stood aloof; and, for weeks after the family had become settled, scarcely any communication of a friendly nature had taken place between her and any of the female population.

Little, however, did the English woman appear to care for neglect on the part of those she evidently thought much inferior to herself. She had plenty of company, such as suited her taste, and no lack of agreeable employment, notwithstanding her persistence in a habit which shocked still more the prejudices of her worthy neighbours—of leaving her household labour to a servant. She made acquaintance with all who relished her lively conversation, and took much pleasure in exciting, by her eccentric manners, the astonishment of her long-queued admirers. She was always affable, and not only invited those she liked to visit her without ceremony, but called upon them for any extra service she required.

It was on one of the brightest days in October that Mrs. Winton was riding with her son along a path leading through the forest up the Delaware: the road wound at the base of a mountain, bordering the river closely, and was flanked in some places by precipitous rocks, overgrown with shrubs and shaded by overhanging trees. The wealth of foliage appeared to greater advantage, touched with the rich tints of autumn—

“With hues more gay  
Than when the flow’rets bloomed, the trees are drest;  
How gorgeous are their draperies! green and gold,  
Scarlet and crimson! like the glittering vest  
Of Israel’s priesthood, glorious to behold!



"See yonder towering hill, with forests clad,  
How bright its mantle of a thousand dyes!  
Edged with a silver band, the stream, that glad,  
But silent, winds around its base."

It can hardly be known if the romantic beauty of the scene, which presented itself by glimpses through the foliage, the bright calm river, the wooded hills and slopes beyond, and the village lying in the lap of the savage forest, called forth as much admiration from those who gazed, as it has since from spirits attuned to a vivid sense of the loveliness of nature. The sudden flight of a bird from the bushes startled the horse, and, dashing quickly on one side, he stood on the sheer edge of the precipice overlooking the water. The next plunge might have been a fatal one, but that the bridle was instantly seized by the strong arm of a man who sprang from the concealment of the trees. Checking the frightened animal, he assisted the dame and her son to dismount, and then led the horse for them to less dangerous ground. In the friendly conversation that followed, the Englishwoman put forth all her powers of pleasing; for the man was known already to her for one of the most respectable of the settlers, though he had never yet sought her society. His little service was rewarded by a cordial invitation, which was soon followed by a visit, to her house.

To make a long story short, not many weeks had passed before this neighbour was an almost daily visitor; and, to the surprise and concern of the whole village, his example was in time followed by many others of those who might have been called the gentry of E—. It became evident that the handsome stranger was a coquette of the most unscrupulous sort; that she was passionately fond of the admiration of the other sex, and was determined to exact the tribute due to her charms even from the sons of the wilderness. She flirted desperately with one after another, contriving to impress each with the belief that he was the happy individual especially favoured by her smiles. Her manners and conversation showed less and less regard for the opinion of others, or the rules of propriety. The effect of such a course of conduct in a community so simple and old-fashioned in their customs, so utterly unused to any such broad defiance of censure, may be more easily imagined than described. How the men were flattered and intoxicated in their admiration for the beautiful syren, and their lessons in an art so new to them as gallantry, how the women were amazed out of their propriety, can be conceived without the aid of philosophy.

Things were bad enough as they were; but when the time came for Mr. Winton to depart and take his place in the Assembly, the change was for the worse. His handsome wife was left, with only her son, in E— for the winter. Her behaviour was now more scandalous than ever, and soon a total avoidance of her by every other female in the place attested their indignation. The coquette evidently held them in great scorn, while she continued to receive, in a still more marked and offensive manner, the attentions of

the husbands, whom, she boasted, she had taught they had hearts under their linsey-woolsey coats. Long walks and rides through the woods, attended always by some one who had owned the power of her beauty, set public opinion wholly at defiance; and the company at her fireside, evening after evening, was well known to be not such as became a wife and mother to receive.

Should this history of plain, unvarnished fact chance to meet the eye of any fair trifler, who has been tempted to invite or welcome such homage, let her pause and remember that the wrath of the injured wives of E— was but such as nature must rouse in the bosom of the virtuous in all ages and countries; and that tragedies as deep as that to which it led have grown from the like cause, and may still do so at any period of civilization.

The winter months passed, and spring came to set loose the streams, and fill the woods with tender bloom and verdure. But the anger of the justly irritated dames of E— had gathered strength with time. Scarce one among the most conspicuous of the neighbourhood but had particular reason to hate their common enemy for the alienated affections and monopolized time of her husband, so faithful to his duties before this fatal enchantment. Complaints were made by one to another, and strange stories told, which, of course, lost nothing in their circulation from mouth to mouth. What wonder was it that the mysterious influence exercised by the strange woman should be attributed to witchcraft? What wonder that she should be judged to hold intercourse with evil spirits, and to receive from them the power by which she subdued men to her sway?

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the early part of June, two or three of the matrons of the village stationed themselves near the wood by which stood the house of Mrs. Winton. Not far from this was a small pond, where the boys amused themselves in fishing, or bathed during the heats of summer. The spot once occupied by this little body of water is now the central portion of the town, and covered with neat buildings of brick and stone.

The women had come forth to watch: nor was their vigilance long unrewarded. They saw Mrs. Winton, accompanied by one of her gallants, dressed with a care that showed her anxiety to please, walking slowly along the borders of the wood. The sun had set, and the gray shadows of twilight were creeping over the landscape; yet it was evidently not her intention to return home. As it grew darker, the two entered the wood, the female taking the arm of her companion, and presently both disappeared.

"There he goes!" exclaimed one of the women who watched, with fierce anger in her looks; for it was her husband she had seen. "I knew it; I knew he spent every evening with her!"

"Shall we follow them?" asked the other.

"No! no! let us go home quick!" was the answer.



Such a scene as the night witnessed was never before enacted in that quiet village. At a late hour there was a meeting of many of the matrons in the house of one of their number. The curtains were closely drawn; the light was so dim that the faces of those who whispered together could scarcely be discerned. There was something fearful in the assemblage, at such an unwonted time, of those orderly housewives, so unaccustomed ever to leave their homes after dusk. The circumstance of their meeting alone betokened something uncommon in agitation. Still more did the silence, hushed and breathless at intervals, the eager, but suppressed whispering, the rapid gestures, the general air of determination mingled with caution. It struck midnight; they made signs one to another, and the light was extinguished.

It was perhaps an hour or more after, when the same band of women left the house, and took their way, in profound silence, along the road leading out of the village. By a round-about course, skirting the small body of water above mentioned, they came to the border of the wood. Just then the waning moon rose above the forest tops, shedding a faint light over hill and stream. It could then be seen that the females all wore a kind of mask of black stuff. Their course was directed towards the English-woman's house, which they approached with stealthy and noiseless steps.

A few moments of silence passed, after they had disappeared, and then a wild shriek was heard, and others fainter and fainter, like the voice of one in agony struggling to cry out, and stifled by powerful hands. The women rushed from the wood, dragging with them their helpless victim, whom they had gagged so that she could not even supplicate their mercy. Another cry was presently heard—the wail of a terrified child. The little boy, roused from sleep by the screams of his mother, ran towards her captors, and throwing himself on his knees, begged for her in piteous accents and with streaming tears.

"Take him away!" cried several together; and one of their number, snatching up the child, ran off with him at her utmost speed, and did not return.

The others proceeded quickly to their mission of vengeance. Dragging the helpless dame to the pond, they rushed into it, heedless of risk to themselves, till they stood in deep water. Then each, in turn, seizing her enemy by the shoulders,

plunged her in, head and all, crying, as she did so, "This is for my husband!" "And this for mine!" "This for mine!" was echoed, with the plunges, in quick succession, till the work of retribution was accomplished, and the party hurried to shore.

Startled by a noise as of some one approaching, the disguised avengers fled, leaving their victim on the bank, and lost no time in hastening homeward. The dawn of day disclosed a dreadful catastrophe: Dame Winton was found dead beside the water. There was evidence enough that she had perished, not by accident, but violence. Who could have done the deed?

The occurrence caused great commotion in E—, as it was but natural it should; but it was never discovered with certainty who were the perpetrators of the murder. Suspicion fell on several; but they were prudent enough to keep silence, and nothing could be proved against them. Perhaps the more prominent among the men, who should have taken upon themselves the investigation of the affair, had their own reasons for passing it over rather slightly. It was beyond doubt, too, that actual murder had not been designed by the actors in the tragedy, but simply the punishment assigned to witchcraft by popular usage. So the matter was not long agitated, though it was for many years a subject of conversation among those who had no interest in hushing it up; and the story served as a warning to give point to the lessons of careful mothers.

It was for a long time believed that the ghost of the unfortunate Englishwoman haunted the spot where she had died. Nor did the belief cease to prevail long after the pond was drained, and the wood felled, and the space built over. A stable belonging to a gentleman with whom I am acquainted stands near the place. I have heard him relate how one of his servants, who had never heard the story, had rushed in one night, much alarmed, to say that he had seen a female figure, in an old-fashioned cap and white gown, standing at the door of the stable. Another friend, who resides near, was told by his domestic that a strange woman had stood at the back gate, who had suddenly disappeared when asked who she was. Thus there seems ground enough to excuse the belief, even now prevalent among the common people in E—, that the spirit still walks at night about that portion of the town.

## THE BEE AND THE MAIDEN.

(From the German of Gleim.)

Once a little Bee there flew  
Busily about, and drew  
Sweets from every blooming flower.  
"Little Bee," the maiden cried,  
Who was busy there at work,  
"Oft therein doth poison lurk,  
And thou sipp'st from every flower."  
"Yes," said the Bee, "the sweets I sup,  
And leave the poison in the cup."

## LOVE'S IDEAL.

We dreamt, in youth's brief blissful years,  
A dream of love and hope;  
'Ere scenes of sadness, sighs, and tears,  
With doubt our future fill'd, and fears,  
And dimm'd our vision's scope.  
We lov'd, as loves the trusting heart,  
When 'neath soft beauty's sway  
New worlds of bliss to being start,  
And childhood's morning joys depart  
At life's maturer ray.



A soul—in form more fair that seem'd  
Than e'er by woman worn—  
Bright as the blest by faith are deem'd,  
Was love's ideal, fondly dream'd,  
When first its hopes were born.

Again we dreamt we lov'd again :  
The form was yet as bright ;  
But on the soul we trac'd a stain  
Of sin and sorrow—human bane—  
That quench'd its seraph-light.

From Fancy's idol soon had fled  
The brightness too, that o'er  
The features radiant sunshine shed :  
We mark'd each warring blemish spread  
Where beauties bloom'd before.

To truth we woke from visions vain ;  
Our wiser spirit taught  
How love his flight must here restrain,  
Nor hope a heaven of joy to gain  
In hearts with frailty fraught !

FRITZ.

## A R C H E R Y.

“ Better to sweat in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught—  
The wise for cure on exercise depend,  
God never made His work for man to mend.”—DRYDEN.

“ We deem it great pittance to suffer this excellent exercise to go to decay amongst us.”—ASCHAM.

It is a well known, and generally admitted fact, that a considerable part of that delicacy of constitution which is unhappily too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, arises from the sedentary nature of most of their occupations and accomplishments. Half the evils “flesh is heir to” originate in want of muscular exertion, and of that stirring and exhilarating exercise which gives a healthy circulation to the blood. The occupations of women, from girlhood upwards, lying within a limited sphere, are too apt to incline them to a species of semi-indolence, to induce a preference for sedentary amusements, and either from inadvertence, or from ignorance of the functions and nature of their bodies, they often neglect to take that amount of regular exercise which is vitally necessary to the maintenance of health. Hence it soon results that the circulation becomes languid, the blood is not properly purified, and the muscles become flaccid and weakened. To remedy this, and also with a view to render the form graceful and flexible, various callisthenic exercises have been introduced into the education of young girls; and these, if judiciously conducted, are to a certain extent productive of good; but far better is the practice, in the open air, of games requiring skill, attention, and activity; these exhilarate the spirits, exercise the muscles, circulate and purify the blood, and give a healthy tone to the system.

It is our present intention to dwell on but one of those exercises which furnish the best antidote to the sedentary life of females of all ages—Archery—which from its eminent gracefulness, from its being adapted to every age, and every degree of strength—for by altering the strength of the bows it may be practised from childhood to “green old age;” from its occupying both the eye and mind, and awakening and stimulating the faculties, as well as bringing into exercise the muscles of the legs, arms, chest, and body, cannot be too highly recommended. Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, says

of it, “It is an exercise most wholesome for the body, and a pastime most honest for the mind: of all others the best, not only because it increaseth strength and preserveth health the most, but because it is not vehement, but moderate, not overlaying one part with weariness, but softly exercising every part with equalness.” Dr. Mulcastor, a contemporary of Ascham, thus eulogises Archery:—“To say enough of this exercise in a few words, which no words can praise enough for the commodities which it bringeth to the health of the body, it consisteth of the *best exercises*, and the *best effects* of the best exercises.” And Sir Wm. Wood, Marshall of the old Society of Finsbury Archers, thus sings its praise in his “Bowman's Glory:”—

“It is an exercise (by proof) we see  
Whose practice doth with nature best agree;  
Obstructions of the liver it prevents,  
Stretching the nerves and arteries, gives extent  
To the spleen's oppilations, clears the breast  
And spungy lungs; it is a foe profest  
To all consumptions.”

There are so few healthful recreations in the open air of which women can partake, without being considered to encroach on the privileges of the “lords of the creation,” and incurring the imputation of being unfeminine, that we cannot wonder Archery is making rapid progress among our countrywomen. Besides its beneficial effect on the health, too, it is an elegant amusement, developing as much grace as can ever be displayed in *actual* dancing, far more than the indolently-paced quadrilles, or romping polkas or *deux temps* of the present day can ever hope to call forth.

A slight sketch of what is known of the bow and arrows may not be deemed uninteresting, before we enter further on our subject.

There is no authentic history or tradition relative to the invention of the bow, but it is evidently of very remote antiquity. The first



mention of it occurs in the Book of Genesis (xxvii. 3), 1760 B.C. Isaac bids Esau take his weapons, his "quiver and his bow," and go into the field and get him some venison. Ishmael, we are told (Gen. xxi. 20), "grew and dwelt in the Wilderness, and became an archer;" indeed, repeated allusions to this ancient weapon of the Jews occur in the Old Testament; Jonathan presented his bow to David, (Sam. xvii. 4); the archers "hit and sore wounded" Saul, (Sam. xxxi. 3).

In the Greek mythology, and in the ancient Grecian and Egyptian sculptures, are various allusions to, and delineations of the bow. Records of archery have also been traced in many Persepolitan, Macedonian, and Parthian antiquities. The Chinese had this weapon; one of their proverbs says, "When a son is born in the family, hang the bow and quiver up at the gate;" and their great sage, Confucius, wrote a treatise on archery.

All the Eastern nations seemed to have used the bow as a weapon of warfare, and practised archery as an amusement in times of peace; in Persia, equestrian archery was much practised, and shooting at the popingay was a favourite recreation. The Arabs were skilful archers; in Chinese Tartary both sexes were equally expert in the use of the bow. The Manilla Indians, the Caribbee Indians, the Demarara Indians, the natives of Florida, and the savage tribes of North as well as of South America, all were more or less acquainted with, and expert in the use of this weapon. Some Catabuwa warriors exhibited at one of our London theatres about fifty years since, excited universal astonishment by the skill and certainty with which they hit a mark scarcely so large as a shilling.

The Scandinavians were likewise expert archers.

Homer mentions the bow several times. In his *Iliad*, b. ix. l. 152, Pandarus is thus described aiming an arrow at Menalaus:—

"Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch and joins the doubling ends;  
Close to the breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barbed point approach the circling bow;  
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,  
Sounds the tough horn and twangs the quivering string."

He mentions the Locrians as being "skilled from far the flying shaft to wing."

Again, in the *Odyssey*, we find the suitors of Penelope vainly endeavouring to bend the bow which Ulysses had left at home; and the hero himself, disguised as a beggar, having obtained permission to compete with them, thus proves his skill:—

"One hand aloft displayed,  
The bending horns, and one the string essayed.  
From his essaying hand the string, let fly,  
Twangs short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry."

Æneas, too, is made to introduce Archery when celebrating the anniversary of his father's funeral.

We read that the armies of Alexander the Great were chiefly composed of archers.

Plato, who was a great advocate of archery, and was desirous that qualified persons should be appointed by the government to teach the youth of Athens this art, mentions that the standing guard of the city numbered among its force one thousand archers.

Livy makes mention of the skill and prowess of the Cretan archers.

Plutarch signalizes the defeats of the Romans by the Parthians, and ascribes it to the manner in which these latter galled the enemy with their arrows.

The Huns were likewise skilful archers.

The Romans, as a people, were not skilled in the use of the bow, although many of the nobles and several of the Roman emperors practised it as an amusement. Herodian speaks of the feats and the "unerring hand" of the Emperor Commodus, who exhibited his skill on the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre.

It is a disputed point at what time the long-bow was introduced into England; some writers assert that it was the *arbalest*, or cross-bow only, which was used from the time of the Norman Conquest until that of Edward II. Prior to the Battle of Hastings, we have no record at all of archery being practised in Britain. Others again assert that it was an arrow, and not a bolt, which slew William Rufus, and which caused the death of Richard Cœur de Lion; and that the long-bow, and not the cross-bow, was the weapon of war in the contests between Matilda and Stephen, and with which Richard made such havoc among the Saracens. Certain it is that that famous hero of ballad romance, Robin Hood,\* would be divested of half his charms if we took from him the graceful long-bow and the "feathery arrows;" therefore, if not from stronger conviction, we side with the last-mentioned opinions, and are convinced that, although the *arbalest* may possibly have been the most common weapon of war, yet in the "merrie green wood" at least the other was expertly handled. Ritson, in the "*Old Garland*," a quaint collection of ballads on Robin Hood, gives the following characteristic anecdote of nearly the last words and actions of this famous outlaw; when he felt his end approaching, he said—

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digg'd be."

At the battles of Cressy and Agincourt the long-bow was evidently used; in the reign of Edward III. again we find express mention of our archers, to whom indeed the victory seems generally to have been chiefly owing in most battles wherein they were engaged. Sir John Smith attributes this not only to the skill of the archers, but to the "dazzling, bemazing effect which a volley of arrows, flying thick as hail

\* Who could "Hit a mark a hundred rod,  
And cause a hart to die."



through the air, must have on the enemies' soldiers, and also on their horses."

In the reign of Edward IV. we find sundry curious laws relative to archery, to the importation of bow-staves, &c.; in one of which, "unlawful games, as dice, quoits, tennis," &c., are prohibited; but "every person strong and able of body" is required to use his bow.

Henry VII. instituted a band of archers to guard his person.

Henry VIII. was a great patron of archery; and a law made in his reign enacted that "all men not having any lawful impediment, except religious and judges, under sixty years of age, shall exercise shooting in long-bows; and teach their children, servants, &c., having a bow with two arrows for each under seventeen years of age, and with four arrows for those above seventeen. Penalty, 6s. 8d. per month."

Queen Elizabeth, too, was a patroness of archery, and did not disdain herself to "wing the feathered shaft." By some statutes made in her reign, we find that the use of the bow formed part of the education of youth. At some of the public schools, and especially at Harrow, every parent was called upon to allow "to each boy, a bow, three shafts, a bow-string, and a bracer, to exercise shooting;" and prizes were given to be shot for by twelve competitors.

Shakspeare, who in his works introduces numberless allusions relative to this science, was, if we may credit any of the accounts of his midnight onslaughts on the deer, an archer of no mean skill.

Charles I. was a practical lover of archery, as was his father, James I.; and by these two sovereigns commissions were issued for the purpose of preventing inroads on, and removing obstructions from, the public grounds and fields devoted to the practice of archery; for it would seem that brick and mortar were even then beginning insidiously to encroach on the "pleasant green fields."

Archery was neglected by James II. in the troubles of his reign; and after his abdication, and the accession of a new family, bringing with them other predilections, the practice of it declined, and gradually fell into almost total disuse, being kept up only by a few companies or societies, among which the oldest, and the one which survived the longest, was the Society of Finsbury Archers, who had records dating as far back as 1676. In Clerkenwell church is a monument to Sir William Wood, one of their old marshals, who died at the age of 82. It has been restored by the Toxophilite Society; part of the inscription runs thus:—

"Long did he live, the honour of the bow,  
And his great age to that alone did owe.  
But how can art secure? Or what can save  
Extreme old age from the appointed grave?  
Surviving archers much his loss lament,  
And in respect bestow this monument."

A splendid silver badge, presented to the Finsbury Archers by Catherine, Queen of Charles

II., was, by Mr. Constable—one of the oldest and few remaining members of that body—transferred to the Toxophilites, when he joined them soon after their formation in 1780, under the auspices of Sir Ashton Levers and Mr. Waring. That society was the parent of most of those which have since sprung up, and of late multiplied so rapidly: its grounds are in the Regent's Park.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a munificent patron of archery, and by his influence mainly contributed to make it fashionable, and thus reanimate it. The following circumstance will alone suffice to show how rapid has been its spread lately, and how generally its healthfulness and power of amusing have been acknowledged—Little more than twenty years since there were only two or three establishments in London for the sale of archery accoutrements; there are now probably twenty at least.

It seems strange that the French should have at no period of their history appeared to devote much attention to archery. Greatly as they have suffered at various times from the skill of their English foes, one would have imagined that they would have endeavoured at least to foil them with their own weapons. A few small societies of "*tireurs*" have occasionally existed, and one or two do so now: they have, however, a quaint old proverb on the subject, which says (what is well worth noting)—"*Debander l'arc ne guérit pas la plaie*;" or that the regret we may feel at having wounded the feelings of any person, is but a poor atonement for the evil. "*Faire de tous bois flèches*," and "*Cette flèche n'est pas sortie de mon carquois*" are also two other trite allusions to archery.

Ere we proceed to the chief bearing of our subject, viz., archery as a recreation for females, we must not forget that celebrated archer Tell, who, when Gesler asked him why he took the second arrow, boldly replied—

"Mit diesem zweiten Pfeil durchschoss ich-Euch,  
Wenn ich mein liebes Kind getroffen hätte,  
Und euer—warlich hätte ich nicht gefehlt."

We have said already that archery is peculiarly adapted for females; nor are we of the present day singular in that opinion. If we go back as far as the ancient mythology, we find Diana with her bow: if we seek in the writings of the poets, we find Tasso's beautiful description of Clorinda—

"Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung,  
Therein a flash of arrows feathered well.  
In her right hand a bow was bended strong,  
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel.  
So fit to shoot she singled out among  
Her foes who first her quarrel's strength should feel;  
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
When Niobe she killed, and all her brood."

If we speed our way to Asia, we shall find in some of the harems the fair slaves practising archery in the gardens of the seraglio. A traveller in Persia (we forget who) eloquently de-



scribes the bow of buffalo horn, black as jet, and highly polished, with its richly gilded and painted back, and string of pure white silk, decorated at the ends with loops of scarlet and gold; the delicate and costly arrows, the sleeve of rich satin, embroidered with gold, worn to protect the arm; and the jewelled thumb ring (an article peculiar to the east), used by these beautiful captives; as well as the curious target, composed of softened clay, at which they shoot.

But we need not seek in the realms of the east, in the dream-land of poets, or the superstitions of ancient idolaters, in order to demonstrate that archery has been practised by females. Froissart mentions that it was one of the recreations of the stately dames of his day. Black Douglas, wife of one of the warlike and rebellious race of Douglas, was an expert archeress, and more than once, when besieged, tried her prowess on her own sovereign. Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., is stated to have killed a buck in Alnwick Park, by shooting it with an arrow. In the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., we find entered so much for bows, arrows, belts, braces, &c., for Anna Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth was evidently skilled in the practice of archery, for we find it recorded that at one hunting party she with her own hand did shoot three deer. Catherine, queen consort of Charles II., encouraged this science, if she did not actually practice it, as is testified by the silver badge already alluded to, which she presented to the Royal Society of Finsbury Archers. And last, but not least, our own gracious Queen Victoria is a lover and patroness of archery; and herself, at the Highland Fête at Holland Park, in 1850, added as a prize, expressly to be competed for by ladies, a handsome bracelet, which was won by a friend of the writer of this article.

We now approach the most difficult part of our subject—the reducing practice to theory, or giving verbal directions for that which is best acquired manually. There are but few works on archery, and of these “Hansard’s Book of Archery,” “Hastings’ British Archer,” and “Roberts’ Bowman,” are the best; and these are rather histories and treatises on the art than instructions for the practice of it. Our old friend Roger Ascham, in his quaint way, gives a very reasonable guess why more had not been written on this subject:—“The faulte is not to be layed on the thinge which was worthe to be written upon, but of the menne which were negligent in doynge it; and this is the cause thereof as I suppose. Menne that used shootinge moste, and knewe it best, were not learned: men that were learned used shootinge little, and were ignorant of the nature of the thynges.” Not that we believe that archery, any more than dancing, can be verbally taught: attention, imitation, practice, flexibility of the muscles, and concentration of the faculties, will advance a pupil in this art more than volumes of written directions: nevertheless, we will endeavour to give a few general instructions as lucidly as may be.

The accoutrements requisite for the practice of archery consist of a bow, a bow-case, about

half-a-dozen arrows; a tin case or quiver for them; an arm-guard, a glove, a belt, a tassel, and a grease-box. These may all be obtained, sufficiently good in quality for general use, for two pounds.

Various materials have at different periods been used in manufacturing bows. In Job we read of “the bow of steel.” Homer tells us that the bow used by Pandarus was—

“—form’d of horn, and smoothed with artful toil;  
A mountain goat resigned the shining spoil.”

In many parts of the East, horn, and sometimes ivory, is used. The yew tree has also furnished many bows; now various woods are employed besides the yew, as lance-wood, rose-wood, snake-wood, and tulip-wood, combined with hornbeam and hickory. Bows are made of two kinds, “self-bows” or those formed of one piece of wood, and “back-bows” composed of two kinds of wood, one tough and the other elastic; the common lance-wood self-bow is the cheapest of any; the continental yew self-bow is the most expensive. Bow-strings have been made of silk, catgut, and hemp: the last is the best and most durable material.

Arrows are chiefly manufactured of prepared lime-wood, old deal, pine, and asp-wood; the “nock,” or notch, for the reception of the string is of horn; the feathers from the wing of the grey goose, the turkey, or the eagle; and the head or pile of thin steel or iron. The length of the arrow depends much on that of the bow; for a bow five feet long the arrows may be four or five-and-twenty inches in length. Arrows vary in weight as well as length, and are usually proportioned to the strength of the bow; their weights are always marked on them between the feathers, and archers should take care when shooting at a mark or target to keep to one certain weight.

The “quiver” is of tin, and usually japanned; it is generally made to hold about half-a-dozen arrows: it may be made of very rich and ornamental materials.

The “brace,” or arm-guard, used to protect the arm from being hurt by the rebound of the string, is made of morocco leather, calf, or pig-skin; the surface is smooth, hard, and polished, to prevent the string from being fretted in its passage over it.

The “belt” is composed of the same leather as the brace, and dyed the same colour, viz., crimson, purple, or green, but generally the latter: from it on the left side is suspended the “tassel,” which is of worsted, and the same colour as the belt: its use is to wipe the arrows after they have been used, as a small particle of dirt adhering to them will impede their flight. The “grease-box,” if not an absolutely necessary appendage, is a very useful one for keeping the fingers of the glove moist and supple; it usually consists of an ornamental box worn on the same side as the tassel.

The “glove” is used to protect the fingers from being injured by the string: it is made to match the belt and brace, and should fit well or



it will be of no use: it must be kept supple while being used, or it impedes the action of the hand.

The target is of twisted thrashed straw, similar to that of which bee-hives are made; this is covered with a surface of canvas, on which equidistant circles of different colours surround an eye or centre of gold; these circles determine the value of each shot, and test the skill of the archer.

Our ancient friend Ascham pithily observes, "Archery is more pleasant to behold than easy to be taught, less difficult to be followed in practice than to be described:" the preliminary rule we lay down is to begin practising with a bow which can be managed without any extra exertion of the muscles of the arms and chest; thus one of some twenty or twenty-five pounds power will generally be the best for young ladies during the first season; during the next they can increase the power to thirty or thirty-four pounds, but we should never advise them to exceed forty pounds. Good instruction and example, backed by diligent attention and practice on the part of the learner, will be rewarded by proficiency: at the moment of taking aim the powers of the mind should be concentrated on the affair in hand, much judgment and coolness being requisite: nervousness, inattention, or a wandering of the thoughts or eyes, will cause the aim to be false. Vegetius (cap. 15) says that "the left hand should be steady, the right hand draw the string with judgment, and both the eye and the mind be brought to bear together on the object of the aim."

"Shoot straighte and of a good lengthe,  
Then shall ye win of any strengthe,"

is the advice of an old author who wrote in the sixteenth century; and to shoot straight the eye must be fixed on the mark, the mind bent to assist the eye, and then the hands will obediently, governed by these two potentates, perform their duty. To shift the eye from the shaft to the mark, and from the mark to the shaft, is to insure a failure.

The bow must be held in the left hand, the arm extended in a straight line, and the wrist turned inwards; the hand grasps the bow at the *handle* as nearly level with the top of it as possible. With the right hand take the arrow by the middle and pass it under the string and over the bow; when the pile reaches the left hand, the fore finger of that hand must be clasped over it to steady it; the right hand now glides back to the nock, and grasps it with the thumb and finger; the cock feather is looked for, and the arrow slid down the bow and arranged with the cock feather upwards, and in a line with the top of the handle of the bow; during this manœuvre the bow may be held horizontally: it is now brought by a semi-circular sweep of the arms into an almost perpendicular position, the fore finger of the left hand entirely detached from the arrow, and the whole of that hand grasps the bow at the handle, while with the right hand the arrow is adjusted to the string: by the time the bow is raised to its proper position, and the arrow brought to a level with the

ear, it should be nearly three-quarters drawn. The body should stand sidewise as regards the target, the face only being turned directly to it; the eyes looking straight at the mark. Aim should now be taken, and the bow not kept fully drawn for more than a second or it will be injured, but the arrow loosed at once. One of our celebrated opera dancers is said to have observed, that of all the attitudes she ever studied not one was so graceful or displayed the form to better advantage than that of drawing the long bow.

As almost every archery society has its own peculiar rules for the practice of this pastime we abstain from entering on those points which are merely optional, and conclude our remarks with a few slight hints relative to the archery dress, leaving our readers to modify them according to their own taste.

In a climate so variable as that of England all out-door amusements must be pursued with precaution if we would preserve health. Hence it is evident that a costume must be chosen which will not only be graceful and effective, but which will preserve the body from chilly winds, dampness in the atmosphere, &c. We recommend a jacket of velvet or cashmere, braided or trimmed with buttons fitting well but not tightly; a *gilet* of silk, or poplin, or *pique*, and a skirt of the same material as the jacket ornamented up the front with braiding or buttons, and a lawn habit-shirt and undersleeves. The jacket and skirt may be of emerald or Lincoln green, or of royal blue, or violet; and the *gilet* of white, or the palest shade of colour; or the jacket may be of either of these colours, and the skirt of white tastefully trimmed to match. The belt, &c., must be chosen in accordance with the prevailing colour. A hat of felt or heaver, in the style of that worn by *la Figlia del Reggimento*, decorated with a short feather or rosette to match the dress, will cover the head and protect the eyes from the sun. Lastly, but not least, the feet must be attended to and well guarded from the damp engendered by our heavy dews, by the frequent showers, and by the sward having been watered to give it freshness; boots of kid, having channelled or cork, or gutta percha soles, will be best, and if high heels are added it is an advantage, as these prevent the whole of the sole from coming in contact with the ground.

Commending then to our fair countrywomen the practice of archery as a healthful and graceful recreation, and pleasant change from their other occupations and pursuits, we wish them—

"Stout arm, strong bow, and steady eye,  
Union, true heart, and courtesy."\*

M. A. Y.

\* A new invention for propelling arrows has lately been brought into use successfully. A sheath about the size and appearance of a dice-box is furnished at one end with an elastic Indian-rubber cord, which by being drawn to its full limit forces the arrow with considerable effect to an immense distance: it is a very portable, cheap, and handy weapon, but not so stylish as the ordinary bow.—ED.



## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

## THE PET CHICKEN.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

Emily Morton was a very happy little girl, whose mother dearly loved her, and tried to make her good.

One day when Emily had learnt a long lesson in grammar—which study she disliked exceedingly—Mrs. Morton was so much pleased with her little daughter that she made her a present of a very handsome cock and hen, and had a hen-house built on purpose for them. Emily jumped with delight when all was complete, and at once gave the hen, who was quite white, the name of *Blanche*. She was a long time considering what to call the cock. He was a noble fellow, with black, and green, and scarlet feathers, and a large comb in the shape of a rosette upon his forehead. Emily at first thought of "*Rufus*," because her favourite had so much red about him; but as she did not at all admire the weak and wicked king of that name, of whom she had read in her English History, she at length decided in favour of "*Loftus*," as suitable to the stately carriage and dignified strut of her feathered friend.

Emily was allowed to feed her fowls herself, whenever the weather was fine enough. She had a large box full of grain, and another with bran in it; and Mary, the cook, saved her up all the crumbs from the breakfast-table, and little scraps of bread from dinner, which were soaked in water until they were soft. So *Blanche* and *Loftus* fed luxuriously, and grew so fond of their young mistress, that they would come close to her, and eat out of her hand.

Now in process of time it came to pass that *Blanche*, like other hens, wished to hatch the eggs that she had laid. But they had almost all been boiled for breakfast. There were only eight remaining, which had been put away in the cellar, in anticipation of this desire on the part of the hen. So Mrs. Morton bought half-a-dozen more of a neighbour, and after making a comfortable nest of whisps of hay, Emily arranged the fourteen eggs nicely in it, and then politely shewed mistress *Blanche* the way to her new nest.

Three long, long weeks elapsed, and Emily began to feel extremely impatient. At length—one beautiful morning in June, when the sun was shining, and the birds were singing, and the rosebuds opening their sweet pink petals to the gentle breeze—the little girl was called up in haste. The chickens were nearly all hatched, the servant said, and would soon want something to eat. Emily dressed herself in a great hurry, and after she had said her morning prayer, she ran down stairs, her face beaming with health and animation, and out into the yard to the hen-house. She peeped in at the door, and saw *Blanche* sitting in her accustomed corner, with her snowy feathers puffed out to an immense

size, and croaking in a very cross voice as Emily leaned towards her. The little girl was vexed, and thought her favourite very ungrateful; but the servant told her that hens always did so when they had chickens to take care of, and that it shewed their love for their little ones, and their fear lest any one should steal them away and hurt them.

"But I can't see any chickens," said the little girl. "Are you sure there are some?"

"Oh yes, Miss, I have seen them. Hush! don't you hear them chirping?"

Emily listened, and could distinguish a low, sweet kind of whistling, which increased when the hen, stiff with sitting so long, endeavoured to alter her position. Four or five little downy heads peeped out from beneath her wings, with bright black eyes like beads, and six or eight pairs of small yellow legs were to be seen standing on the ground around her. Emily was delighted, and asked the servant to get her one or two, that she might hold them in her hands and stroke them. This was a matter of some difficulty, for *Blanche* flew savagely at the girl every time she attempted it; but at length Mary succeeded in getting hold of the hen herself, and lifting her quite off the nest, displaying no fewer than ten beautiful chickens to the admiring eyes of her young mistress. Emily was in raptures with them; but she wondered why the other four eggs were not hatched.

"Why, Miss," answered Mary, to her eager questioning, "perhaps there are not chickens in all of them. It seldom happens that there is a chicken in every egg."

"Dare I touch them, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss; we will take them into the house, and see if there are chickens in them."

"How can you find *that* out, Mary?"

"You shall see, Miss. Cover them up warm in your handkerchief, and I will put the hen back in her nest, and then we will go and try them."

When the little girl and the servant arrived in the kitchen, Mary filled a bowl with warm water, and after making sure that it was not too hot, she put the eggs into it. Three of them immediately sank to the bottom; but the fourth swam about in a very amusing manner. It was evident that something was moving inside.

"There, Miss; you see," said Mary, "three of the eggs are bad, and have never had a chicken in them, or else the little things are dead; and in the fourth egg is a fine lively bird, that will soon be out if we keep it warm."

"A bird, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss; a chicken is a bird, you know."

"Oh! I thought birds were only those that sing amongst the trees. Won't you put back that egg under the hen, Mary?"

"No, Miss; we must try to hatch it in the house, for the hen will not take care of it now that she has so many chickens to see after."



"Don't you think it's very cruel of her, Mary?"

"No, Miss; the other chickens will be wanting to run about, and it is not to be expected that their mother will stay behind to take care of one egg."

"What do you think is the reason it was not hatched along with the rest? I put them all into the nest on the same day."

"Perhaps it is not quite so strong as the others. The strongest chickens come out first. Another reason may be that it was on the outside, and the mother did not cover it so warmly as she did the rest. But now, Miss, we must contrive a warm place for it."

Mary went to a cupboard, and brought forth a small baking-tin, after which she looked into a work-bag, and there found some wadding; she then enveloped the egg carefully in the wadding, and putting both into the tin, set it on the ground against the oven.

"Now, Miss," said she, "we will go and feed the chickens. I have some bread nicely soaked; meal mixed with water until it crumbles between your fingers is also very good for them, but the bread will do this morning."

Blanche was exceedingly cross with the intruders upon her privacy until she saw what they were about; but when they strewed the soft bread upon the ground before the nest, she rose with a dignified air, and stretching out her neck with a sharp cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, she soon enticed her little ones from their warm shelter. Some were very bold, hopping about with long legs and straight backs, and stealing twinkling sideway glances at their visitors. These soon learned to eat by themselves, but their weaker brethren and sisters needed more inviting, so the judicious mother selected nice little morsels, which she dropped at their feet, clucking sharply at the time, and occasionally feeding them from her own beak. One little thing, the last comer, seemed to have no idea of eating at all, and Emily feared it was ill; but Mary told her not to be alarmed, as they did not require any food for the first few hours after hatching.

Emily could not stay long with the interesting family, for breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Morton's cheerful voice was heard calling to her little daughter; so she ran in, and with a beaming face kissed her beloved mother, and told her all about the chickens and the egg in the kitchen.

Emily had a good many lessons to do that day, yet she found time to give an occasional peep at her cherished egg. The bird, however, gave no signs of animation until the afternoon, when, as Emily was looking at the egg for about the fourteenth time, she heard a feeble chirp, and turning it over, discovered a small hole, through which appeared a tender beak with a little sharp knob upon it, which beak kept continually opening and shutting, as if panting for air. Emily ran with the egg to her mother.

"Look! Mamma, look! the chicken is coming. Shall I break some more of the shell, Mamma?"

"No, my dear, not now; you had better let the bird manage for itself a short time. Afterwards you shall play the part of its mother, and give the shell a little crack."

"Does she do so, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, if you could have watched her closely, you would have seen her turn the eggs over with her beak, and now and then give them a chip. But she knows better when the chickens are quite ready to come out than you do, so you must be careful how you act. You had better put the egg back again for the present, and take a walk with me. You will see the hole will be larger when we return."

Emily rather unwillingly put on her things, and accompanied her mother. When they returned, the little girl immediately ran into the kitchen.

The egg was a good deal more broken, and Emily could see a tiny head turned all on one side, and a soft yellow claw that was cramped up in a most unaccountable manner. She was quite sorry for the chicken, and told Mary that she thought it must have got into the egg the wrong way; but Mary laughed, and assured her that all chickens were packed into the shell in that manner, as otherwise there would be no room for them.

The chicken now began to kick and struggle violently, and Emily begged her mamma to allow her to have the tin by her on the tea-table, that she might watch the egg; to which Mrs. Morton consented. The little girl broke off some pieces of the shell from time to time; and at length the chicken, after resting awhile, succeeded in freeing itself from its confinement. But the poor little thing seemed weak, and wanted warming and drying; so Emily patiently sat and held it between her hands for an hour or two, when it appeared much more comfortable. She would not part with it that night; and Mrs. Morton also feared that it might get too much pushed about by its stronger brothers and sisters, if it were placed under the hen; so between them they contrived a place for taking care of it, which was, that Emily should wrap it in cotton wool, and tie it round her waist in a pocket when she went to bed, and so keep it warm all night.\* She was a quiet sleeper, and there was no fear that she would turn over and crush it. Besides, as she said, she should know it was there, and be careful.

By such treatment the chicken was able in a few days to take its place among the rest: and now the hen walked forth with her brood, and caught insects for them, and scratched up the earth for worms and grubs. Poor Loftus, who had been somewhat neglected while his lady was engaged in hatching her young family, gladly assisted her in the care of them, and often called them to pick up some tit-bit that he chanced to find. He appeared much pleased when they grew familiar, and pecked at his eyes until he was obliged to shut them for fear of being blinded, or jumped upon his back, without

\* A fact.



"with your leave or by your leave," as people say.

All went on well until the brood were nearly three weeks old. One unfortunate day, about that time, Blanche happened not to be in a very good humour, probably Loftus had offended her, and she scratched the earth up in an exceedingly rough manner, making a large hole, and keeping the chickens away from her on all sides. At length, while she was stalking about, unheeding where she trod, one of her sprawling feet alighted upon the chicken that Emily had helped to rear, and the poor little thing was crushed to the earth, and seriously injured. Emily just then happened to come by, and saw her pretty favourite gasping and struggling on the spot where its careless mother had left it. She took it up in a great fright, and ran into the kitchen.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried she, "my poor little pet is dying. Look at it. What shall I do."

"Give it me, miss; and run and ask your mamma for about a tea-spoonful of brandy-and-water. We can perhaps save its life yet."

Emily did as she was requested, and Mary took the brandy-and-water into her mouth, and gave it by little sips into the chicken's beak. The poor bird swallowed it, and in a short time seemed revived, and could stand upon its legs. In about half-an-hour it became so lively, that it was returned to the hen, who had now recovered her good humour, and welcomed it gladly. She little knew how nearly she had lost it altogether, and all by her own wicked temper.

After this incident, Emily grew still more fond of her chicken, of whom she regarded herself as in some sort the mother, for had she not helped to bring it into existence? And had she not nursed it into health and strength, and afterwards assisted to restore it when on the point of death? Her *protégée* grew up a very fine hen, with beautiful jet black feathers tinged with green, a handsome plume upon its head, and a shining russet collar round its neck. Emily named it Julia, after her own dear mother.

After laying some hundreds of eggs, and living to see her great, great, great, we cannot say how far removed grand-children—for Emily would not allow her favourite to be killed, even when she became profitless—Mistress Julia died of extreme old age, on the 15th November, 1850. She was interred in the garden adjoining the house, with all due honours, eighty-six of her descendants following her to the grave. A simple stone was afterwards erected to her memory by the sorrowing mistress of

#### THE PET CHICKEN.

#### THE TRUANT SCHOOLBOYS OF THESSALY.

Books should with wreaths of roses be entwined,  
Linked with amenities that win the mind;  
Not wept o'er by a child of tender years,  
Brimming his gentle eyes with crystal tears.

#### A PASTORAL.

(Adapted for Recitation in Universities and Schools.)

BY A BROTHER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Carpe diem.

Heard ye that shout, ye dryads of the dale,  
Yet slow decaying over Tempe's vale?  
From Hellas' truant schoolboys came the sound,  
Unlicensed breathing the fresh air around;  
Devious their path, till in a glen they hide,  
Of shepherd, faun, or sylvan lad unsied.  
Apart where hazels meet in arches rude,  
The busy squirrel's cherished solitude,  
Cradled with cowslips, Thyrsis finds a bed,  
His satchel pillowing his curly head.  
Diana passing near in buskins white,  
Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,  
Stops, taken with his face, and bending low,  
Searches around him for his shaft and bow.  
She thought the minion, where he lay reposed,  
Was Cupid slumbering with his pinions closed:  
His lily hand she pressed—then hastens on,  
To meet her shepherd swain Endymion.  
Meantime, a titter from behind the trees,  
A hum of females floats upon the breeze,  
The gossip mystery of forms unseen,  
And forth a dwarf comes crawling on the green,  
Who squatting near the boy, with subtle look,  
Out from his tasselled green bag pulls a book,  
His Gradus ad Parnassum, bound in roan,  
Which a dunce vouchsafed him, and bade him con,  
As once he journeyed to Apollo's shrine,  
To be examined by the laughing Nine,  
In the Frogs of Aristophanes—the page  
Where Bacchus smites them with ungoverned rage.  
Ripe now for music is each minstrel boy,  
Sorrow's soft nurse, and tender passion's joy;  
Some raise their voices to the master-lyre,  
Others with mellow breath the reed inspire,  
Plaintive the sad notes dying one by one,  
Till all is hushed and Damon sings alone.  
The oak-crowned sisters from the hills descended,  
The hamadryades their hunting ended;  
They gather round the spot, by Rapture led,  
Fair living forms with roses garlanded.  
Hushed is the hymning of the youthful choir,  
They drop the ivory pipe, and gold-stringed lyre,  
And each nymph turning round her languid eyes,  
Averts them, made in wooing arms a prize,  
More proud the victor than the chief of Greece,  
Who won on Colchos' coast the golden fleece.  
Apart Damocetas, who his heart kept whole,  
Tickled to see his mates lose all control,  
For pastime ever ready, gives his lip,  
His mirth-inspiring lute with ebony tip.  
Straight the infection runs through all the throng,  
Leading the way the maidens romp along,



They beckon Sport, who comes by Laughter led,  
Wearing a cap and bells upon his head,  
And all contend which shall the deepest be  
Buried in leaves beneath the old oak tree.  
The spell dissolves—the moon o'er Ossa's brow,  
Looks through the lattice of the blossomed bough,  
Chequering with light the chalk cliff, where is seen  
A stalwart man two sycamores between;

Propped, leaning on his staff, he scowls around,  
And his voice rings in ears that know the sound.  
Pale turn the boys in dread of blows to come,  
The maids hang o'er them and deplore their doom,  
Sport pelt the pedant, and his frown derides,  
And Laughter eyes him holding both his sides.

D.

## THE WORK - TABLE.

### EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

**MATERIALS:**—Dark Stone or Grey Kid, of the finest quality; green, and blue *ombré* embroidery Silks; bright scarlet ditto; and a needleful or two of buff-coloured coarse sewing or fine netting Silk.

The note-case being given of the full size in the engraving, the pattern may readily be traced from it, and then marked on the leather in the usual manner. Before placing it in the frame in which it is to be worked, line it with soft fine linen, or with a bit of fine merino of the same colour. This holds the needle better than the kid alone would do, and prevents the latter from tearing. I may observe that even morocco is the better for being lined when it is to be embroidered for slippers and similar articles.

The group in the centre of the design is composed of blue convolvulus, with bud, and Flox Adonis, with its buds, intermixed with small green leaves. Of the three Flox Adonis the lowest is the darkest, being worked entirely in the dark parts of the silk. The others are light; the upper part of each flower is the lightest. The centre of every one is formed in the same manner, of a cluster of French knots, in buff silk, surrounded entirely by others in dark blue. The buds are all worked in the lighter shades of the silk, and the convolvulus is shaded from left to right, the former being the darkest. The cup of the flower is worked in irregular long stitches, in buff silk.

The leaves, being very small, are not veined. The engraving shows the direction of the stitches. The lower leaves of the group are, for the most part, the darkest. The stems are worked in half-polka stitch, and are very light and delicate. In working the leaves, take care to begin so that the darkest



part of your needle-full of silk shall be used in the lower part of the leaf, unless where it droops, in which case it is allowable to throw the strongest light on the centre.



Scarlet is used for the buds of the Flox Adonis. The leaves and stems are green, and worked in the same manner as those in the centre group. The reverse side of the note-

case may either be embroidered to correspond, or be left plain. It should be made up, with white silk, by an ornamental bookbinder.

AIGUILLETTE.

### EDGING IN FRIVOLITE.

**MATERIALS.**—For very strong work, Evans's Tatting Cotton, No. 1; Medium, No. 2; and for Children's Dresses, &c., No. 3. Bolton's Steel Shuttle, and a Tatting Pin; also a Sewing Needle.

Before giving directions for this edging, it is necessary to explain the manner of joining the loops, the only process in Frivolité which has not been already described to the readers of this Magazine. When two loops are to be connected, a picot is made *in the first*, wherever that connection is to take place. When you come to the corresponding part of the *second*, draw the thread which goes round the fingers of the left hand through the picot with a needle, pulling through a loop large enough to admit the shuttle. Slip this through, then draw the thread tight again over the fingers, and continue the work.

In the following pattern, and in others which I shall give, the needle is also used to work over in button-hole stitch the thread which passes from one loop to another. A long needleful is left at the beginning of the work, and threaded. When this is used, another must be joined on, as neatly and imperceptibly as possible. Picots are sometimes made in the lines of button-hole stitch done with the needle.

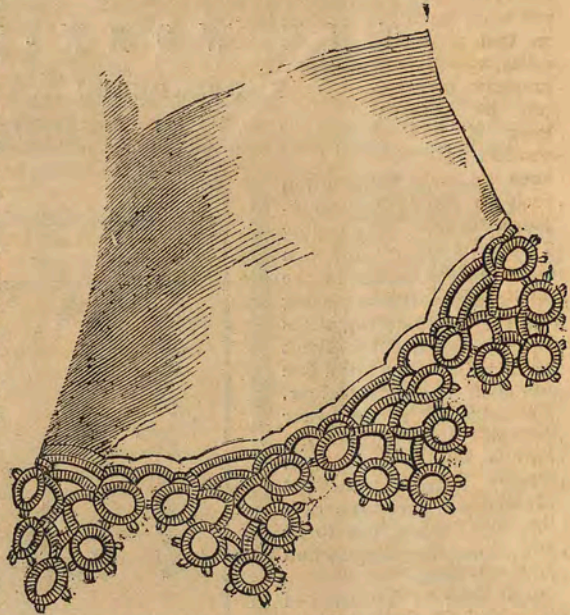
1st pattern. Leave about a yard of thread;  $\times$  4 double stitches, 1 picot,  $\times$  5 times. 4 double stitches. Draw up the loop quite tightly. A. Work 8 button-hole stitches, with the needleful of thread, on that connected with the shuttle; make a picot, and work 8 more.

2nd loop. 4 double, join to the last picot of the previous loop,  $\times$  4 double, 1 picot,  $\times$  4 times; 4 double with the needle; do 9 button-hole stitches.

3rd loop. 4 double; join to the last picot of the last loop; 4 double, 1 picot,  $\times$  6 double, 1 picot,  $\times$  twice, 4 double, 1 picot, 4 double; 9 button-hole stitches on the thread.

4th loop. Like 2nd. On the thread work 8 button-hole stitches; slip the needle through the picot made on the thread after the first loop; 8 more stitches.

5th loop. Like 4th. When it is drawn up, carry the needle to the beginning of the first loop, and button-hole stitch back again; then work on the thread 9 button-hole stitches, and



join to the last picot of the same loop. Then, for the straight bar, slip the thread to the first picot of the first loop, B; take one stitch to fasten it; then (taking care not to contract it), slip the needle to the beginning of the first loop. Work on this bar 9 button-hole stitches; this brings the needle again to the first picot; slip it through the second. Work along the bar, closely, till you come again to the last picot of the last loop. Work 9 on the thread, and connect with the next picot; 9 on the thread,  $\times$  make a picot; 9 button-hole stitches,  $\times$  twice.

2nd pattern (and all following ones), 4 double stitches, join to the last picot on the thread, 4 double, join to the next on the thread, 4 double, join to the centre picot of the last loop,  $\times$  4 double, 1 picot,  $\times$  twice; 4 double.

Repeat from A to B of the last pattern—continue this. Cover the bar thus made with button-hole; then 8 button-hole on the thread, fasten to the next picot of the fifth loop,  $\times$  9 button-hole on thread, make a picot,  $\times$  twice; 9 button-hole.

Repeat the 2nd pattern as often as may be required.

AIGUILLETTE.



## ANTIQUE LACE COLLAR.

MATERIALS :—W. Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburgh Threads, Nos. 1, 100, and 120, and Boar's Head Cotton, No. 70.

In the engraving one-half the collar is given of the full size, and if this be drawn on a piece of proper tracing-paper, and inked, it will be seen as distinctly on the wrong end as on the right; so that a perfect collar, with the ends properly reversed, can be obtained from it without trouble. The outlines are made entirely in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1; and for the sake of attaching this more firmly and regularly to the pattern, it will be advisable to line the paper with alpaca or merino. The great advantage of the thread outline consists in the facility it affords for fastening on and off; as the ends are merely laid on, in the outlines, for about an inch, and there can be as many joins as flowers.

The edges of the petals and leaves are not covered with button-hole stitch, as the close stitches which fill them make it sufficiently firm. I may observe, also, that those parts of the outline thread that are covered with button-hole, are worked *after* all the other parts are done.

*a.* The Edging :—A small rosette is worked in each little scallop, in Evans's Mecklenburgh No. 120. When all the filling-in is done, the scallops and inner line are to be overcast in Mecklenburgh No. 100.





*b.* Alternate petals of the roses. The stitch in which these are worked is a new one. Begin at the edge of the petal; do two Brussels stitches quite close to each other, and draw them up tightly; miss the space of two, and repeat. On the next, and all future rows, do the two close stitches *on the bar* formed by the missed space, and work as in the first.

*c.* The close alternate petals. Done in close Brussels, worked over bars of thread. (For the mode of doing this see our Magazine for October—Collar, No. 2). The Brussels stitches are to be taken as close together as possible. This is called foundation stitch.

*d.* The wheel in the centre of the rose is worked on twisted bars, and overcast; or it may be worked with a Raleigh spot in every section. Every part of the rose is done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

*e.* The stems. Covered with button-hole stitch, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100. Ro-

settes in the buds are done in Boar's Head No. 70.

*f.* The rose-leaves. They are worked in foundation stitch, with Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70, the veinings being formed by taking the bar at a greater distance, and working a row of Sorrento, instead of close button-holes, at every place where the openings occur. Up the centre of each leaf is an opening filled with English lace.

*g.* The ground-work, consisting entirely of Raleigh bars, worked irregularly, but so as to connect the various parts of the wreath. For this Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120, will be the best material.

A line of braid-stitch, such as forms the stem of the Turk's-cap sleeve, is used, instead of simple overcasting for the neck.

AIGUILLETTE.

## HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN ANTIQUE POINT.

**MATERIALS:**—Eighteen yards of Italian Braid, and the Point Lace Cottons of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., of Derby.

The size of the page does not admit of our giving more than the section of the handkerchief now presented to the reader. To perfect the half of one side one more pattern will be needed; indeed, from the style of the design, any number may be added without losing the effect.

The braid is represented as rather wider than that I have hitherto had made; so that the spaces to be filled with work will be rather larger, which will not, however, spoil the effect.

*a.* The edging is to be done in Sorrento stitch, using Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 80.

*b.* The Venetian edging, done with five tight button-hole stitches instead of four. Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 50, will do for this stitch.

*c.* Radiating edged Venetian bars, done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 100.

*d.* Brussel's lace. Evans's Boar's Head, No. 70.

*e.* English lace, the centre spots of which are rather larger than the others. It may be worked in the same cotton as the last.

*f.* Open English lace, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 50.

*g.* Raleigh wheels, worked on radiating Raleigh bars, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 80.

*h.* Small flowers, worked in foundation stitch, in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 120.

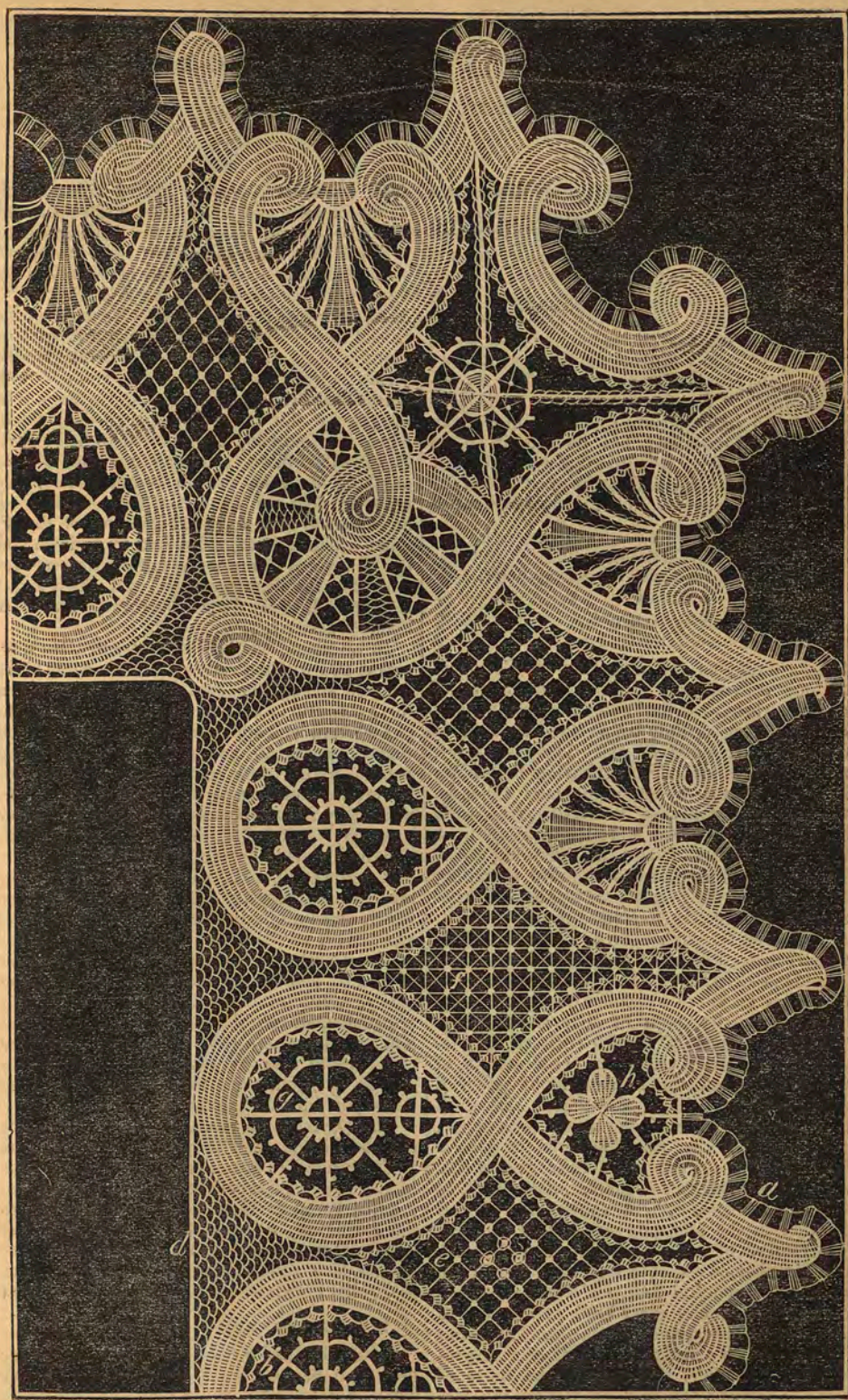
The outlines of these flowers must be made in Mecklenburgh, No. 1.

In various other parts of this handkerchief border, particularly in the corner, will be seen small pieces resembling the braid itself. These are done entirely in foundation stitch, a term applied to close Brussels worked over bars of thread. It is done throughout in the finest Mecklenburgh.

From the bold style of this pattern, the spaces to be filled with stitches are larger than in most patterns. Great care must therefore be taken in the working, to ensure sufficient strength to all the parts; and the foundation of the Venetian and other bars should be in Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1.

AIGUILLETTE.







## GERMAN LEGENDARY LORE.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

## No. III.

It would be an interesting study to trace the intimate connexion existing between the superstitions of different countries. We are little surprised to find in England certain vestiges of ancient Saxon delusions; but it would, I think, be found on examination, that other lands claiming less close affinity with the German nations, have legends corresponding with theirs, indeed, so nearly resembling them, as to leave little doubt of their having sprung from a common origin. To give an instance: the self-tolling bell so frequently spoken of in German supernatural traditions, has its echo in an old legend of Spain. It is said that anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, always tolled spontaneously—

"Whatever dark, ærial power,  
Commissioned, haunts the gloomy tower,

\* \* \* \* \*

The bell of Arragon, they say,  
Spontaneous tolls the fatal day!"

Similar traditions are numerous in Germany. In one convent this unearthly harbinger of death has been described as a "wonderful sound of bells," ringing duly before the last hour of each nun appointed to die. There is a story, too, of an unconsecrated bell having been hung in the tower of an abbey in or near Cologne. On the night following its erection, evil spirits are said to have torn it violently away from its place, and cast it on a neighbouring moor. There it is still supposed to be heard sounding, though never rung by mortal hands, at Christmas and during other sacred festivals.

There is a Neapolitan story relating to manna, which can scarcely fail to suggest various similar legends of Germany. The tree which produces manna is an ash of a peculiar quality: it is indigenous in the south of Italy and in Sicily. "When the kings of Naples enclosed the gardens of Ænotria, where the best manna of Calabria descends, that no man might gather it without paying tribute, the manna ceased till the tribute was taken off, and then it came again; and so, when after the third trial the princes found they could not make their gain of that which God made to be common, they left it as free as God gave it." A spirit akin to this breathes in the following legend of a fountain that refused to suffer the imposition of a toll. On a well-known spot in Germany, there once sprung a wonderful fountain, which possessed the power of healing every kind of sickness to which the human frame is liable, even restoring those whom the most skilful physicians pronounced incurable. Thereupon, the heart of him who owned the land whence the fountain

took its source, became moved with a greedy thirst for gain, and he imposed a toll upon each one who should resort to the healing waters. "But in that same hour," so runs the legend, "the fountain dried up, and never welled out again until the unrighteous tax was lifted off."

Another well-legend is this:—A certain spring is said to rise among the Alps only during those months when cattle are driven a-field. It then yields its waters only twice a-day, and ever with invariable certainty at those hours when it is sought by the cattle to assuage their thirst. There is a fountain, too, reported to be so pure, that it will suffer no soil to approach it. Should anything dirty be thrown into its waters, they cease to flow for an entire day. Somewhat analogous to this, is the old tradition of the ermine, which little animal is said to lie down and die if any soil stains its spotless skin—an idea current in the chivalrous ages, and which led, it is supposed, to the frequent use of the ermine in heraldic devices.

In Germany, as in England and elsewhere, omens and warning voices were once everywhere familiar among the credulous. In Osnaburg there was said to be a spectre wearing the form of a woman, who appeared to the inhabitants on various occasions, and always at the witching hour of night. She wore on her head a red-hot crown, and burning chains round her neck, while fiery fetters confined her hands. Her cry was ever, "So fares it, when men break on earth the vows made to heaven."

A singular superstition is recorded as obtaining credence in the year 1564, during a pestilence which raged on the borders of the Rhine, and was known as "The Call of the Dying." Each person seized with the plague, when on the point of death, and in the moment of their greatest agony, called out loudly the name of one of their acquaintances, neighbours, or friends: almost immediately afterwards, the person so called upon would also be seized with the disorder, and in dying likewise name some other, who thereupon fell sick like the last.

But, leaving such traditions as may almost be said to be common property among various lands, it may be pleasanter to follow the genius of German traditional fiction into its own more peculiar haunts. Here, penetrating deeper into the spirit-land, we meet with some of the most beautiful and touching suggestions that ever human love and immortal hope combined to produce. Foremost among these may be placed

MUTTERTRÄNNEN:—MOTHER-TEARS.

"A mother had a child—the first-born of her love, and he was good and beautiful in her sight; but he did not live long. After he was



lost to her, she bore another son, who became indeed very skilful in arms; but was, moreover, vain and foolish, and a great spendthrift. The poor mother could never look upon him without thinking with regret of her good first-born, and shedding tears in abundance over his memory.

"Now, once when she had thus wept for him anew, the following vision appeared to her: She beheld a high open way, towards which several youths came sporting, with shouts of joy. As she watched them, her thoughts flew to her departed child, and she looked earnestly to see if she could discern his form amongst them; but in vain. This afflicted her, and she wept over it bitterly.

"Not long, however, had she so wept before she saw her own lost one, who, with slow and dragging steps, advanced towards that high way. At this the poor woman cried, in still greater distress:—

"Ah! my son, why goest thou thus alone, and not amongst the rest? What is it that holds thee back, and fetters thy steps?"

"Then the departed one showed his clothes, which were heavy with moisture, and said:—

"See, mother; it is the tears which you have shed uselessly for my sake, whose weight presses so heavily upon me that it is impossible for me to follow those happy ones. Cease, therefore, I pray you, and let rather your tears be offered up in thanksgivings to God; then shall I be freed from the burden."

"The mother did so; and wept no more for her dead."

Surely, this is the tenderest conceivable inspiration of conscious sorrow. It seems to bear upon it the impress of some mourning mother-heart touched with a first faint misgiving of the mischief and impiety of intemperate grief.

A peculiar and mysterious charm, too, lies in the more modern apologue of

#### DEATH AND SLEEP.

"With arms interlaced, like loving brothers, the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death wandered together over the earth. It was evening. They rested themselves upon a hill-side, not far from the dwellings of mortals. A melancholy hush pervaded the air round about them, and even the sound of the hamlet-bells had melted away in the distance.

"Still and mute, as is their wonted mood, sat the two benevolent genii of the human race, locked in a cordial embrace. And soon the night drew on.

"Then, the Angel of Sleep rose up from his mossy couch; and he scattered abroad with light hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze bore them to the silent dwellings of the children of the soil; and now stole sweet sleep over the inhabitants of every rural hut—from the old man resting on his staff, to the tender infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pains; the sorrowing, their grief; the poor, their cares.

"Now, after his work was completed, the

kindly Angel of Sleep laid himself down once more beside his graver brother.

"'When morning dawns,' he cried, in innocent delight, 'men will praise me as their friend and benefactor. O, what joy, to do good unseen and in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the All-Good! How beautiful is our silent office!"

"So spoke the friendly Angel of Sleep.

"But the Angel of Death gazed upon him in silent sorrow; and a tear, such as only the immortal can weep, stood in his great dark eyes.

"'Alas! for me,' he cried, 'that I may not, as thou canst, delight me in the joy of the thankful. The whole earth denounces me as a fiend and destroyer.

"'O, my brother,' returned the Angel of Sleep, 'at the resurrection of the just, shalt thou not also be recognized with grateful thanks as benefactor and as friend? Are not we two, brothers; and are we not alike the messengers of our Father?"

"As he spoke, the eyes of the Death-Angel brightened; and a still more tender embrace united the kindred genii."

The suggestion of consolation is here touched most finely and delicately. Neither can anything well be more graciously imagined than the "great dark eyes" of the Death-angel weeping immortal tears over a destiny which holds him back from the wide brotherhood of beneficent spirits, and forbids him to delight in the recompense awarded to his milder brother, Sleep—"the joy of the thankful."

In the following, by the same author, comfort is drawn from the faith and the clear-sightedness of love—strong, aye, stronger than death:

#### THE RESTORED.

"An only daughter, the comfort and joy of her aged parents, was seized with a severe illness, and died. The father and mother wept over her for three days; and then the maid was buried.

"But the father, when he returned home from the burial, could find no comfort; and his grief became greater than ever. Seeing this, the mother took courage, and dried her tears, and with a cheerful face spoke to the father thus:—

"'Weep no more; we shall see her again. Our child lives.'

"But the father said—

"'How know you this? Alas! it seems to me only the delusion of anguish.'

"Then the mother of the child rose up, and she said—

"'My heart is a pledge for the truth of what I say. Behold! my mother-love is eternal. Shall it be less than eternal, then, the love of the Father?"

Did space permit, we could not do better than call attention to that peculiar phraseology of the German language which lends itself so greatly to the suggestiveness already noticed as the prevailing feature of the German traditional tales. Every reader of the language feels strongly the power of association belonging



sometimes to a single word; and every translator experiences the impossibility of conveying in any other tongue those delicate cadences of thought, which seem, as it were, to speak to our spirits through the medium of the German. An American poet, in whose works the following verses appear, seems to have felt this as sympathetically as he has expressed it gracefully. Gottesacker, or God's-acre, signifies in German a burial-ground.

#### GOD'S - ACRE.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

"Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

\* \* \* \* \*

"With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the  
sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow!"

### THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE.\*

We have here a fac-simile impression of the first edition of a genuine work of the beginning of the seventeenth century. The circumstances under which the little book was written awaken an interest in the first instance, which the work itself will be found to keep alive to the end, even though the subject is a serious one, and very seriously treated. And this is saying much, at a time when publishers and bookbinders seem struggling whether the outsides or the insides of books shall be the more showy. The "Mother's Legacie" has no seductive attractions of this kind. Its external merits, like its internal ones, are of a grave and subdued character; but they are not on this account less valuable. Those who have the power of appreciating the tasteful and refined in typography and binding, will perceive that the "Mother's Legacie" in these respects is a perfect little bijou. The taste and workmanship displayed in the "getting up" of this small volume are of a very superior order. Of its literary value our readers will judge for themselves, when we have told them something of its history.

The authoress, Mrs. Elizabeth Joceline, grand-daughter of William Chaderton, Bishop of Lincoln, who in early life was chaplain to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was born in 1595, and married in 1615, when she was twenty years old. Like many ladies of her time, she was eminent for her learning and her piety. After being married for nearly seven years, she fancied herself about to become a mother. The firm conviction that she would not live to perform a mother's duties to her offspring took possession of her mind; and, unknown to any one, while undauntedly looking death in the face, she wrote these pious and loving counsels as a "Legacie" to her unborn child. Her apprehension proved prophetic; she died in October, 1622, a few

days after giving birth to a daughter. The MS. was found unfinished in her desk, together with a letter to her husband. They were both published, with the "approbation" of the book licenser, Dr. Good, prefixed to them three years afterwards. It is of this edition (1625) that the present editor has presented the public with the fac-simile impression before us, to which he has added a valuable historical and biographical introduction, containing a learned disquisition on the manuals of private devotion in use amongst persons of all ranks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; as well as much curious information respecting the English ladies of the time, who were distinguished for their learning and their piety.

The "Legacie" is an earnest and loving address to her child, counselling it to pursue a life of virtue before God and man; and every word of it shows the writer would have made a wise and tender mother. But the gem of the book is the letter to her husband. Its sound sense, touching simplicity, and exquisite pathos, will find their way to the heart of every reader. We cannot do better than extract a portion of it. Some of the evils that the mother so quaintly urges her husband to guard their child from, will excite a smile in these days:—

#### EXTRACT I.

*To my truly loving and most dearly-loved husband, Tonrell Joceline.*

MINE OWN DEAR LOVE,—I no sooner conceived an hope that I should bee made a mother by thee, but with it entered the consideration of a mother's duty, and shortly after followed the apprehension of danger that might prevent mee from executing that care I so exceedingly desired—I mean in religious training our childe. And in truth, death appearing in this shape, was doubly terrible unto mee. First in respect of the painfulnesse of that kinde of death, and next of the losse my little one should have in wanting mee. But I thank God these feares were cured with the remembrance that all things work together for the best to those that love God, and a certain assurance that he will give mee patience according to my pain.

\* "The Mother's Legacie to her Unborne Childe." By Elizabeth Joceline. Reprinted from the edition of 1625. With a Biographical and Historical Introduction. — Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh, 1852.



Yet still I thought there was some good office I might do for my child more than bring it forth (tho' it should please God to take me) when I considered our frailty, our apt inclinations to sin, the Devil's subtlety, and the world's deceitfulness; against these how much desired I to admonish it! But still it came into my mind that death might deprive me of time, if I should neglect the present. I knew not what to do; I thought of writing; but then mine own weakness appeared so manifestly, that I was ashamed, and durst not undertake it. But when I could find no other means to express my motherly zeal, I encouraged myself with these reasons:

First, that I wrote to a child, and though I were but a woman, yet to a child's judgement, what I understood might serve for a foundation to a better learning.

Again, I considered it was to my owne, and in private sort, and my love to my own might excuse my errors.

And lastly, but chiefly I comforted myself, that my interest was good, and that I was well assured God is the prosperer of good purposes.

Thus resolved I sent this ensuing letter to our little one, to whom I could not find a fitter hand to convey it than thine owne, which maist with authority see the performance of this my little legacy, of which my child is executor.

And (dear love) as thou must be the overseer, for God's sake, when it shall faile in duty to God or the world let not thy indulgence winke at such folly, but severely correct it; and that thy trouble may be little when it comes to yeeres, take the more care of it when it is young. First, in providing it a nurse: O make choice not so much for her complexion, as for her milde and honest disposition. Likewise if the child be to remain long abroad after waining, as

neere as may be, chuse a house where it may not learn to sweare or speak scurrilous words. \* \* \*

Of pride she says—

#### EXTRACT II.

DEAREST,—I am so fearful to bring thee a proud high-minded child, that though I know thy care will need no spur, yet I cannot but desire thee to double thy watchfulness over this vice, it is such a crafty insinuating devil, it will enter children in the bitterness of wit, with which their parents are delighted, and that is sweet nourishment to it.

I pray thee, dear heart, delight not to have a bold child; modestie and humilitee are the sweetest groundworke of all vertue. Let not thy servants give it any other title than the Christian name till it have discretion to understand how to respect other.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, Deare, thou seest my beleefe, if thou canst teach thy little ones humility, it must needs make thee a glad father.

But I know thou wonderest by this time what the cause should be that, we two continually unclasping our hearts one to the other, I should reserve this to writing. When thou thinkest thus, deare, remember how grievous it was to thee but to hear me say I may die, and thou wilt confess this would have been an unpleasant discourse to thee; and thou knowest I never durst displease thee willingly, so much I love thee. All I now desire is that the unexpectedness of it make it not more grievous to thee. But I know thou art a Christian, and therefore will not doubt of thy patience.

And though I thus write to thee, as heartily desiring to be religiously prepared to die, yet, my deare, I despaire not of life; nay, I hope and daily pray for it, if so God will be pleased.

## GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 23.

MY DEAR C.—

The solemnities of the *carême* are over, and have given place to the Easter festivities, which extend far into this month, and finish the gay season, as in May the *beau monde* begin to flit to the country. It was predicted that Longchamps was to resume most of its ancient splendour this year, but the reality fell far short of what was expected. Strange the changes that years bring in traditions and customs! Longchamps is one of the most striking instances of this. At its first institution it was a solemn and penitential procession, at the close of Lent, from Paris, through the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, to the village of Longchamps; gradually its character modified, until it became the *grande promenade* for the display of all the luxury of Paris in toilets, equipages, and horses; and during the latter part of the *carême*—*modistes*, *couturières*, tailors, coach-builders, harness-makers, &c., were putting their heads and hands into requisition with all their might to invent and execute new modes in their various departments. During the last few years the

political changes in France, and their inevitable consequences on trade, the private fortunes of individuals, and general mode of living, gradually stripped Longchamps of its splendour, and few really handsome equipages are now to be seen, though it still continues to be to a great degree the theatre for the first display of the spring fashions in dress, and at the same time a fruitful field for the physicians; for, as in the greater part of April the weather is generally most treacherous, with bright sun and cutting winds, and that the *toilettes* are of quite a summer style, more colds, *grippes*, and coughs, are caught during the three days of Longchamps than at almost any other time of the year. It may seem strange, but my experience of Paris goes to prove, that March and April are two of the coldest months in the twelve. Certainly there are fine warm days in them, and much sunshine; but the winds are so high and so keen, and the nights frequently so really severe, that one has as much need of fires and warm clothing during the greater part of them as in any month in winter. To see Paris in its best guise—I mean for the city itself, not for the society, which is



nearly broken up at that period of the year—a stranger should visit it in May or June; then the fineness of the weather, the beauty of the public gardens, and the quantity of verdure everywhere visible—for in Paris trees are planted almost wherever they can stand—make it really beautiful. The Place Louis Quinze, on a fine day in “the leafy month of June,” forms a *coup d’œil* that cannot, I think, be surpassed by any public place in any capital; the sweep of the Champs Elysées, terminating in the Arc de Triomphe de l’Etoile on one side, the Jardins and Palais des Tuileries on the other, the noble buildings of the Rue de Rivoli, and the Seine, with its bridges and quays forming the remaining boundaries; and the vast extent, the statues and fountains of the Place itself, really present a spectacle that must delight the most phlegmatic of beholders. Nor is it less striking of a summer night, when all its beauties are softened by the more chastened light of the moon; indeed I hardly know if it be not then seen to even greater advantage than when the glare of the sun, which on the white pavement is intense, dazzles the eye with its brilliancy. Paris is deficient in the parks, which in London are so agreeable to ride and drive in; but it has attached to most of the palaces, such as the Tuileries, the Invalides, the Luxembourg, &c., public gardens which, to a certain extent, supply the want to pedestrians, though being on a somewhat limited scale, they are more fitted for summer lounges than for actual exercise. The Bois de Boulogne is certainly a charming ride or drive; but it is at some distance, and the road to it is bare, ugly, and dusty; bleak in winter, and intensely hot and exposed in summer. This remark applies to almost all the immediate outskirts of Paris: the country is open, flat, and naked, with little interest or charm of any kind, but further on there are some lovely spots. We drove the other day to Meudon, passing the wooded heights of St. Cloud, and Sevres, which really are of surpassing beauty; and Meudon itself, with its château, its forest, its park, and its terrace. What a view! what beauties at every side! We were enchanted, and I only longed to be an artist to bring home some *souvenirs* of so exquisite a spot. Fontainebleau, St. Germain, Versailles, Rambouillet, Enghien—none of these should be neglected by visitors to Paris, all being replete with a thousand charms, and with more or less of historical interest.

The last rumour is, that the Empire is to be proclaimed on the 9th May, when a *revue monstre*, at which are to appear sixty thousand troops, is to take place at the Champs de Mars; but so many periods for the final *coup d’état* have already been given that no one seems to count much on any particular epoch, though little doubt is entertained of the certainty of the event, and its taking place soon. One of the *cancans de société* is the quarrel between the Princesse M. D. and the Prince de C., both cousins of the President; the latter having, it is said, declared to the Duchesse de — his determination to resort to the most violent mea-

sures in case of the President’s becoming Emperor: the Princesse M. questioned him on the subject, and on his admitting his words and his intention of making them good, she turned him out of doors in the most ignominious manner. Such is one version of the story: the other is that the rupture proceeds from a private pique on the part of the Princesse against her cousin.

The society of Paris has just lost one of its greatest ornaments, in the death of the Comtesse Merlin, from a malady which has lately assumed a most alarming frequency—disease of the heart. For many years the *salons* of Madame Merlin were the resort of the *sommités* of all description, foreign as well as French. Rank, talent, wit, beauty, crowded round the hostess, in whom all these qualities were united, together with a charm of mind and manner, and a musical genius of no common order. Of Creole birth, and most ancient family, Madame Merlin was, at a very early age, placed in a convent, where it was intended she should finish her existence; but the veil having no charms for a young, high spirited, and beautiful girl, she, with the connivance of a nun who deemed such enforced seclusion from the world no service to religion, escaped from the Convent of Santa Clara, well aware that it was only so marked and decided a step that would induce her parents to relent in their decision. It was effectual; and her father, the Comte de Yaruco, seeing it was vain to attempt to force his daughter’s will, consented to take her with him on a voyage to Spain, where her mother already was. Shortly after this he died, leaving his daughter at the age of twelve, and his widow at that of five-and-twenty, the former being the usual period when a Havanaise girl is considered marriageable. A sort of unintentional rivalry was established between mother and daughter; suitors flocked in to both, and some difficulties resulted from the attentions of a certain Quesada, who, while pretending to seek the good graces of the Countess, who encouraged his attentions, was really endeavouring to win the heart of the young Dona Mercedes, in spite of her dislike of his person and contempt of his falsehood. An explanation however ensued, which released her from his importunities, and betrayed his duplicity to her mother, and she shortly afterwards accepted the proposals of the Marquis de Cerrano. Previous, however, to the marriage, the discovery of his violence of temper and unworthy conduct caused her to break with him, and later, at the age of fourteen, she was sought by the king, Joseph Bonaparte—whose policy induced him to promote alliances between his officers and the best Spanish families—for General Merlin; the offer was accepted, and until his death the couple lived on the happiest terms. During upwards of twenty years the Comtesse Merlin held unrivalled her supremacy in Parisian society, a supremacy never abused by caprice, insolence, or pretension; kind, liberal, and amiable, she was as much beloved as admired, and it will be long ere the blank she has left can be filled up, or her place supplied to the world.



Dumas, the indefatigable Dumas, is at work, hard as ever. I saw him a few days since, in a flying visit from Brussels, where he is at present established, and he then told me that in addition to the *Life of Louis Philippe*, and his own *Memoirs*, he is writing a *feuilleton* on an English subject, which is shortly to appear. Have you seen his last one—*Dieu et Diable*—published in the Pays? It really is one of the prettiest, the purest, and the most charming pictures of peasant love and peasant life I ever read. It is strange what freshness of mind and feeling, what delicacy of taste he still possesses: there are passages in the work that with all the vigour of masculine genius, display at the same time such *finesse* and refinement of sentiment, combined with such a healthy tone of morality, that one can hardly picture to oneself their being the work of a man whose unsettled mode of life and incessant literary toils would, it might be imagined, blunt these shades of feeling, and delicate appreciation of the pure and simple in nature. It is only another proof of the versatility of his genius, and the fund of rich ore yet unexhausted in his heart and mind.

Madame George Sand is now engaged on a new work, the title of which is still a secret: it is to be dedicated to Count d'Orsay. Lamartine is bringing out a periodical in monthly numbers, a sort of historical and biographical magazine, intended especially for the people; the title

is somewhat pretentious—*Le Civilisateur*—but there is no doubt the book will be one full of interest and merit; the number of this month (the first, properly speaking, as the one of March consisted only in a sort of *exposé* of his views and intentions) contains the life of Jeanne d'Arc; it is beautifully written, and so complimentary to our sex in general, that we, at least, ought to be satisfied with it; but as to its being suited to the tastes and comprehension of the people properly so called, I doubt, though by no means disposed to underrate their intelligence, that such is the case: Lamartine's flights are far beyond the range of the average of intellect and education of the class to which he addresses himself; and though no doubt the work will have a vast success, it will not—cannot, I think, fulfil the aim he has proposed to himself in writing it, nor find its admirers among those for whom it was more particularly intended.

Ah, when are we to have any spring? It is a positive fact that every day it gets colder and colder. In the beginning of the month we had some little warmth occasionally, and in the middle of the day we could dispense with fires; but now we want good ones from morning to night, and the wind is piercing. Let us hope May will bring us better things, and *en attendant*, adieu. Yours ever,

P\*.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

**LORD JEFFREY AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.**—He was certainly a first-rate talker: but he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal, but very sparingly, in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed; and though joyous, was no great laugh. What, then, did he do? He did this:—His mind was constantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy. But literary and moral speculations were, perhaps, his favourite pastures. And in these, as in any region whatever, for nothing came amiss, he ranged freely, under the play of a gay and reasoning imagination; from no desire of applause, but because it gratified his mental activity. Speaking seemed necessary for his existence. The intellectual fountains were so full, that they were always bubbling over, and it would have been painful to restrain them. For a great talker, he was very little of an usurper. Everybody else had full scope, and indeed was encouraged; and he himself, though profuse, was never long at a time; except, perhaps, when giving an account of something of which he was the mere narrator, when his length depended on the thing to be

told. Amidst all his fluency of thought, and all his variety of matter, a great part of the delight of his conversation arose from its moral qualities. Though never assuming the office of a teacher, his goodness of feeling was constantly transpiring. No one could take a walk, or pass a day or an evening with him, without having all his rational and generous tastes confirmed, and a steadier conviction than before, of the dependence of happiness on kindness and duty. Let him be as bold, and as free, and as incautious, and hilarious as he might, no sentiment could escape him that tended to excuse inhumanity or meanness, or that failed to cherish high principles and generous affections. Then the language in which this talent and worth were disclosed! The very words were a delight. Copious and sparkling, they often imparted nearly as much pleasure as the merry or the tender wisdom they conveyed. Those who left him might easily retire without having any particular saying to report, but never without an admiration of mental richness and striking expression. His respect for conversational power made him like the presence of those who possessed it. But this was not at all necessary for his own excitement, for he never uttered a word for display, and was never in better flow than in the ordinary society of those he was attached to, however humble their powers, and although they could give him no aid but by affection and



listening. There was so much in his own head and heart, that, in so far as he was concerned, pouring it out was enjoyment enough. It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions, that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird.—*Lord Cockburn.*

A FEW LINES IN HONOUR OF THE LATE MR. SIMMS, SENIOR ASSISTANT TO MESSRS. SHERINGHAM, LEITH, BADGERY, AND HAY.

Who did not know that Office Jaun of pale Pomona green,  
With its drab and yellow lining, and picked out black between,  
Which down the Esplanade did go at the ninth hour of the day?  
We ne'er shall see it thus again—Alas! and well-a-day!—

With its bright brass patent axles, and its little hog maned tatts,  
And its ever jetty harness, which was always made by Watts,  
The harness black and silver, and the ponies of dark grey,  
And shall we never see it more—Alas, and well-a-day!

With its very tidy coachman with a very old grey beard,  
And its pair of neat clad sayces, on whom no spot appeared,  
Not sitting lazily behind, but running all the way  
By Mr. Simms's little coach—Alas, and well-a-day!

And when he reached the counting-house he got out at the door,  
And entering the office made just three bows and no more,  
Then passing through the clerks he smiled, a sweet smile and a gay,  
And kindly spoke the younger ones—Alas, and well-a-day!

And all did love to see him with his jacket rather long,  
It was the way they wore them when good Mr. Simms was young,  
With his Nankeen breeches buckled by two gold buckles alway,  
And his China tight silk stockings, pink and shiny, well-a-day!

With his little frill like crisped snow, his waistcoat spotless white,  
His cravat very narrow and a very little tight,  
And a blue brooch, where, in diamond sparks, a ship at anchor lay,  
The gift of Mr. Cruttenden—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then from the press where it abode, he took the ledger stout,  
And looked upon it reverently, withinside and without;  
Then placed his pencils, rubber, pens and knives in due array,  
And Mr. Simms was ready for the business of the day.

And ever to the junior clerks his counsel it was wise,  
That they shall loop their l's, and cross their t's, and dot their i's,  
And honour Messrs. Sheringham, Leith, Badgery, and Hay,  
Whom he had served for forty years—Alas, and well-a-day!

And a very pleasant running hand good Mr. Simms did write,  
His up-strokes were like gossamer, his down-strokes black as night,  
And his lines all clear and sparkling, like a rivulet in May,  
Meandered o'er the folios—Alas, and well-a-day!

And daily in a silver dish, as bright as bright could be,  
At one o'clock his tiffin came, two sandwiches, or three;  
It never came a minute soon, nor a minute did delay,  
So punctual were good Mr. Simms's people—well-a-day!

And in the Mango season still a daily basket came,  
With fruit as green as emeralds or ruddier than flame;  
By Mr. Simms the sort had been imported from Bombay,  
And sown and grown beneath his eye—Alas, and well-a-day!

And when his tiffin it was done, he took a pint precise  
Of well cooled soda water, but it was not cooled with ice,  
And a little ginger essence (Oxley's) Mr. Simms did say  
It comforted his rheumatiz'—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then on a Sunday after prayers, while waiting in the porch,  
His talk was of the Bishop, and the vestry, and the church;  
And two or three select young men would dine with him that day  
To taste his old Madeira and his curry called Malay.

For famous was the table that good Mr. Simms did keep,  
With his home-fed ducks, his Madras fowls, and grain fed Patna sheep,  
And the fruits from his own garden, and the dried fish from the Bay,  
Sent up by bold Branch Pilot Stout—Alas, and well-a-day!

And he was full of anecdote, and spiced his prime Pale Ale  
With many a cheerful bit of talk, and many a curious tale,  
How Dexter ate his buttons off, and in a one-horse chay  
My Lord Cornwallis drove about—Alas, and well-a-day!



And every Doorga Poojah would good Mr. Simms explore,  
The famous river Hooghly up as high as Barrack-pore,  
And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way,  
Declare that all the bears were bores—Alas, and well-a-day!

Then, if the weather it was fine, to Chinsura he'd go,  
With his nieces three in a Pinnace, and a smart young man or so,  
In bright blue coats and waistcoats, which were sparkling as the day,  
And curly hair, and white kid gloves, a lover-like array!

And at Chinsura, they walked about, and then they went to tea,  
With the ancient merchant Van der Zank, and the widow Van der Zee,  
They were old friends of Mr. Simms, and parting he would say,  
“Perchance we ne'er may meet again”—Alas, and well-a-day!

At length the hour did come for him, which surely comes for all,  
From the beggar in his hovel to the monarch in his hall;  
And when it came to Mr. Simms, he gently passed away,  
As falling into pleasant sleep—Alas, and well-a-day!

And on his face there lingered still a sweet smile and a bland,  
His Bible lying by his side, and some roses in his hand;  
His spectacles still marked the place where he had read that day,  
The words of faith and hope which cheered his spirit on its way.

And many were the weeping friends who followed him next night,  
In many mourning coaches, found by Solitude and Kyte,  
And many a circle still laments the good, the kind, the gay,  
The hospitable Mr. Simms—Alas, and well-a-day!  
—H. M. Parker.

## NEW BOOKS.

### MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

*Mrs. Smith.* You know how much interested I have always been in the Early Closing Movement; here are some excellent sermons\* in support of it, and a very interesting little book, a story intended to illustrate the evils of over-toil.† They have been sent me, I presume, by some one who is aware of my feeling on the subject; and I want you, Fanny, not only to read them, but to talk of them, and spread the wholesome doctrines they inculcate on every opportunity.

*Fanny.* That I shall gladly do. I remember years ago, long before the partial amelioration which has taken place in the condition of shopmen and shopwomen was brought about, that we quite agreed on the subject; and then you know our endeavours were called Quixotic, and our expectations Utopian.

*Mrs. Smith.* We have outlived the ridicule of the foolish, and the opposition of the prejudiced. The thoughtful part of the community are by this time pretty well agreed that over-toil is as mischievous to the mind of man as it is to his

body. And taking even the most selfish view of the question, it is in proportion to the general well-doing of the masses of the people, that the well-being and security of the more favoured classes must depend.

*Fanny.* I do believe that the classes whom formerly affluence or independence made comparatively thoughtless, are now beginning to reflect on their duties as well as their privileges; and that women especially are growing more thoughtful and sympathetic, in their dealings with their dependents.

*Mrs. Smith.* This is the infallible result of true education—of real enlargement of the mind; and I would rather a daughter of mine were possessed of that kind consideration for the feelings of others—which is the main-spring of true politeness, and which never can arise in an ignoble nature, and seldom does in an uncultivated one—than that she should be distinguished by the most brilliant accomplishments. But you are right, Fanny; Englishwomen—at least those deserving the name—have taken an interest in recent social reforms, and do now-a-days consider, when they give an order to a dress-maker, whether it be possible to execute it without inordinate toil within the given time; and what is quite as important, they refrain from late shopping, and prohibit it in their families.

*Fanny.* The Early Closing Movement certainly rests mainly with ladies to retard or accelerate. If there were no late customers, harsh, ignorant, and avaricious shopkeepers would have no temptation to keep late hours, and ruin the health, mental and bodily, of their unfortunate dependents.

*Mrs. Smith.* All the evils of the late-hour system, inclusive of the aggregate loss instead of gain to the unprincipled shop-keeper, are ably set forth in “EDWARD CHARLTON.” It is

\* “OPPRESSIVE SHOP LABOUR.” A sermon preached by the Rev. James Ralph, M.A.

“SOCIAL DUTIES.” A sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. Weldon Champneys, M.A.

“EXCESSIVE LABOUR.” A sermon preached by the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D.

“CHRISTIAN LABOUR NOT EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.” A sermon preached by the Rev. L. M. Humbert, M.A.

“OPPRESSIVE LABOUR CONDEMNED BY THE GOSPEL.” A sermon preached by the Rev. John Stoughton. (*Jackson.*)

† “EDWARD CHARLTON; OR, LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER.” By Frederick Ross. (*Lea, Warwick-lane.*)



moreover an interesting story, written by one who is evidently master of his subject, and is likely I think to prove convincing to those who might be deterred from graver reading.

*Fanny.* And the sermons?

*Mrs. Smith.* They are full of true Christian teaching; all that might be expected from temperate, holy-minded Protestant ministers who introduce mundane topics into their discourse, for the purpose of showing how they border on gospel truths. The following passages from the sermon preached at Kensington, by the Rev. John Stoughton, seem to me well worth remembering:—

“There is this remarkable character about Christianity, that it is the enemy of everything wrong; the patron and friend of everything right. Its mission is to the world—to society—to every man in all his relations. It concerns itself with the affairs of humanity at large, and therefore whatever is wrong or right in society Christianity is sure sooner or later to find it out. There is nothing but at some time or another it comes in contact with. Many things may for a long period keep out of its way, but at length it overtakes them, tests them, pronounces upon them, confirms them, or sanctions them. The preacher who preaches the *true* Gospel, the *full* Gospel—who keeps back nothing of the Word of God—is, whether he will it or no, the enemy of social wrong, and the friend of social righteousness. He is unconsciously helping to strangle evil—helping to foster good. The principles he proclaims harmonise and combine, after a stronger than chemical affinity, with everything in the world favourable to man’s true progress and welfare; and repel and oppose and tend to neutralize, with equal strength, everything in the world unfavourable to those interests.

“For example, the preachers of Christianity from the beginning were, whether they meant it or not, the enemies of slavery. They preached a Gospel full of the spirit of freedom. They were sowing seeds which could not but in time bear harvests of liberty. The cessation of domestic bondage in Europe is to be ascribed to the quiet, patient, mighty working of the truths they promulgated.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Now, as all which is opposed to this holy, beneficent, celestial system must be wrong, if the scheme of oppressive labour be opposed to the spirit and genius of the Gospel, *it* must be wrong. That it is so opposed may be shown on credible and sufficient testimony, and from our own observation.

“It injures the body, impairs the health, and even destroys life. We cite two medical witnesses: ‘Excessive labour is the common fault of this country, and it assuredly diminishes life.’ Such is the verdict of Charles Turner Thackrah, Esq., Surgeon. (Extracted from the Report of Evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1832.) ‘There are records,’ says Dr. Lankester, ‘kept in Somerset House, to which we may apply for figures with regard to the destructive influence of any particular locality, with regard to the health of men and women who live in this metropolis. . . . I find that there is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually, through the practice of keeping in shops for a longer period of the day than the human constitution can bear. But this is not all, Where a thousand persons die

from this cause, there are at least eight thousand whose health suffers from it.’ Indeed, common sense, independent of medical science, would teach that the body could not undergo such confinement in a close, impure atmosphere—such prolonged fatigue, day after day—without injury, and, in some cases, fatal injury. The sword of war, in a few hours, mows down its thousands of men, and fills us with horror. Shall we contemplate unmoved the effects of the slow poison of this trade spirit, simply because the process is less rapid than that of the cannon and the bayonet, and the result less hasty in its appearance?

“The system not only injures, and sometimes destroys the body, but it is most injurious to the mind, and interposes an insuperable obstacle in the way of its improvement in knowledge. A healthy mind and a healthy body are more closely connected than many imagine. A mind worn down with seventeen, or even fourteen, hours’ employment in the shop, is spoiled for all other exercise. It is benumbed—paralyzed. It cannot look out of the sleepy eye. It cannot work with the exhausted brain. It is cruel, idle, foolish, to tell a man to study and improve himself, when heavy-laden and wearied nature covets the only restorer left it—‘balmy sleep.’ If a spirit of unwonted energy—of ethereal temper—of quenchless ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, like Kirke White’s, sets all physical difficulties at defiance, and, at the expense of sleep, will indulge its lofty aspirations, the poor body must pay the penalty of long-enduring disease, or hasty death. The material machine cannot bear incessant mental friction.

“The system, further, is detrimental to the soul. Through the body and the mind it works injuriously upon the affections. It foment and strengthens the habit of worldliness. It fills the spirit with secular cares; it supports false notions of human life, as if intended only for temporal concerns; it hems in and encloses the attention by earthly barriers; it enslaves the best powers of man, and enervates his moral sensibilities. By shutting him up all day, it stimulates him to seek some intense recreation, bodily and sensual, at night; and thus operates as a direct bounty upon vice. By stealing from him, throughout the week, opportunities of relaxation amidst fresh air and open scenery, it drives him to the breach of the Sabbath, and the neglect of the house of God. Thus, while it injures the body, and degrades the mind, it helps to destroy the soul. Its tendency is unfavourable to religion. It looks like a guard set to keep watch by the tomb of spiritual death, to prevent the voice which giveth life from reaching the imprisoned slumberer.

“With the important interests, then, which the Gospel is intended to promote, this system comes in contact, and sets itself in open warfare—a plain, convincing proof of its essential unrighteousness.”

*Fanny.* I can readily understand how the poor tired, jaded, shopmen released only at the hour when their friends’ doors or reading-rooms are closed, and lectures and other rational means of instruction and entertainment over, fly to some degrading resource; but surely the promoters of the evil system which throws them into temptation must share the guilt of the tempted.

*Mrs. Smith.* Let us rejoice at the good which is already effected, hope for still better times, and do our utmost to bring them about. Here is a little book of a different character from those of which we have been talking, but by no means



less worthy of attention. It is entitled "LABOUR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET,"\* and is translated from the German of that philosophic and yet picturesque writer, Zschokke.

*Fanny.* The title is certainly poetical and suggestive.

*Mrs. Smith.* You must read it for yourself; it has many merits. Though it inculcates prudence as a great virtue in a workman, it does not make it the sole one; nay, in many passages we may trace the doctrine of "a wisdom that is greater than prudence"—in all the points of stern integrity, and in the choice of the active, industrious, modest, true-hearted, but portionless Martha by Jonas, in preference to the dowered maidens of the town. The tale is carried through three generations, during which the changes in the artisan's life which are brought about by machinery are skilfully and philosophically marked; while the narrative never flags, but reads like a piece of biography from the naturalness of the incidents. Moreover, the foreign atmosphere, so to speak, in which the humble actors move, gives a romance to the story which I can imagine English readers feel more than German ones.

*Fanny.* Zschokke is a very fascinating storyteller, as I know from my admiration of several of his tales.

*Mrs. Smith.* Alas! we must speak in the past, Fanny; for the translator's preface to this little book announces the recent decease of the author at the ripe age of seventy-five!

REMARKS ON A NEW METHOD OF SUPPORTING ARTIFICIAL TEETH: By Charles

Stokes, M.R.C.S., Surgeon-Dentist.—(K. J. *Standly, Brook-street.*)—The art of replacing lost teeth by artificial means is in such general requisition in the present day that we regard as a public benefit every improvement by which they are rendered more serviceable and resemble more closely the natural organs in their functions, either with regard to articulation or the comminution of the food. We have perused with considerable satisfaction a *brochure* on this subject by Mr. Stokes. The system which he has introduced is certainly novel and extremely ingenious, and appears well calculated not only to obviate the inconveniences (if they are not positive evils) of artificial teeth as generally constructed, but to render them capable of fulfilling all the duties usually required of them, such as freedom from injurious action on the remaining teeth, facility in their removal, and security in use. The author advocates the employment of gold plates in all cases in which substitutes for natural teeth are required. Gold has the advantage over bone in compactness, closeness of adaptation to the gum, and, above all, in the absence of that feeling of fulness in the mouth which bone from its thickness causes—advantages which we conceive to be incontestable when the space is limited as it is in the human mouth. Without due regard to the last consideration thickness of articulation is almost unavoidable. By this new system the use of bands or clasps is also abolished; consequently no lodgment of food can occur—a fact of considerable importance when we consider the disagreeable results of such a circumstance. The *brochure* contains facts of general interest, and we recommend its perusal by every person who from necessity is compelled to substitute the art of the dentist for the handiwork of nature.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Opera-lovers and opera-goers have been supplied with abundant matter for gossip during the past fortnight, by the simultaneous announcement for the great German "star," Mademoiselle Wagner, to appear at both the Opera Houses. A sort of paper war has been going on through the medium of the newspapers on the subject, and personal and party feeling have run sufficiently high; but the truth appears to be, that Mdlle. Wagner's engagement with Mr. Lumley was contingent on certain conditions to be fulfilled by him within a certain time, and that he failing to perform his part of the contract, the lady was free to engage herself at the rival house, which she has accordingly done. No doubt this circumstance has interfered with

many of Mr. Lumley's arrangements, but he has nevertheless given several favourite operas during the past month in a most effective manner. Mademoiselle Cruvelli has appeared in "Norma," in which she deserved the enthusiastic reception with which she met. Her fine and subtle genius enters into the true spirit of this grand part, so that her acting keeps pace with her magnificent singing. To prove the versatility of her powers, she has appeared in the "Barbiere"—her *Rosina* being, if we remember rightly, the character in which she first won her laurels from a London public. The spirit—the vivacity—with which she throws herself into this rôle, defy description; and though certain critics aver that she over ornaments some of the music, it should be remembered that Rossini's music often demands and generally admits florid execution. Her singing of *Una Voce*, and of *Dunque Io Son*, was enthusiastically applauded; and her execution of *Rode's Air*, which she gave in the lesson-scene, bore favourable comparison even with that of Madame

\* "LABOUR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET; OR, THE LIFE OF A FOREIGN WORKMAN: A Holiday Story for Sensible Apprentices, Journeymen, and Masters." By Heinrich Zschokke. (Groombridge and Sons.)



Sontag. The opera was admirably supported by Lablache, whose inimitable *Bartolo* is not to be forgotten, Belletti, and Calzolari.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mademoiselle Wagner is, we presume, appearing in "*Le Prophète*," but only just as we are going to press, therefore we must of necessity reserve our comments on the new singer until our next number.

On the 20th ult. Donizetti's grand opera of "*I Martiri*" was produced, with complete success. We cannot do better than extract a few paragraphs from the elaborate notice of it which appeared in the *Times*:—

"The *libretto* of *I Martiri* happily stands in need of no description. The *Polyeucte Martyr* of Corneille, or rather the sublime performance of Rachel as the heroine, Pauline, made a powerful sensation at the St. James's Theatre last season, and the plot of the tragedy was recounted and commented upon at the time. It will be remembered that the whole story turns upon the conversion to Christianity of Pauline, daughter of the Pagan governor of Armenia, by Polyeucte, her husband; and that both are consigned, in the end, to the fury of wild beasts, by Sévère, proconsul of the Roman Emperor Decius, who has been despatched to Melitene to put down the sect of Christians. Such a slender foundation was hardly fitted to support the weight of a grand opera in four acts; and it is not surprising that the first two of Donizetti's *Martyrs*, with the exception of some few pieces, should be dull and spiritless. In the third act, however, the composer rises with his subject, and the *finale*, where Polyeucte, recently converted to Christianity by his friend Nearque, braves the anger of the heathen priests and people, resists the supplications of his wife Pauline, insults their idols, and resolves to share the glory of martyrdom with Nearque, is one of Donizetti's most powerful compositions. In the fourth act (some scenes in which were omitted last night), there is also a highly effective duet, in E major, between Pauline and Polyeucte, where the religious fervour and eloquence of the husband finally succeed in persuading the wife to the true faith, and they resolve to die together. The general character of the music is very much in the manner of *La Favorite*. It presents few evidences of inspiration, and is deficient in the freshness and vigour of the earlier operas of the composer. These defects, however, are in a great measure atoned for by that command of the mechanical resources of his art which Donizetti at this period possessed in a very eminent degree. The orchestration and the vocal combinations, in all the concerted music, are quite masterly, and go far to hide a comparative absence of ideas and a superlative want of originality. In the matter of straining the voices on high notes, however, Donizetti has, in the *Martyrs*, almost put Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Verdi himself into the shade; and it is not unfair to suppose that he has had a hand, no less than his contemporaries, in destroying the magnificent organ of Duprez, the great French tenor, for whom he composed *Lucia* in Italy, and rewrote, or rather augmented, *Les Martyrs* in Paris.

"The performance last night, in spite of the severe cold and hoarseness of Signor Marini—who played Felice, the Governor, and for whom an apology was printed and circulated in the theatre—and in spite of the heaviness of the first two acts, was

one of the most brilliant and satisfactory we remember at the Royal Italian Opera. The subject of *I Martiri* gives ample scope for scenic display, and of this the management has taken full advantage. The scenery of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, consisting for the most part of architectural *tableaux*, is of the best; the costumes are appropriate and splendid; and the procession accompanying the triumphal entry of Severo, the proconsul, may vie with any preceding attempt at varied and gorgeous display for which the theatre has been celebrated. The *ballet*, too—especially the dance of Amazons, and the grand *pas*, executed so admirably by Mademoiselle Robert—is excellent, notwithstanding the large curtailments in the music, which were perhaps inevitable. In short, no pains have been spared to render the *spectacle* as grand and imposing as possible. The three principal characters of Paulina, Poliuto, and Severo, were cast to Madame Julienne, Signor Tamberlik, and Signor Ronconi. Madame Julienne is well known to those who are familiar with the operatic history of the present times as a lady who has, on more than one occasion, been the chief support of the Grand Opera in Paris. She is an artist of distinguished ability. Her voice, a high *soprano*, partakes of that thinness of quality for which the majority of French female voices are noted. The *timbre* is metallic, and its telling quality remarkable, more particularly in the upper register, where the notes, even as high as C in alt, are wonderfully clear and powerful. Madame Julienne is an executant of more than ordinary skill, her fault being an occasional uncertainty of intonation, which, nevertheless, gradually disappears as she warms into her task. She has great energy, and throws herself, heart and soul, into the passion of the scene. Her Paulina is a most able performance, from first to last, her histrionic efforts being remarkable for intelligence and power. In Signor Tamberlik Madame Julienne found such a Poliuto as probably she never met before. This great singer, who, with every new part, rises higher in the estimation of the public, has by last night's performance attained the pinnacle. He was in glorious voice, and on more than one occasion completely electrified the audience. His acting throughout was on a par with his singing. Equally good in its way was the Severo of Signor Ronconi, like all he does, a truthful and well-studied impersonation."

#### HAYMARKET.

Mr. Webster certainly deserves to be the most successful manager in the metropolis, and we trust he is so. He appears to go on keeping the even tenor of his way whatever changes are taking place around him, always securing the most available talent, and affording the visitors to the Haymarket perpetual variety. After the lengthened absence of Mr. Keeley—who, it will be remembered, has been playing the part of rival manager—his re-appearance on the old scene seems like a novelty, and no wonder that his reception by the audience was hearty in the extreme. He made his *rentrée* in the farce of "*Your Life's in Danger*." The Easter burlesque at this theatre is entitled "*O! Gemini!*" and is founded on the highly-wrought melo-dramatic piece, "*The Corsican Brothers*," which has recently been playing at the Princess's Theatre. All those who have seen the tragic production ought to enjoy a laugh at the comic one—of



which Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. L. S. Buckingham are the life. The lady's impersonation of *Chateau Reynard* was a ludicrous copy of Mr. Wigan. The scenery of this burlesque is very brilliant, and the masked ball most effectively managed. Too late for notice this month, a comedy entitled "Mind your own Business," has been produced with complete success.

## ADELPHI.

"The Queen of the Market" is the title of the highly successful Easter piece produced here. The story turns on the attempt of a rascal lawyer in St. Domingo to get possession of a French Marquise, by inducing a young Parisian to believe that he is really the Marquis, and persuading him to certain promises which on his return to Paris include his denial of his wife, the beautiful *Queen of the Market*, who is devotedly attached to him, and who recognizes him through all his feigned grandeur. Mr. O. Smith impersonates the villain, the lawyer, with a sort of horrible truth, and Mrs. Keeley plays the heroine in a very charming and effective manner. The father and mother of the latter are excellently supported by Mr. Emery and Mrs. Laws. A new vaudeville, which, though slight in construction, has much more than ordinary merit, has also been produced here, under the title of "Mephistophiles," and affords an opportunity for the display of Miss Woolgar's great and versatile talent. Indeed this lady appears to us to deserve higher rank than appears to be generally awarded her by those who, simply enjoying her acting, do not pause to examine of how many merits it is made up. The following is from the "Musical World," whose able critic appears quite of our opinion:—

"Machiavelli's tale of the mission of Belfegor has supplied the idea. *Mephistophiles*, being deputed by the authorities below to discover whether matrimonial unhappiness is generally produced by the fault of the husband or of the wife, enters the garden appertaining to the chateau of an Italian marquis, and there makes his experiment on two wedded couples. The gardener and his wife, a very young pair, childishly doating on each other, are the first victims; for the demon, conveying himself into the body of the youth, transforms him from an uxorious booby to a surly brute, who enforces marital authority by means of a thick stick. The turn of the marquis and his young bride comes next, the latter undergoing, through the demoniac influence, precisely the same change which *Norina* undergoes in the opera of 'Don Pasquale.' When the devil quits his victims they are restored to happiness, and he does not seem to have effected much by his experiments beyond the amusement of his audience. Miss Woolgar plays not only the part of *Mephistophiles*, but also the gardener and the young lady, who successively become his incarnations, and depicts to a nicety all the variations of character which the piece requires. The change from the booby husband, coaxing his wife in infantine language, to the dogged tyrant, relying on physical force, and the transformation of the miming convent-bred miss into the imperious woman of fashion, doating on diamonds and Dragoons, are admirably done, and we may especially commend the delicacy with which these strong contrasts are produced.

Although the two personages may be said to embrace four varieties of character, all of which have to be distinctly marked, Miss Woolgar carefully avoids exaggeration in obtaining this result, and her impersonations are as graceful as they are forcible. Nor should her embodiment of *Mephistophiles* himself be overlooked. He rises to earth the smartest and most dapper of friends, with something of singularity in his movements to denote his demoniac character; but even this is tastefully softened down. The other two personages in the piece, the gardener's wife and the marquis, are also very well played. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam sings sweetly and looks admirably as the plump, good-humoured little *paysanne*; and the not otherwise noble is represented with much grotesque humour by Mr. Honey. The set scene in which the action takes place is exceedingly pretty. The music has been judiciously selected and arranged by Mr. Mellon, and the impression left by the whole performance is that of completeness in every part. Miss Woolgar, who was loudly called at the end, announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause."

## PANORAMA OF SALZBURG.

Mr. Burford always caters with taste and judgment for his London friends, and rarely, if ever, has he been more successful than on the present occasion. Salzburg is celebrated as one of the most interesting portions of the Austrian dominions, not only for the picturesque situation and great antiquity of the city itself, but for the grandeur and peculiar beauty of the surrounding country. From the well-written description to the Panorama we learn that "from an isolated point of rock in advance of the old castle on the Monchsberg, which completely overhangs the city, the present view was taken; and few panoramas of equal extent offer so many interesting features. The noble cathedral, the time-worn churches, and the fine old buildings, which record the ancient and historical importance of the city, occupy the immediate foreground, the whole being spread out like a map beneath—every street, square, church, and large building, being distinctly visible; the background being formed on the one side by the picturesque mountain of the Capucinerberg, on the other by the Monchsberg, and the time-worn towers and walls of the castle. Beyond the city the eye wanders towards the north, over a vast, fertile and varied plain, green, and wooded like a park, stretching to the very limits of the horizon, and presenting a most rich, cheerful, and rural appearance. Through the centre of this luxuriant garden, the tortuous stream of the river Salzach is visible for many miles, winding its way in serpent-like meanderings, frequently intersected, and divided into many small streams, by sand-banks and little verdant islands. The beauty of the meadows and gardens, the frequency of the villages and houses, and the indescribable variety of the landscape, is perfectly enchanting. On both sides, until lost in the distance, the view is bounded by vast hills and magnificent mountains, some of soft and pleasing forms, and well



wooded, others high, bare, and picturesque; whilst above all, tower the greater Alps, some capped with the snow of ages, others exhibiting abrupt and naked cliffs, with dark beetling sides, or with spire-like peaks and slender aiguilles piercing the clouds, their jagged and many-indented outlines, all clearly defined against the azure sky, tracing the horizon with the most fantastic figures, and being just at the proper distance for giving the boldest outlines, and displaying every alternation of light and shade that mountain and defile can produce. Amongst them the Stauffenberg, Untersberg, Sesselberg, and the Hoher Göll being prominently conspicuous."

Mr. Burford has, as usual, been assisted by Mr. Selous; and these two experienced Panoramists have produced quite a master-piece. It is a mistake to fancy that these works owe their scenic effect to a coarse style of painting; on the contrary, it will be found on examination that they are produced by means of the same fine oil colours and varnish as a gallery picture. The atmospheric effects, the perspective, and the lights and shades of the Salzburg Panorama, are really magical, and as it occupies the large circle in Mr. Burford's building, there is ample space for the elaboration of detail.

The Panoramas of "Nimroud," and the "Lake and Town of Lucerne," are still open under the same roof.

#### MRS. GIBBS' MUSICAL LECTURE.

This lady--formerly Miss Graddon--gave her second entertaining and instructive lecture at the Whittington Club on the 5th ult. Her delightful voice, her distinct articulation, and her fine style of vocalization, are not easily forgotten when once appreciated, and point her out as particularly qualified for the execution of sacred music. Handel's "He was Despised," was an example of her success in this difficult line. Mrs. Gibbs also sang Beethoven's exquisite aria, "In Questa Tomba," with the finest taste and feeling. Between the parts Miss Rushforth played Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" for the pianoforte, in a very brilliant manner.

#### CONVERSAZIONE AT THE GREENWICH LITERARY INSTITUTION.

A very interesting assembly--being we believe the first of a projected series--took place in the New Concert Room of the above Institution on the 21st ult. An occasion of this kind has a significance beyond the events of the hour, for to a commonly thoughtful observer it suggests the happy social changes which, in the middle and humbler classes especially, have taken place within the last twenty or thirty years. Very certain are we, that when the century was in its teens, any one who had gravely foretold such a meeting as that to which we are alluding, would have been ridiculed as an Utopian, or thought hardly safe company for sane people; and yet

society has grown to be what we now find it; and if not the perfect realization of many an enthusiast's dream, it has at least advanced in the right direction, and sailed, so to speak, clearly out of sight of the first scoffers at moral and mental advancement.

The debt we owe to the first earnest and energetic men who founded what are called "Mechanics' Institutions," is too great to be ever summed up; and only those who have the opportunity of being intimately acquainted with the workings of these societies, are able even remotely to appreciate it. But the benefits derived from their libraries, reading rooms, and lecture halls, are scarcely greater than those which spring from the interchange of kindnesses and courtesies between the various classes of society, removing prejudices and extinguishing old-fashioned hatreds. Experience shows that no evil, but much good, arises from the occasional amalgamation of various ranks. The mechanic is no way indisposed to execute the work required of him by the employer who chanced to sit on the next bench to him at the last scientific lecture; the gentleman ceases to think the working man "a brute," but considers him, perhaps, "a sensible fellow, who knows a thing or two, and will not make a botch of his work;" and the workman, melted by a cordial word or a friendly nod, feels himself, he hardly knows how, to have graduated in the school of manners and politeness.

At the *Conversazione* at Greenwich, the doors opened at seven o'clock; soon afterwards the New Concert Room began to fill, and the buzz of conversation broke on the ear, as various objects of interest which had been sent for exhibition attracted attention. At eight o'clock there was a signal to adjourn to the Lecture Hall, where, the chair being taken by Lord Haddo, Mr. Grainger, Fellow of the Royal Society, delivered a short but extremely interesting address on the application of the microscope to scientific research, his discourse being illustrated by a number of drawings. After this, Mr. Bennoch made an eloquent and enthusiastic speech by way of acknowledging Mr. Grainger's services, but in which he gave expression to the sentiments which naturally arise in a philosophic and philanthropic mind at such a meeting. Soon afterwards the company withdrew to a room where tea and coffee were served, and then returned to the large room, at one end of which several microscopes were arranged, so that visitors had the opportunity of following up the information they had just received by personal observation. The model of the new clock to be erected by Mr. Bennett, at the London Bridge Terminus, attracted much and deserved attention; a piece of the submarine telegraph was also exhibited; and there was a great display of objects connected with natural history.

The objects of interest were in fact far too numerous to particularise, but we cannot omit mentioning some beautiful models of steam-boats and steam-engines sent for the occasion by the



Messrs. Penn; and Lord Haddo contributed some relics, bearing a mournful interest, of Sir John Franklin and his brave crew, found by the searchers after the missing expedition.

Among the works of art kindly entrusted to the Committee, were some exquisite Flowers, painted by Valentine Bartholomew, Flower-painter to the Queen, and the original sketch of Curtius leaping into the Gulf, by the lamented Haydon, lent for the occasion by Mr. Bennoch. Two curious sketches of Greenwich, taken in the sixteenth century, and kindly contributed by the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Soames, were particularly appropriate, as reminding the beholder very forcibly of the difference between then and now, and also as examples of the condition of art about the time of Queen Elizabeth. Nor must we forget Mrs. V. Bartholomew's pictures,

and the portfolios of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Henry Fisk, which seemed duly appreciated; and also a landscape by Mr. Crome, son of the noted Crome of Norwich.

Among the visitors, who amounted to nearly four hundred, about one-third of whom were ladies, we observed Mr. Quekett, the great microscopist, and Alderman Salomons, and Mr. Montagu Chambers, the candidates for the borough at the forthcoming election. At eleven o'clock the organist played God Save the Queen, which was the signal for the company to separate; but so loath did they seem to leave the building, and so entirely successful had the meeting been, that it was announced the room would be opened, with the objects of interest it contained undisturbed, to members of the Institution and their friends on the following evening.

## FINE ARTS.

### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Exhibition of this Society is always one of the most satisfactory in London; but it opened so late in April, that we are not able this month to give so full a notice as its merits deserve. We should say the characteristic of this year's exhibition is less to be traced in a few pre-eminently great works, than in the general merits of the entire collection. And yet, while we write, remembering the scores of charming works we have just seen, a few still stand out marked by excellence, as if in contradiction of our assertion.

No. 44. "The Cellini Drawing Room in the Palace of Francis the First;" by John Chase, is remarkable for breadth of design, combined with most careful finish. We were much struck with the execution of the tapestry represented in this Fontainebleau drawing-room: it seemed as if one might count the threads. This may seem a small merit, and yet it evinces at any rate a mechanical skill not often found combined with the highest feeling for art. If we have a fault to find with this picture, it is that Francis the First is a little too much "the King." While complimenting Cellini on his works, we fancy that royal patron would have looked a thought more courteous and condescending than he is here represented.

No. 74. "Audience Chamber of the Magistrates du France de Bruges—Visit of Marguerite of Austria, Duchess of Parma, Regent of Belgium;" by L. Haghe.

This is another interior of a magnificent chamber, but crowded with figures of fair ladies, pretty pages, and knightly personages. It is a work on which infinite labour must have been bestowed—the labour of genius. As much care has been spent on the fold of a velvet robe as on the countenances of the Duchess and her attendants; and this is said without meaning that the latter have been slurred. The repre-

sentation of the wood carving, and the sculptured chimney-piece, is perfectly marvellous.

No. 90. "The Queen of the Hop Garden" (by W. Lee) is a thoroughly English piece, calling to mind bright days and summer weather, which seem so long in returning to us.

No. 214. "A Hunchback Story-teller, relating one of the Arabian Nights' Tales in a coffee-house at Damascus;" by Henry Warren.

This is a thoroughly oriental scene, in the painter's best manner. The amused expression of every countenance, and yet the individuality of each, gives a life-like reality to the scene; while the swarth figures, the lounging dancing-girls, and the hunchback himself, are brought into striking relief.

No. 247. "Godiva;" by Edward H. Corbould.

This is a large and striking picture, illustrating Tennyson's poem, into which, by the way, as great things absorb the lesser, the old tradition seems finally to have merged. Charmingly and most modestly depicted is the noble lady—

"Wife to that grim Earl who ruled  
In Coventry."

And the accessories of the scene are all most poetically suggestive. The

"palfrey trap  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold,"

almost divides our homage. In grace of treatment and power of composition we are inclined to consider this picture as the gem of the exhibition. The perfect drawing, the depth and brilliancy of the colouring, and the truthful and poetical details, denote real genius in the artist.

No. 145. "The Sixteenth Lancers breaking the square at Aliwal, 28th January, 1846;" by M. Angelo Hayes.

This is the largest and one of the most effective pictures in the collection. We have rarely seen so vivid a representation of earnest combat. There is no mistake here; one of the realities of



life is before us. In the hottest pell-mell of battle the artist never loses himself in any impossibilities of detail; individuality and truth pervade the whole. The daring of the men and the passion of the horses are depicted with the hand of a master. In the foreground to the right of the picture are three gun bullocks, treated with much easy power and expression. One of the animals is quietly scratching his head against the limber of the cannon; another is staring with astonishment at the advancing troops; while the third, cowering in the rear, looks as if he didn't know what to make of it all.

Miss Fanny Corboux exhibits "Hannah" and "Miriam," companion pictures, in which the

ideal beauty of the Jewish countenance is most happily rendered.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Mrs. Harris prove how steadily and yet rapidly the school of flower-painting is advancing.

Charles Davidson has dotted the room with his luscious greens; and Aaron Penley is as great as ever in some magnificent landscapes.

James Fahey has given us some more of his tit-bits of Nature—little morsels of pictures which one is apt to overlook, but which when studied display truth and reality of no common order.

Charles Vacher still stands alone in his particular and brilliant style.

## THE GARDEN.—MAY.

"Bride of the Summer! gentle, genial May!

I hail thy presence with a child's delight;

For all that poets love of soft and bright

Lives through the lapse of thy delicious day:

Glad earth drinks deep of thine ethereal ray:

Warm'd by thy breath, up-spring luxuriant flowers;

Stirr'd by thy voice, birds revel in the bowers,

And streams go forth rejoicing on their way."

J. C. PRINCE.

### PLANT-HOUSES.

**Conservatory.**—As it is most desirable to retain the bloom on the plants in this house to as long a period as possible, shading during the middle of bright sunny days must be resorted to. This is best effected by some thin semi-transparent medium—such as very thin calico, or canvass, or thin white muslin, and should be kept on from half-past ten until four, when the sun is bright. With the same object in view, and also for the general welfare of the plants, pay constant attention to keeping the air moist and cool by sprinkling the paths and borders early in the morning, and also towards evening. The admission of air to this structure must be regulated with judgment, as there will be some plants which, from being more tenderly reared, will not submit to indiscriminate currents of air without injury. The state of external circumstances will be the best guide. In mild serene weather, ventilate freely, but with rough winds abroad keep the house closer. Let the requirements of the permanent plants in the borders as regards root moisture be well attended to. Apply clarified manure water occasionally, and keep the creepers thinned and trained out, but not too formally. The borders should also be sometimes pricked over, to afford a free passage for the percolation of water, and to preserve a wholesome healthy atmosphere, which is liable to be affected by the exhalations from decaying flowers and foliage, although these are removed every few days. It will also contribute much to the pleasantness of the interior air to have a small portion of air on at night by the top sashes.

**Greenhouse.**—Young plants which have been kept growing by repeated shifts, must have constant attention paid to stopping and training out; for, if a good beginning is not made, no after-care will make them handsome well-finished specimens.

Let them have plenty of light and air. Water freely at the roots when necessary. Syringe also occasionally, but be careful of drawing the growth on too fast, by keeping a close, moist atmosphere. As this house will now be required for a multitude of things, some temporary erection will be required in a sheltered place out of doors, under which to remove many of the New Holland and other hard-wooded plants as they go out of flower: this will make more room for Pelargoniums and Calceolarias; some of the forwardest Fuchsias may also be brought in, and look well to advancing young plants of these in the cold pits, and keep them growing fast by liberal shifts. Shade from very bright sunlight, and apply a little liquid manure sometimes. Keep the Calceolarias fumigated, and remember that they will not bear bright hot sun without injury. The greatest difficulty in the cultivation of these plants to perfection is not being able to keep the temperature low enough. They will grow in heat, it is true; but the constitution of the plant is thereby so weakened that almost certain death is the result after the flowering is over. Forced Pelargoniums which are past flowering should be placed in pits or under some temporary shelter for a time, and then cut down close: they make very superior plants for forcing another season, with much less trouble than that required for bringing forward young spring-struck plants. At the same time, it will be necessary, in order to keep up a stock, to pay attention to the growth of the young plants for the same purpose. Look forward to the striking of Chrysanthemum cuttings in a week or ten days. They should have a gentle bottom heat on a dung bed.

### FORCING-HOUSES.

**Pineries.**—Where there is the necessary command of means for producing air-moisture in the



interior, the season may be considered a very fine one for these plants, as a long continuance of sunny weather, with winds, although easterly by no means rough, will have enabled the operator to administer a due supply of air. Every advantage should be taken of these favourable circumstances to bring the general stock forward by a careful attention to keeping up a brisk bottom-heat, and the application of stimulants to the roots. Look to the shifting of the younger portion of the stock as it becomes necessary, and see that the bottom-heat to successions in pits does not decline for want of attention to the linings.

*Strawberries*.—The whole crop of these will now be in full action in one stage or the other. Particular attention is required to such as are ripening off in order to ensure a good flavour. It is presumed that from the time the fruit was set they have not lacked for stimulation in the way of a moist atmosphere, and plenty of liquid manure to swell the fruit. As soon as they begin to turn colour, flavour will be best secured by keeping them more moderately supplied with water, and a free application of heat, air, and light. Continue to thin out well the blooms of the later started plants, and use means to keep down red spider and aphides. If there are a dozen or two of pots to spare, and also a portion of a pipe-heated pit, or even a dung-bed frame, let a light or two be planted rather thick with them, in good soil, and they will come in very fine just before the crops out of doors.

#### FLOWER GARDEN.

The increasing interest taken in spring-flowing plants may render the following list of such as have been in full beauty within the last three weeks acceptable and useful:—The beautiful *Dielytra spectabilis* is now in full bloom, and has submitted to fifteen degrees of frost without injury after it had started into growth this spring. In addition we recommend *Fumaria nobilis*, *speciosa*, *tuberosa*, *lutea*; *Ajax*, minor, with many other very beautiful varieties of *Narcissus*; *Pulmonaria virginica*, *officinalis*, *alba*, *angustifolia*; *Erythronium dens canis*, *alba*, *longifolia*. *Adonis vernalis*. *Anemone apennina*, *Josephine*, *stellata*. *Hyacinths*, a great variety of the best kinds, very fine indeed, ought to be extensively planted. *Turban Ranunculus*; *Viola arborea*, *odorata*, *pallida plena*. Several colours of double *Primroses*; also the new double *Daisies*. *Auriculas*, *Polyanthus*, *Muscari botryoides*, *Trillium grandiflorum* and *erectum*. *Sanguinaria canadensis* and *grandiflora*; *Hepaticas*, red, blue, and white; *Gentiana acaulis*; *Epimedium grandiflorum*; *Alyssum saxatile*; *Iberis sempervirens*; *Arabis nana*, *lucida*, *variegata*; *Draba Aizoon*; *Van Thol Tulips*. The above, together with the various early-flowering shrubs, as *Ribes*, *Berberis*, *Cydonia*, *Erica*, *Magnolia*, and early Hybrid *Rhododendrons*, afford ample means for a grand display in spring. In the absence of rain, the beds and patches of hardy annuals should be kept watered. Plant advanced plants of ten-week and German stocks in beds, and keep shaded until they have rooted. Sow more in the open ground for succession, also a portion of the London Intermediate stock for the Autumn. Plant the beds or patches of *Tigridia pavonia* and *conchiflora* immediately. Perennials and biennials for next year's flowering sow now, and do not forget *Hollyhocks*. See that the north border for seedling *Calceolarias* is dressed with fresh loam, and prepared for planting next week. Water will most likely be required to all

fresh-planted perennial and herbaceous plants and *Roses*; have an eye also to the fresh-planted shrubs of all sorts, and water freely if the buds are not swelling out plump.

#### HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Commence now to inure the protected trees to full exposure, by a gradual removal of the coverings, and follow up the process of disbudding on fruit trees of all sorts. Every tree against a wall, to be well managed now-a-days, must undergo this routine.

#### KITCHEN GARDEN.

If fresh plantations of *Asparagus* are required, the young plants will now be sufficiently advanced for the purpose. Let them be carefully lifted with a strong spud or fork, so as not to injure the roots. The beds having been previously prepared, throw out a shallow trench, and spread the roots well out; cover them from two to three inches, and then give a good soaking of water: when well started, apply liquid manure with a little salt dissolved in it. Sow the principal crop of *Scarlet Runners*, also some *Dwarf French Beans* on a warm border, and transplant those previously prepared under hand-glasses, and cover at night. Keep up the necessary successional sowings according to previous directions, and hold fast by the maxim that it is bad policy to allow weeds to flower.—C.

#### NEW AND RARE PLANTS.

*ULLUCUS TUBEROSUS* (Moq.), *Basellaceae*.—(*Bot. Mag.*, Dec., 1851.)—A fibrous-rooted annual, of no great beauty, but interesting to the botanist on account of its tubers, which have some resemblance to potatoes, though they are scarcely larger than hazel-nuts. It grows with a prostrate succulent stem, about two feet long; stem and branches are glabrous, angular, red, streaked with yellow, and having one or two small rootlets here and there. The leaves are alternate, cordate, reniform, entire, penninerved, smooth, and rather fleshy; the



*Ullucus tuberosus*.

petioles are thick and longer than the leaves, grooved at the inner side, and coloured like the stem. The flowers, which are arranged in the manner of a raceme, issuing from the axils of the leaves, are small and inconspicuous, but pretty when closely examined, being of a greenish yellow colour, and not unlike the corollas of some saxifrage in contour. In general it is about as hardy as the common potato, for which it was strongly recommended by some scientific persons, as a substitute during the memorable failure of that favourite esculent; but either from the smallness of the tubers which it



yards, or from our climate being unsuited to its cultivation, it met with but little of the popular favour. It is a native of Quito, whence it was sent to the Horticultural Society of London by Prof. Jameson. Introduced in 1848 or 1849. (Syn.: *Mellocia tuberosa*, Lindl.; *M. peruviana*, Moq.; *Basella tuberosa*, H. B. K.)

**RHODODENDRON CHAMPIONÆ.**—Those who have seen the splendid exhibition of American



*Rhododendron Championæ.*

plants in the garden of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, during the early part of summer, can form a very accurate idea of the beauty and attraction elicited by this tribe of plants when arranged under a high state of cultivation: they are undoubtedly the most magnificent of all hardy ever-green flowering shrubs, either for planting in clumps, single specimens on the lawn, or trained as standards: they may justly be considered the pride of English gardens, as well as of their native woods. Inferring from the coloured illustrations, we think the many species of this tribe that have been recently raised at Kew and other establishments, from seeds imported by Dr. Hooker from Sikkim-Himalaya, will ultimately tend to improve this class of plants by hybridization. What can be done by that process in this tribe we have ample examples at Syon House, the Duke of Northumberland's, where particular attention was paid by Mr. Carton to the impregnation of these plants with each other, the result of which is the produce of some of the finest and best kinds at present in cultivation. The annexed woodcut represents another beautiful species not yet introduced in a living state, though we may entertain hopes that the seed of it may be ere long transmitted to some of our public or private establishments, where in all probability it would be found to vegetate. It is figured in the *Botanical Magazine*, and described by Captain and Mrs. Champion, by whom it was detected in 1849, growing abundantly among rocks in a ravine, at Fort Victoria, Hong-Kong, forming a shrub nearly seven feet high; the leaves are of a dark green above, rather rusty-coloured beneath, hairy, and much confined to the apex of the branches; the flowers are in umbels of from four to six inches each, white, tinged with a delicate rose-colour, with a corolla four inches across.

## THE TOILET.

### COSTUME FOR MAY.

(*Specialy communicated from Paris.*)

The Spring fashions are now quite determined upon; and though they all partake, more or less, of a conspicuous style, some of them are extremely pretty. Very few plain materials of any kind are worn; all have patterns, generally arranged so as to form trimmings round or down the fronts of skirts and on the flounces, and to finish the *basque* sleeves, and centre of the *corsage*. *Glacé* silks never can be *passées de mode*; but they are decorated with *passementeries*, *effilés*, lace, and above all, narrow velvets, which are decidedly the favourite trimmings of the day, and it is even said will continue so into the summer. But little difference has taken place in the forms of dresses or sleeves; the former are still worn very open, with or without waistcoats, and the latter loose and large at the bottom: the *manche tailladée* is the greatest novelty of the season; it consists in bands of the material of the gown, coming lengthwise from the elbow, in points, which are fastened into a wrist-band; and between these bands are *crêpes* of lace, spotted net, or India muslin. It approaches to the Empire style, which, it is said, is creeping in, in various details of the toilette, but only in the best details; *bien entendu*, the days of short waists, scanty skirts, and impossible *coiffures*, being, it is to be hoped, passed away as entirely as the swallow-

tails, voluminous *cravates*, and extremely tight draperies of the *citoyens* and *citoyennes* of the Revolution. *Basques* attached to the *corsage* are as much worn as ever; but we do not think the regular *robe à basquines* cut altogether will last so long, as there is no doubt that it shortens and enlarges the waist. This is a hint of which your readers ought not to lose sight, in their desire to adopt a mode which is certainly greatly in favour, and which looks very well in an engraving, but is extremely trying in reality.

Our Paris season approaching its end, there is little novelty in evening dresses, those described last month being what were preparing for the Easter *fêtes*, which are now taking place. The *robes Pompadours* are so elegant and becoming, that they are likely still to prolong their reign, perhaps with some slight modifications, but no material changes, except in *étoffes*. For out of doors, *mantes*, *pardessus*, and *écharpes* in *taffeta glacé*, are worn. The former are the little short cloaks with hoods, of the time of *Louis Quinze et Seize* precisely; cut, trimming—all resemble; they are extremely pretty for married ladies, but not quite youthful enough for *demoiselles*. The *pardessus* of this season fit quite tight to the shape; are made *en cœur* in front, and trimmed with fringe or *volants*











of taffetas or lace, the former edged and headed with velvet, guimp, &c. The *écharpes* come very low on the shoulders behind; have the ends, which are not long in front, rounded, and a *volant* at the back, gathered up on the arms: they are generally made of the material of the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it, though this is not essential; an *écharpe* of this kind, in black or dark-coloured taffetas, suiting well with almost any gown. The bonnets are less *exagérés* than was expected: they are very open, and a good deal raised in front, but not more so than in the winter; some unquestionably are, but these are not what are worn by the most distinguished persons. The *capote Fanchonnette* is one of the prettiest of the net bonnets: it consists of a *fanchon* of taffetas covering the crown, and bordered with a *dentelle de crin*, embroidered in straw: the front is in taffetas in two *grosses coulisses*, on each of which is sewn a *volant de dentelle de crin*, slightly fulled, and the same is repeated on the *bavolet*: *roses de Bengale variées* decorate the inside. Another is the *capote Camargo*: the brim consists of a broad *dentelle de Chantilly*, turning backwards at the ears, so as to form a second *bavolet* over the *bavolet* of silk, each being decorated with a knot of ribbon, the one above the other. The *calotte* is of drawn silk, with *agréments de paille*; and the edge of the brim consists of a ribbon of *paille à jour*, in which is drawn a narrow velvet of the colour of the taffetas: the interior is decorated with straw flowers and ribbon, on the edge of which is sown an *agrement de paille* to go with the rest. A very pretty style for the trimming of the *chapeaux de paille à jour* consists of *coques* of ribbon, with bouquets of small flowers, such as violets, daisies, &c., half buried in them.

The *gilet* has lost nothing of its vogue; it is much adopted also in the dress of little girls: one of the last and most elegant of these favourite articles of costume is the *gilet sénateur* in *moire blanche antique*, fastened from the throat to the waist with two rows of *grelots* or hanging-buttons in gold. *Gilets* in fine lace—*point d'Alençon*, *point d'Angleterre*, &c.—over coloured taffetas, are extremely rich, and beautiful. A whisper goes about that waists are to be somewhat shortened, and that bands and buckles are to be resumed; but we think it will take some little time yet to bring about this innovation, for it is so different from the style at present in vogue, that the transition would be almost too sudden for even the magic wand of the Goddess of Fashion to accomplish *tout d'un trait*. If, however, the *genre Empire* is, as it is anticipated, to be adopted in any degree, it is probable this will be one of the details of it.

The favourite flowers worn are those of the season—apple, cherry, and almond blossom, lilac and hawthorn, violets, &c.; but there are also bouquets of mixed flowers, which are very pretty; for instance, roses, *bluets* and *paquerettes*, white or pink; bouquets of tea-roses, *bluets*, and the blossom of the dandelion run to seed, the downy tufts of which lend a charming softness to the flowers with which they are mixed; *trainées*, or trailing sprays of red, pink, and white rosebuds, or of foliage, are also much in favour, and most deservedly, as they are beautiful, whether in the hair or to decorate bonnets and *coiffures*.

Pocket handkerchiefs, their style and trimming, form by no means the least important *accessoire* of the *toilette*; but really this detail is carried to such a point that we will not enter into particulars which none but a *merveilleuse*, the most effeminate of the

*genre lionne*, would deem worthy her attention; a few indications, however, may not be unacceptable. For the *promenade* the two prettiest *mouchoirs* are the *fleurs des pois* and the *mouchoir fleurette*; the former is bordered with a deep frill, on which are alternate rows of large spots introduced, and narrow tucks; the latter represents miniature bouquets, enclosed in squares formed by *petits plis à jour*, crossing each other like a chess-board. For balls, *soirées*, &c., the handkerchief with rich embroideries and lace, or almost entirely composed of lace, is always the style adopted. To give your readers some idea of the rôle the *mouchoir* exercises in the *toilette d'une merveilleuse*, it will be sufficient to cite some of the names given to this elegant appendage:—*le mouchoir Priora*, *le mouchoir Médecis*, *le mouchoir Mignon*, *le mouchoir royal*, *le mouchoir présidentiel*, *le mouchoir camélia*—*enfin* there is no end to the vagaries in which the *lingères* and their favourite customers indulge on the subject. *A-propos* of the *mouchoir camélia*, we may remark that camellias are the order of the day; there is the *écharpe camélia*, and half a dozen other articles of the *toilette* to which the name has been given, arising from the unheard-of success of a piece which has been playing every night for the last two months at the Vaudeville, called *la Dame aux camélias*, written by the son of Alexander Dumas, and acted by Mme. Doche. We may say *en passant* that the piece does more credit to the talent than to the morality of its producers and admirers; but that is a question with which we have nothing to do.

*Mantes* in lace will be very much worn this season; they are almost all à *capuchon*. Shawls in *dentelle de Chantilly*, also, will be in great favour; they certainly are very graceful when well worn, but all depends on the manner of putting them on and draping them, the secret of which is not very generally known.

Children's dresses are extremely pretty. The *gilet* now forms as much a part of their toilet as it does of their mother's; there is no end to the variety of forms adopted in the make of little girls' dresses, but they all have much trimming in the way of *revers*, *basques*, &c., *festonnés*, or otherwise bordered; for out-of-doors they wear generally *pardessus* or *paletots* to correspond with the dress. *Etoffes écossaises*, or plain materials with plaid trimmings, are greatly in favour for children's dresses.

CIRCULAR SHAWLS.—Our attention has lately been drawn to a novelty in dress lately introduced under the above title by the manufacturers, Messrs. Kerr and Scott, of St. Paul's Churchyard. These Circular Shawls are composed of various sorts of shawl material, from the light barege to the more substantial Paisley; but the pattern, for obvious reasons, is printed instead of being woven. They are in fact something between a shawl and a mantle, and the hood, which is usually attached, may be removed at pleasure. They show the figure and yet shroud it, and, when made in certain fabrics, are warm as well as light. Being registered they are not yet made in coarse materials, and therefore are not likely to become common. We may warn our readers that the effect produced by these shawls is very different from that obtained by the home manufacture of a shawl into a mantle—a feat we have once or twice known attempted with most signal failure. We understand that the printers of the circular shawls are Messrs. Swaisland, of Crayford.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FINETTA.**—The following information respecting the cultivation of tuberoses will, we hope, be useful to you:—Select large and well-ripened bulbs, and have them potted in six-inch pots, in a compost of mellow loam, leaf-mould, and some rough sand. Use plenty of drainage, and let the soil be tolerably moist. When finished, about one-third of the bulb should stand above the soil. Place the pots on a shelf near the glass in an early vinery or a forcing-house. Apply but little water until the pots are full of roots, and the plants are in full growth, when they will need a liberal supply—observing, however, never to water unless the plants require it; over-watering is the cause of numerous failures: in the earlier stages of the growth it causes the embryo flower to perish, and in the later stages it very often causes repletion, and both leaves and flowers perish from premature decay. When the flower-stems have attained a foot or so in height, it is best to remove them to the greenhouse, taking care to secure them to a neat stake. In reply to your second question we may observe that the fig is a native of a warm country, and accordingly requires a warm open situation. It is generally trained against a wall with a south aspect, but if the situation is otherwise good you may train it *en espalier*. The fruit will not be fine if it is grown in a shady situation.

**GOVERNESSES.**—The remarks in our last number have drawn forth the following letter from an unknown correspondent: we print it entire, as it contains matter worth consideration.

“MADAM,—As one of a body whose cause your pages have for some time been so kindly advocating, I feel impelled, in behalf of myself and sisters in the profession, to thank you sincerely for your earnestness, and trust my (above) twenty years’ experience as a governess will be deemed a sufficient apology for intruding myself upon your notice, and hazarding a few remarks on the same subject. I have for several months observed, with no small degree of anxiety and interest, the manner in which you have been endeavouring to place English governesses in a better position in society: your object is most kind and praiseworthy, and many of your remarks too just to be really felt by any but those who themselves have suffered as governesses. On this subject I can speak feelingly; for though, during my many years’ residence in the abode of strangers, I have met with much, very much, kind consideration, and as far as the English tone of society and natural temperament will permit, even sympathy, yet the constant sense that a governess is deemed an inferior in position though not in acquirements—the feeling that she is noticed through a patronizing condescension (much more galling to a proud mind than entire neglect), and the consciousness that she is, at the best, but a tolerated member of the household—as it were a “necessary evil”—are indeed more than a sensitive mind, unassisted by divine grace, could endure. But, at the same time, my dear Madam, is there not much to be said on the other hand? A young governess complains that after her daily duties are over she is frequently left alone; she feels desolate, &c., &c.; but she does not consider that most likely this is also the only time that the master and mistress have for quiet converse together. The former probably returns home after his daily avocations, fatigued both in body and in mind; he and

his wife may not have seen each other for several hours; they must necessarily have many things to communicate to each other; then how restraining must the presence of a stranger necessarily be! and however kindly they may feel disposed to treat her, how much they must wish for her absence! Again, many complain of slights, inattentions from visitors, servants, &c. This too, may, in many cases, be just; but, at the same time, I must remind you that many governesses of the present day are not ladies, and that they are always the most expecting [? exacting]. Many have been and are educating for that position, who in their own homes meet with absolutely no more refinement in mind or manners than in the nursery or servants’ hall of their employers. I know this for a fact, and am at present aware of a family of three daughters, one a governess, another a dress-maker, and the third a lady’s maid! And so are many daughters of little shopkeepers over-educated in order to become ladies, as they fancy, and are thus made miserable for life; for they expect much more indulgence than any real lady looks for, even in her own family. They are elevated above their own relatives, looked up to by them as something wonderful; have all their whims indulged at home, and expect the same abroad; forgetting that they are not now superior to the rest in the household. I allow that the position of governesses requires amendment; but at the same time a good cause may be injured by going too far, as I think most reasonable people will say, when they hear of a young lady complaining that she has not a ‘fire in her bed-room, and a hot bottle to her feet’—indulgences which no judicious mother would accord to her own children, as they are relaxing to the body, and, in consequence, anything but invigorating to the mind; and which, if the governess has had at home, she ought to have remained at home to indulge. Trusting your endeavours to promote amelioration where much needed will be both judicious and successful, I am, dear Madam, yours in sincerity,

“A GOVERNESS.

“Kendal, April 12.”

We must beg our correspondent to bear in mind that the practice of allowing a governess to have a fire frequently in her room on very cold nights—especially if she is rather delicate—is decidedly conducive to health, and to that ample attention to habits of cleanliness, and carefulness of toilet, which form part of the essential duties of a gentlewoman. What may be relaxing to one constitution is a necessity to another, and few conditions are more injurious to health than being kept awake half the night with cold feet. Among the upper classes the indulgences which our correspondent denounces are allowed generally as matters of course, and always where they are required. Who enjoy a greater average of health and longevity than the aristocracy?

M. H.—s.—We regret that we cannot accede to your proposal.

ELIZABETH (*The Cedars*).—Berthas have quite gone out of fashion, and therefore the required pattern would, we fear, be unacceptable to the great majority of our subscribers.

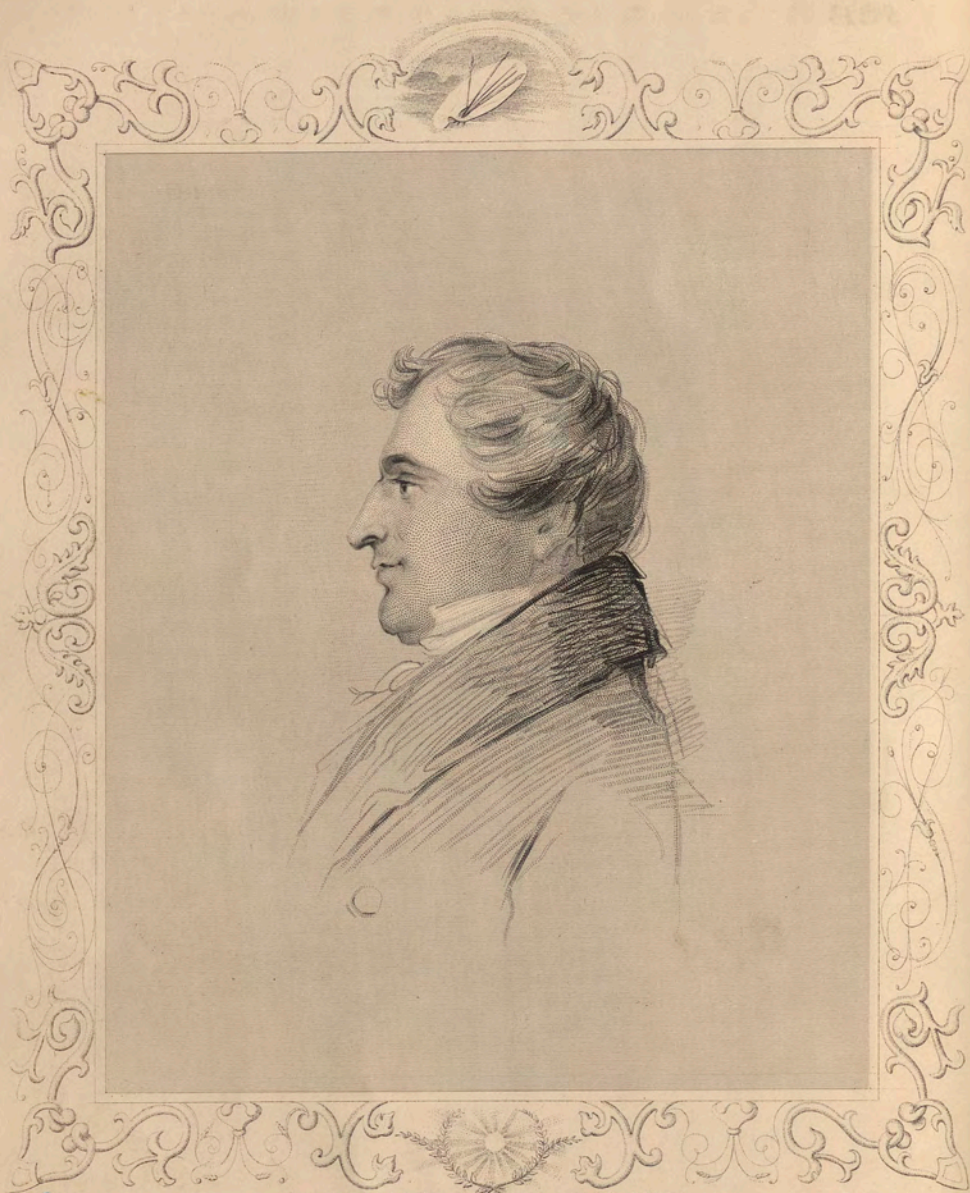
NEAT-HANDED PHILLIS.—We will bear your wishes in mind, but we are sorry that we cannot hold out any immediate prospect of complying with them.

PERCIE.—Always welcome.









*Engraved by J. B. Hunt, from an Original Sketch.*

*M. W. Turner*



# THE LADIES' COMPANION.

JUNE, 1852.

## ANIMALS, AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH),

BY MARY HOWITT.

Any one who has a taste for the study of natural physiognomies should carefully observe the countenance of the ox and the cow, should study their demeanour and the expression of their eyes. They are shapes which bear in an extraordinary manner the stamp of respectability; they neither look joyful nor yet melancholy; seldom evil disposed; never vivacious and sportive. They are full of gravity, and always seem to be going about their business. They are not merely creatures of great economic use, but they carry in their whole persons the appearance of being so—they are the very forms of earthly usefulness.

Did one ever see anything more dignified or more official-looking than the whole behaviour of the ox, his way of carrying his head and looking about him? If any one imagines that I intend any jest by these words he is mistaken; neither slur nor ridicule is meant to be thrown upon official life, or on that which is known in the world as a man's vocation. I regard all these with as much respect as any one can desire, and although I have an eye for natural configuration, yet is no sentiment of ridicule connected in my mind with any of these forms. On the contrary, I regard the ox and the cow with the warmest feelings of esteem. I perceive, however, in them a striking and *naïve* picture of the man who goes gravely about his own business—of the man who submits himself to the requirements of duty (without the slightest reference to duty in its higher sense), of the man, who, in the eye of the world, appears dignified, regular, steady, formal, and middle-aged—that is to say, neither young nor stricken in years.

Look at this ox now, as he stands before thee, chewing his cud, and gazing around him in so indescribably thoughtful a manner, but who, if thou wilt look more closely into his eyes, is thinking about nothing at all! Look at that discreet, excellent Dutch cow, which, gifted with an inexhaustible udder, stands quietly and allows herself to be milked whilst she gazes into space with the most sensible expression! The milking process is satisfactory to her; and she sees the pail borne away with imperturbable gravity, and with that sort of solemnity which

people assume when they have committed some important trust to their own age and to posterity.

If the worth of the cow is great on the one hand, yet on the other it must be conceded that she possesses not a single trait of grace, not a single particle of vivacity, and none of that quick agility in retreating from an object which indicates an inward buoyancy, an elastic temperament such as one recognizes in the bird or the fish.

The cow and the ox, it is true, are sometimes timid, but they make their retreat in the most unhandy, clumsy, and awkward way possible: it is exactly as ponderosity would go on if it lost the restraint of gravitation; and nothing can be a more pitiable sight than when anything loses its equilibrium, of which the great matter is for its equilibrium to be preserved. Few natural scenes are more striking than one which is of common occurrence, namely, when cows make their retreat from a footpath when a traveller comes by. If a cow stands upon the high bank and any one approaches, she seems taken by surprise and finds it needful to take care of herself, whilst the simple fact of standing aside and letting all pass by without notice would be impossible to her. To run away right forward, as the sheep do, appears also to be quite opposed to her dignity, or to her obstinacy of disposition; she must of necessity maintain her post. She betakes herself therefore very zealously to the other bank or to the opposite side of the road, and does it in such a way as to show the most perfect absence of pleasure. Though what greater safety or advantage she can find on the other bank is not easily to be conceived; but enough, it is done—in the first place because every person, be he who he may, who drives along the high road, must be an enemy against whom it is necessary to be on her guard; secondly, because, if at the important moment she happens to be on the right hand, she must, let it cost what it may, go over to the left, and *vice versa*; and thirdly, because it is precisely this very getting out of the way which puts her in the only danger which can arise from this encounter, and not unfrequently causes her to



receive a blow from the stranger which would not have happened had she remained where she was. People are in the habit of laughing at her stupidity, and calling such conduct "*cow-witted*." The ox does not act quite so foolishly, although when he is frightened, which does happen at times, he never fails of being *mal-adroit*—excuse the French word, but here it is appropriate. One may be quite sure that out of all the ways of helping himself he will choose, if not the worst, at all events the very dirtiest. I have lingered over these observations because they supply traits of nature by which God mysteriously, but yet significantly, for those who take a pleasure in studying them, expresses some of his deepest mysteries. One sees hieroglyphically in them the strange position in which the outwardly estimable, demure, and regular, find themselves in this world.

That which has only systematized law for its rule of guidance knows how to act as long as it sees itself in the system; but the least grain additional in one scale of the balance sinks the other, and throws the whole into confusion. That for which the outward regulation alone constitutes the whole, will conduct itself admirably in all that is included within the regulation; but fearing, from irresistible instinct, all progress in the world, they break away from this and place themselves precisely in the way of mischances which otherwise would not occur, and never are more unlucky than in their attempts to help themselves. No one so suddenly, so entirely loses the faculty of going on in a straight direction as he, who, having hitherto moved only according to line, has all at once been deprived of that line, and who belonging, so to speak, *ex officio* to the class which never losing itself, yet comes, by chance, to a point where two or three ways meet.

How unlike this are the rest of the animal race which attach themselves to man—horses, dogs, cats, and swine! Whatever their merits may be, we cannot, however, commend them for any remarkable regularity of demeanour.

Look at the horse. I am not speaking now of any individual case in which we may find him, the property of a carter, and standing in deep trouble and want, as if asleep, but in the common and general sense. Most certainly a well-trained horse is in the highest degree fitted for drawing a carriage swiftly; but you can see by the well-satisfied bend of his neck, by the movement of his hind quarters, and in particular of his fore feet, that he amuses himself with his employment. When he comes to a hill up which he has to draw his master, he sets about it in good earnest; and is there not something chivalric in his way of doing it? Is it not as if it were a point of honour with him to reach the top of the hill? If he gets a touch of the whip he does not receive it as a reminder of neglected duty, but is annoyed by it, very probably both from pain and shame. He is very fond of being spoken to and praised, is proud of any decoration which may be placed upon him, makes much of appearances, and, as far as in him lies,

turns all his business into an affair of enjoyment.

The horse is generally very much attached to man. If you place yourself before him, you will not perhaps discover so much profound reflection in his countenance as a certain tone of refinement and good breeding; he looks on you with the expression of a "*bon camarade*;" he turns his beautiful head towards you as to an equal, and seems to tell you that he has great pleasure in bearing you company through life, provided that you will behave well to him. He never, like the ox, puts on the appearance of a philosopher; but there is in the depth of his eye a something which if it may not be called thoughtful, is perhaps beyond even that. He may easily be excited to warlike and bold achievements; he increases in energy with the increase of danger; it does not seem to trouble him that he perils his life for something wholly useless. None of his folly, however, proceeds from stupidity, but from the desire to get along. Nevertheless, one may observe with what nicety, carefulness, and precision, he manages his feet so as not, even when he is at full speed, willingly to tread upon anything of value, as for instance, a child which may lie in his way.

The courage of the horse is universally acknowledged, yet that does not prevent his occasionally shying at some objects; and when he is in the field it is no easy matter to capture him so long as you do not bribe him with good words or corn. He can hear the most insignificant sound, and resembles a bird as nearly as a four-footed animal can do so.

When he starts aside he does not show a particle of *cow-wittedness*; he does not become terrified and lose all his ideas as horned cattle do, but merely shies from the quickness of his perceptions, and from a desire not to come into close proximity with anything disagreeable or painful. And when he does make a retreat he does it with propriety and elegance; one sees at once that he does not do it out of conceit, or because it is his peculiar custom. The business that he is at the time occupied with is all and everything to him; he does not go by any one chalked-out course; he is at home on every kind of line, the straight or the crooked it matters not; and he brings his own being into accordance with whatever leap he may have to take. The horse is never awkward or ungainly. Even though neglected, ill-used, and miserable, he yet exhibits to thee the figure it may be of a weary, wretched creature, and thou mayest observe that he no longer acknowledges or troubles himself about the blow which thou givest him, that he stumbles, that his knees are no longer able either to support him or thee, and that thou art now making use of his last powers; yet still if thou for amusement shouldst follow the track of the vehicle which he draws, and shouldst notice his hoof-prints, thou wouldst find them true and uniform, and not forming that zig-zag which marks the track of the advancing ox.

Now if thou lettest the weary horse rest a moment, and goest forward to his bridle, thou



wilt perhaps not receive from him the old friendly glance of good fellowship, but thou wilt see that he still arches a proud neck, that his eyes are bloodshot with sorrow or anger, and that he lays down his ears threateningly. For all this he would be easily reconciled with thee, wouldst thou only pat his neck, and give him a little corn or a few ground beans. These will make him soon forget all thy oppressions, and after that go on with thee till he falls down dead; and his last fate is to have his bones picked by the birds.

If thou wilt now consider his peculiarities, thou wilt see that, whenever the horse ceases to draw his load cheerfully, and to make his business a pleasure, he stands angrily in his place, and the whole thing is a burden to him. From this it may be inferred that he never regards his employment as a calling. To consider anything as a calling, it is necessary that it neither on the one hand shall be regarded as a pleasure or an amusement, nor on the other as a burden. The real and truly official way of regarding it in the world, is as the requirement of duty in which there can be no question about easy or difficult, but only about that which *must* be. That, however, is not the way in which the horse looks at it. But his mode of looking at the question is not so profitless and so absurd as thou mayst perhaps suppose; he will often carry thee to the same point, and something farther, although disgusted by being compelled and driven; but he would have done it twofold out of pleasure and love. And even thou, my friend, art so strangely constituted, that thou enjoyest but in a small degree the advantages which the mere performance of duty afford thee.

What is the fate of thy oxen? Thou dost not consider them worthy of love; and the end of them is to be eaten. But if thou dost not treat the quick, the chivalric, much better still, thou very seldom canst refuse thy highest regard for services which are rendered to thee by a free, unsubjected creature. Unquestionably thou art very glad to have the obedience of those on whom thou canst confidently rely; but what dost thou do? Thou givest to the ox none of thy enjoyment. To the cheerful-hearted, on the contrary, to him whom thou canst not convince that he should look upon thy work as his business, dost thou pat upon the loins, dost thou stroke upon the neck; he is regarded by thee as in some respect worthy of thy esteem, and thou art unwilling that he should be frightened. In Europe, at all events, the horse is at present but seldom eaten. Let us, however, leave this subject.

The dog—for we are now come to him—is neither ox nor horse. He certainly does not perform his business as a work, nor yet in a state of mind which alternates between pleasure and anger; because, properly speaking, he does not *do* anything. He loves to go in thy company; he is inexhaustible in his ability for making a thousand evolutions around thee, instead of going on in the straight line; and in so doing he possesses the secret of being able to

do all this without striking against anything, and notwithstanding all his circuiting and all his wheeling about, yet is he most steadfastly faithful to thee. He does not move with the delight of the horse, nor yet with his independence; at the same time he never resembles the ox. He accompanies thee to the chase for his own particular pleasure, and for the sake of any adventure he may have in the wood. He follows the sport much more from his own love of the thing than thou hast any idea of. He snaps the birds and bites the hares himself whenever he fancies himself safe from thy observation; on the contrary, it is for thy sake that he barks at the stranger. For, excepting in the case of some particular individual, against whom he has conceived an antipathy (for the most part founded on the evil disposition of that individual), he is the friend of all mankind; and that he, for his own part, has not anything against the stranger at whom he barks, is proved by the fact that if he becomes by any chance the dog of that stranger, he will bark with equally good will at thee, in case thou goest to his new home.

Barking is most certainly the business of the dog, and he is sometimes more obstinate about it than there is any reason for; but it is seldom meant as gravely as it appears, and it very often ends quite as abruptly, and as much without cause, as it begins. The bark of a dog has not in its sound anything so inspiring as the neighing of a horse, for instance when heard from a distance in the open air; neither can it be compared with the bellowing of kine. There is something, however, very agreeable in the varied lowing of cattle when heard in the distant country, and when answered and repeated by a large herd, especially toward evening and amid echoes. On the other hand, nothing is more unpleasant than to hear all at once, and just beside one, the bellowing of an ox, who thus in the most authoritative manner announces himself, as if nobody else had any right to utter a syllable in his presence. The voices of oxen and cows are endurable, nevertheless; yet they have continually a propensity to rise into falsetto, on which occasion they bear a considerable resemblance to that of swine. And this brings me in regular order to pigs.

On this subject much might be said. Swine are ill-tempered and leech-toothed, and the most pig-like of all our domestic animals. Spite of all this, the pig is very good in his way; by which I mean, that though his circumstances may not appear excellent to others, yet that he flourishes under them. He does not desire nor yet enjoy the society of man, as the dog does. He likes going about by himself, grunting in an under-tone, which he prefers to raising his voice to its highest pitch. The pig's mode of life and whole configuration show us the lower state of earthly existence, that which enjoys itself alone, having a distaste for human society, and with a decided love of impurity; whilst the dog, on the contrary, may be considered as typifying a higher and purer condition, that which finds its plea-



sure in intercourse with man, in cleanliness and cheerfulness.

In the ox we see the personification of worldly usefulness combined with formality; that is to say, when the creature acts on his own account.

The horse is the image of that higher and nobler delight which is experienced in the rendering of benefits and in the performance of duty, not for the sake of reward, but as an agreeable appendage to the pleasures of life.

## EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Let not my readers be alarmed at the title of my paper. I am not going to advocate the claims of lady-colleges on the one hand, or cookery-schools on the other. I hold *that* education to be the best, which not only fits a woman for the station which she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character, that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher, or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. Illustration is often better than precept: I will therefore give a short sketch of three married women of my acquaintance, who, in my opinion, admirably exemplify the effects of a judicious education; but, lest my readers should surmise that I am about to inflict upon them the delineation of paragons of perfection, I will tell them beforehand that each of these exemplary persons possesses one fault, which I am about to point out, with the hope that in their case, as well as in that of many others, it may be not only confessed, but amended.

Lady Corwyn was the daughter of a quiet widow, with a moderate income, who was prevented, partly by ill-health, and partly by an indolent disposition, from introducing her daughter into general society. Sir James Corwyn, however—a baronet, with a fine country seat, and fifteen thousand a-year—obtained an introduction to the secluded fair one at the house of one of her relations, and a marriage took place. Twenty years have elapsed since that event. Lady Corwyn is now eight-and-thirty, and her country neighbours and her London associates, her husband's friends, nay, even her husband's family, those chartered critics of a wife's sayings and doings, unite in praising the uniform propriety of her conduct—propriety which does not array itself in buckram, but which is evinced by the exquisite good taste and ease with which every relaxation of life is enjoyed, every social and domestic duty performed. Sir James Corwyn and his family pass the spring in London; it is his wish that his wife should mingle with the gay world, and she does so, cheerfully and willingly. She is no flirt, yet men love to congregate around her, and to listen to her animated, sparkling anecdotes. She is no flatterer, yet women consult her in their millinery dilemmas, and girls eagerly seek her as a chaperon. Eight months of the year, however, she passes at her husband's country seat: here she is the kind benefactress of the poor, and the wise and prudent manager

of her household: she keeps up an extensive circle of visiting acquaintance, but as her habits are very active, she finds time for many other pursuits, from the cultivation of her mind to that of her flower-garden, from playing chess and singing duets with her husband, to directing the studies and sharing the pastimes of her children. She has a son, nineteen years of age, who is already distinguished by his talent and excellence, and two daughters of fifteen and sixteen, who have not yet "come out." When they do so, it is predicted that they will meet with excellent opportunities of marrying. Girls brought up under the inspection of such a mother may be safely trusted to make admirable wives.

Mrs. Stafford is about nine-and-twenty; ten years ago she married a very rich merchant; her tastes and habits were expensive; she enjoyed her splendid dresses and elegant carriages; these inclinations, however, qualified her but the more for the station she was called upon to fill. Stafford valued wealth, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the luxuries that it procured; and a wife incapable of spending money would have been in his opinion quite unworthy of possessing it. Yet Mrs. Stafford was no frivolous, thoughtless worldling; two points she strenuously urged on her husband—to give liberally in charity from his abundance, and to abstain from all speculative attempts to increase the fortune which was already more than sufficient for every reasonable want and wish. Stafford was quite willing to oblige his wife in the first particular. So long as she did not require him to devote his time and thoughts to the service of his distressed fellow-creatures, she might command cheques on his banker for their use; but the second part of her counsel was more difficult to follow. Stafford entered into a tempting speculation; it failed, embarrassments ensued, and although he was enabled to pay everybody, he was reduced to the very unpleasant necessity of (so runs the mercantile phrase) "beginning life again"! To "begin life again" is the frequent aspiration of poets; but it is very seldom desiderated by merchants, still less by merchants' wives. Stafford felt the shock even more for his dear, indulged, pampered wife, than he did for himself; but he was speedily comforted and encouraged by the mingled spirit and sweetness with which she accommodated herself to her new situation. She parted with her jewels, locked up her finery, and looked far prettier in a muslin dress and straw bonnet than she had ever done in the most elaborate Paris fashions.



She managed her little household so well, that it did not bear the appearance of having cost her any trouble to manage; neither did she make a point of abjuring recreations and amusements. The well-chosen books, arrayed in splendid bindings, had passed into other hands; but cheap literature, and a subscription to a neighbouring circulating library supplied the deficiency. Balls and banquets were henceforth to be unknown to her husband and herself; but the lecture-room, the concert-room, and the social meeting at a friend's house, remained open to them. Carriages and horses were extinct; but Mrs. Stafford's step was more light, and the roses bloomed more freshly in her cheeks, since she had been what her commiserating friends denominated "reduced to walking!" No one said of Mrs. Stafford that she bore her altered circumstances well, for she did not seem to consider them as troubles; she was just as smiling, happy, and pleasant, as when encumbered with a large house, a colony of servants, and an income to match. She will not long, however, continue to live in a confined manner, for I have just heard of the death of a relation of Stafford's, who cut him out of his will for marrying a fine lady, and put him in again when his reverse of fortune discovered to his friends that a fine lady may be a very earnest, simple, loving woman. I believe the money that Stafford will inherit amounts to a large sum; but no matter—I have so firm a trust in the consistency of Mrs. Stafford, that I should not fear for her, even if it were discovered that her husband possessed a vested right in the largest gold-field in Australia!

My third paragon, Mrs. Rushton, is the wife of a country clergyman; she is four-and-twenty years old, and much handsomer than my other two favourites—in fact she is a decided beauty; and when, at the age of eighteen, she was well introduced into the gay world by an aunt, and known to be the independent possessor of ten thousand pounds, no one can be surprised that her conquests were many and extensive: she was the belle of the ball-room, the goddess of *tableaux vivans*, the heroine of acted charades; verses were written to her, sketches were made of her, and hearts and hands (some of them very desirable ones) were proffered to her acceptance. Her aunt was never easy but in society, and certainly she rejoiced in a most complaisant niece; the young beauty was never tired, never low-spirited, never pale, never sleepy, never troubled with the head-ache. For three years she remained in a constant vortex of amusement and dissipation, till at length she made choice of one of her suitors, and to the astonishment of everybody, he proved to be a quiet country clergyman, residing in a distant village on a small living. Poor man! I wonder that he ever found courage to propose to her; how divided he must have been between fear of being refused, and fear of gaining a very unsuitable wife for himself if he should be accepted! Her aunt vehemently opposed her marriage; but as she was of age it was impossible to prevent it, and as the

income which her lover derived from his living was somewhat more than she herself drew from her ten thousand pounds, all threats held out of ultimate starvation were of course to be regarded in a metaphorical point of view. The beautiful bride entered on the duties of a clergyman's wife not only with cheerfulness, but with a tact and activity which surprised every one. I could quite conceive that her fine sense and fine principles would enable her to "quit the flaunting town" without regret, when she had once made up her mind to do so. I could also well understand that loving as she did, deeply and truly, the affection of one fond, faithful heart would far outweigh all the triumphs and flatteries of society; but I cannot even now quite comprehend how she became at once, as if by intuition, so versed in her new pursuits that anybody might suppose she had been teaching schools and visiting cottagers all her life! Mrs. Rushton has refused all offers from her husband to take her occasionally to London, or to a watering-place; the little village where her home is fixed may occupy a very insignificant position in the map of England, but to her it is a scene of perfect and unvarying happiness, and the veriest dowdy who ever vegetated in seclusion from childhood to womanhood, could not make a more quiet, contented, unassuming wife for a country pastor, than does the darling of society—the flattered ball-room beauty!

The three ladies whose characters I have endeavoured to sketch are of different ages and move in different circles: they do not know each other—nay, as far as I am aware, they have never even heard of each other, and yet they each have precisely the same fault, in precisely the same degree. But before I mention it, I must trespass on the patience of my readers for a short time, while I delineate to them yet one other person.

There is a neat, trim row of houses in Brompton, bearing that peculiar air which denotes that they are let out in lodgings. In one of them the parlour and bedroom on the ground-floor are occupied by an elderly lady, named Allen; she is thoroughly the gentlewoman in manner and appearance, and the beautiful drawings and tasteful pieces of needlework which form the principal ornament of her little parlour, have owed their existence to her own skilful and active hand. I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Allen a very happy person; it is far from being my habit to estimate felicity in reference to pounds, shillings, and pence; but a certain *roominess* of income (to use the expression of an old-fashioned friend of mine), is, in my opinion, quite necessary for comfort, and this it is not Mrs. Allen's lot to enjoy; her table, dress, and apartments, although managed with the strictest economy, merge nearly the whole of her moderate life-annuity, and she has nothing to spare from it for the little indulgences of life. She is of a social temper, and has great powers of conversation, but she pays and receives very few visits; she has outlived her relations; some of her friends have forgotten her



others live at a distance from her; and she cannot make new acquaintance, since visiting is expensive, even when carried on in the most moderate way. Mrs. Allen loves the country, and she is frequently haunted with images of breezy hills, flowery valleys, and umbrageous woods; but she rents her little lodging by the year for the sake of economy, and she cannot afford an excursion from thence; so she reads "Our Village," and "Summer Time in the Country," fills her pretty painted flower-jars with moss-roses purchased from street vendors, and tries to forget that there was once a time when she enjoyed "free Nature's grace" without restriction. Mrs. Allen has another drawback upon happiness; her health is failing; she can only walk to a very short distance from home, and carriage-hire is out of the question. She has lately suffered under a severe attack of illness, and her landlady earnestly persuaded her to have recourse to medical assistance. She resolutely refused, and the landlady expatiated long and fluently to her next "caller in," on Mrs. Allen's "unaccountable dislike to doctors!" But Mrs. Allen has no dislike to doctors, she only dislikes the expense of them.

When I have said that I do not consider Mrs. Allen happy, let me not be understood to infer that she ever complains of her lot in life; no, on the contrary, she often expresses her gratitude to Providence, that she has been able by her unassisted efforts to accumulate a sufficient sum to place her in independence for the rest of her days, giving her sufficient to satisfy the wants of nature, and allowing her abundant leisure to prepare her mind for a future world.

Mrs. Allen's story is very short, and very common-place. Highly educated, and slenderly dowered, she became the wife of a man of reputed wealth; she enjoyed every luxury for several years, when the sudden death of her husband discovered that his affairs were in so involved a state, that nothing could be saved from the wreck of them for the use of his widow.

Mrs. Allen now deemed it advisable to avail herself of her talents and accomplishments as a means of support, and became a governess. Perhaps few governesses had ever less to complain of than she had; her superior abilities ensured her a good salary, and she was extremely fortunate in entering families who treated her with kindness and consideration, while her pupils, generally speaking, were amiable and intelligent, and did credit to the excellent instructions which they received from her. Thirty years did Mrs. Allen pursue this way of life, regularly laying by as much of her yearly stipend as she could consistently save, after making the appearance expected from a well-salaried governess. At the conclusion of that period, when her health and spirits both gave symptoms of failing, she was truly grateful to find that it was in her power to purchase a small life-annuity, which, managed with frugality, would procure her the means of living without future labour. Mrs. Allen had not very frequently changed her situations; but of course, in thirty years, occa-

sional transits were unavoidable; and among her pupils at different periods, were numbered the three ladies whom I have described as doing so much honour to the education bestowed on them. Lady Corwyn, Mrs. Stafford, and Mrs. Rushton, were each under her care for some years. Now have I come to the moral for which I have been endeavouring to prepare my readers. Why has Mrs. Allen so completely passed from the remembrance of the pupils who owe so much to her? why do they not feel that it is equally a duty and a pleasure to keep up frequent intercourse with her, to invite her to their houses, and to introduce her to the husbands who have such cause to be thankful to her for having trained up for them such admirable wives? What would Lady Corwyn have been if left to the sole direction of a sickly, indolent mother? Mrs. Stafford, as an orphan under the care of a stately guardian with a silly wife, would have had still fewer advantages of moral training; and Mrs. Rushton, if her worldly, trifling aunt had been her sole preceptress, would probably have never been anything but worldly and trifling herself. Were you to talk to these ladies on the subject of their education, I am persuaded that not one of them would deny that they were under the greatest obligations to Mrs. Allen; were you to tell them that she was suffering from poverty, they would assist her readily and abundantly; were you to apprise them that she was a candidate for admission into any charitable institution, they would write letters, pay morning visits, work for a fancy-fair, or adopt any other mode which might be suggested to them as being most likely to be beneficial to her. Why then do they not seek her as a companion and guest? how many comforts and indulgences might they be the means of bestowing upon her without causing any humiliation to her independent spirit! how many happy hours might she enjoy in the beautiful park and pleasure-grounds of Lady Corwyn! how might Mrs. Stafford have made her the occasional sharer of her prosperity, and have been rewarded by finding in her, one of her few firm unshrinking friends in the season of adversity! how might Mrs. Rushton delight to welcome to her peaceful retirement the governess who implanted in her mind the excellent principles which qualified her to enjoy and to adorn it! I have frequently heard married women describe the pleasure they feel in renewing their acquaintance with those whom they have known in early girlhood, because they could retrace with them innumerable little incidents, scenes, and dialogues, interesting to themselves, although dull and trivial to an indifferent person. Surely none can be so well qualified to share in such pleasant reminiscences as the governess, who was not only an occasional visitor, but the actual inmate of the house of her young charge during the delightful season of life's fresh spring. And yet, among the most amiable of women, how constantly do we see that the governess is suffered to pass into entire oblivion from the time she ceases to reside with them!



She managed her little household so well, that it did not bear the appearance of having cost her any trouble to manage; neither did she make a point of abjuring recreations and amusements. The well-chosen books, arrayed in splendid bindings, had passed into other hands; but cheap literature, and a subscription to a neighbouring circulating library supplied the deficiency. Balls and banquets were henceforth to be unknown to her husband and herself; but the lecture-room, the concert-room, and the social meeting at a friend's house, remained open to them. Carriages and horses were extinct; but Mrs. Stafford's step was more light, and the roses bloomed more freshly in her cheeks, since she had been what her commiserating friends denominated "reduced to walking!" No one said of Mrs. Stafford that she bore her altered circumstances well, for she did not seem to consider them as troubles; she was just as smiling, happy, and pleasant, as when encumbered with a large house, a colony of servants, and an income to match. She will not long, however, continue to live in a confined manner, for I have just heard of the death of a relation of Stafford's, who cut him out of his will for marrying a fine lady, and put him in again when his reverse of fortune discovered to his friends that a fine lady may be a very earnest, simple, loving woman. I believe the money that Stafford will inherit amounts to a large sum; but no matter—I have so firm a trust in the consistency of Mrs. Stafford, that I should not fear for her, even if it were discovered that her husband possessed a vested right in the largest gold-field in Australia!

My third paragon, Mrs. Rushton, is the wife of a country clergyman; she is four-and-twenty years old, and much handsomer than my other two favourites—in fact she is a decided beauty; and when, at the age of eighteen, she was well introduced into the gay world by an aunt, and known to be the independent possessor of ten thousand pounds, no one can be surprised that her conquests were many and extensive: she was the belle of the ball-room, the goddess of *tableaux vivans*, the heroine of acted charades; verses were written to her, sketches were made of her, and hearts and hands (some of them very desirable ones) were proffered to her acceptance. Her aunt was never easy but in society, and certainly she rejoiced in a most complaisant niece; the young beauty was never tired, never low-spirited, never pale, never sleepy, never troubled with the head-ache. For three years she remained in a constant vortex of amusement and dissipation, till at length she made choice of one of her suitors, and to the astonishment of everybody, he proved to be a quiet country clergyman, residing in a distant village on a small living. Poor man! I wonder that he ever found courage to propose to her; how divided he must have been between fear of being refused, and fear of gaining a very unsuitable wife for himself if he should be accepted! Her aunt vehemently opposed her marriage; but as she was of age it was impossible to prevent it, and as the

income which her lover derived from his living was somewhat more than she herself drew from her ten thousand pounds, all threats held out of ultimate starvation were of course to be regarded in a metaphorical point of view. The beautiful bride entered on the duties of a clergyman's wife not only with cheerfulness, but with a tact and activity which surprised every one. I could quite conceive that her fine sense and fine principles would enable her to "quit the flaunting town" without regret, when she had once made up her mind to do so. I could also well understand that loving as she did, deeply and truly, the affection of one fond, faithful heart would far outweigh all the triumphs and flatteries of society; but I cannot even now quite comprehend how she became at once, as if by intuition, so versed in her new pursuits that anybody might suppose she had been teaching schools and visiting cottagers all her life! Mrs. Rushton has refused all offers from her husband to take her occasionally to London, or to a watering-place; the little village where her home is fixed may occupy a very insignificant position in the map of England, but to her it is a scene of perfect and unvarying happiness, and the veriest dowdy who ever vegetated in seclusion from childhood to womanhood, could not make a more quiet, contented, unassuming wife for a country pastor, than does the darling of society—the flattered ball-room beauty!

The three ladies whose characters I have endeavoured to sketch are of different ages and move in different circles: they do not know each other—nay, as far as I am aware, they have never even heard of each other, and yet they each have precisely the same fault, in precisely the same degree. But before I mention it, I must trespass on the patience of my readers for a short time, while I delineate to them yet one other person.

There is a neat, trim row of houses in Brompton, bearing that peculiar air which denotes that they are let out in lodgings. In one of them the parlour and bedroom on the ground-floor are occupied by an elderly lady, named Allen; she is thoroughly the gentlewoman in manner and appearance, and the beautiful drawings and tasteful pieces of needlework which form the principal ornament of her little parlour, have owed their existence to her own skilful and active hand. I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Allen a very happy person; it is far from being my habit to estimate felicity in reference to pounds, shillings, and pence; but a certain *roominess* of income (to use the expression of an old-fashioned friend of mine), is, in my opinion, quite necessary for comfort, and this it is not Mrs. Allen's lot to enjoy; her table, dress, and apartments, although managed with the strictest economy, merge nearly the whole of her moderate life-annuity, and she has nothing to spare from it for the little indulgences of life. She is of a social temper, and has great powers of conversation, but she pays and receives very few visits; she has outlived her relations; some of her friends have forgotten her



To deem it favour's choicest task,  
My mind or body's aid to ask—  
A smile or tear to claim;  
And so with hand, eye, tongue, and ear  
Be ready, watchful, and sincere  
In offering me the same.

To bid me view its own hidd'n cells—  
To tell me what there secret dwells,  
Be it of joy or woe;  
A thrill of happiness to feel,  
Whene'er it would to me reveal  
What none but I should know.

With me to tread the path of flow'rs—  
With me to pass life's thorny hours,  
And still together learn  
To walk above with angel-feet,  
Where truth is full, and bliss complete—  
Where sin knows no return.

Call it Affection—Friendship—Love,  
A gleam on earth of heaven above—  
Faith, Trust, or Constancy;  
All would unite to make us blest—  
All in a word may be exprest,  
And that is—Sympathy!

Say not, two mortals here below  
Such unison can never know,  
So pure and so sincere;  
Perfection none indeed attain,  
Yet surely 'twere not *quite* in vain  
To strive for something near.

### FAITH'S VIGIL.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

It is said that the spirits who haunt lakes and streams very frequently entice children away with them, and bring them back after a lapse of years—not as they were when stolen, but always more beautiful, and with rich and valuable gifts. The following song was suggested by this legend.

O mother, ask me now no more  
Why night by night I stray  
To where the darkling waters bore  
My brother dear away—  
I know that, free from guilt and pain,  
He sleeps beneath the river;  
But we shall see him once again,  
More beautiful than ever.

I know the spirits pure and mild,  
That peer with angel faces,  
To lure away the little child  
To holier, happier places—  
And these my brother dear have ta'en,  
Adown the darkling river;  
But we shall see him once again,  
More beautiful than ever.

We shall not see him as of old,  
A weakling human creature,  
But gifted with a crown of gold—  
A high, angelic nature!  
hen say not that my watch is vain,  
Beside the darkling river,  
For we shall see him yet again,  
More beautiful than ever.

### THE LONELY CHAMBER.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

Beneath a row of stately larches,  
Looking on a terrace green,  
Stands the chamber's gothic arches,  
Where no sun-rays come between.  
All around the day shines brightly—  
All about is mirth and bloom;  
Only shadows, cold and nightly,  
Fall within that silent room.

Oaken carvings, quaint and olden,  
In the sickly light and dim,  
From the roof and cornice golden  
Look with faces stern and grim,  
Ancient portraits none now cherish—  
Forms and features in decay—  
Seem to languish, fade, and perish  
For the breath and light of day.

Mystery is in the chamber—  
Fears, like shadows, flit and fall—  
E'en the cloth of gold and amber  
Seems to shudder on the wall.  
Sad cold winds, in doleful striving,  
Fill the weary space with dread;  
Speak in whispers to the living  
Of the long-forgotten dead!

### HEART-ECHOES.

In life's bright morn, or mid-day hour,  
When clouds of care awhile depart,  
Hath Nature's poesy a power  
To rouse an echo in the heart.

Now breathes it low; now stronger swells—  
As if the soul for freedom sighs:  
It comes—that angel-tone—and tells  
Where richer melodies arise.

What though the world, with sound of strife,  
The spirit-spell shall harshly break,  
And we to scenes of sadder life  
From all our day-dreams thus awake;

That music's memories linger yet,  
To soothe the throbbing pulse of pain—  
To bid the heart its grief forget  
Till Eden's tones the earth regain!

Fritz.

### SONG.

BY WALTER WELDON.

Bright eyes around us beam to-night—  
But the heart may be sad, tho' the brow be bright;  
And there's many a one who would wish with me,  
That we all were as blithe as we *seem* to be.

A smile may sit on a burning brow,  
And may mask but a troubled heart, I trow;  
And though many are merrier far than we,  
Would our hearts were as bright as they *seem* to be!



Possibly in some cases a few letters may be exchanged; but the languid correspondence soon comes to a close, her name is never mentioned, and her very existence is forgotten.

Is not this wrong, unfeeling, *ungrateful*? yes, the right word has come forth at last—I will not gloss it over!

*Ingratitude* is the one fault of my three fair friends, and of many other equally esteemed members of society. It is a harsh word, it is a heavy accusation; there are few, even among the most humble-minded, who could be induced to plead guilty to it. And yet what is the definition of ingratitude? Is it not the want of a due sense of the benefits that we have received from others? And how great are the benefits that a pupil receives from a thoroughly conscientious governess, who is not content with imparting showy accomplishments, nor even solid information to her, but who carefully guards her young mind from evil, and instils into it the great truths of religion! Gratitude should be shown through life to such a preceptress, and the expression of it ought to be considered as an enjoyment and a privilege; her married pupils, in particular, should delight to welcome her to their domestic fireside, to make her intimately acquainted with the failings and the excellencies of their children, and to listen with pleasure while she recounts to those children anecdotes of the youthful days of their dear mother. Is there any reason why such an intercourse should not be of frequent

occurrence, with mutual comfort and advantage to each party? No, it is not even *attempted* to give any reason why it should not be so. Such an intimacy is never sought for, because it is never thought of; and I am inclined to believe that want of thought, more than want of real principle and kindness, is the source of the error that I deplore. But the governess has deep feelings, warm sympathies, strong affections—the nature of her employment in life has alienated her from the society of her own family; she has given all her earnest interest to strangers; she has sat with them by the winter hearth, joined them in the summer walk, heard their troubles, shared their joys, partaken their prayers. She has won their friendly confidence—is it to be withdrawn from her the moment she quits them? She has qualified them to bless and be blessed in their progress through life—is she to be deprived of the gratification of seeing how it has pleased Providence to prosper the good seed which she has sown? No, no; let her lonely home be gladdened, let her sinking heart be cheered by the renewal of ties so long dissevered; let her hear the sound of well-known voices, and gaze on the smile of familiar faces; let the husbands of her pupils delight to honour her, and their young children welcome her with caresses; and then, and not till then, shall I say that the blot on our national character is removed, and that England has reason to be proud of her “Educated Women!”

## ADDRESS TO FRENCHMEN,

ON THE ENCROACHMENT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON  
ON THEIR LIBERTIES.

BY THE HON. JULIA A. MAYNARD.

Frenchmen! will ye crouch to feel  
On your necks the gory heel,  
Printing deep the slavish seal  
Of a tyrant reprobate?

Exiles! keep your courage warm,  
Freedom's cause shall brave the storm;  
Let her take a truer form,  
Let her not with anarchy mate!

By those shroud-like Russian snows,  
Where your fathers' bones repose,  
By their most unequal'd woes,  
Love ye yet the Corsican?

Pen and voice alike put down  
By an upstart's lawless frown,  
Rent in twain the civic gown,  
Will ye bear this traitor man?

By the slaughters in your streets,  
Voice of memory still repeats,  
Will ye bend to these defeats,  
And not dare to utter “no”?

Let the moral force of right  
Illume despotic shades of night,  
And all bloodless put to flight  
Fatal power it should lay low.

## LIFE'S KOH-I-NOOR.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

Of all the pleasures life can give,  
Of all that makes it blest to live,  
Upon this lukewarm earth—  
Grant me but one congenial mind,  
Wherein my own can ever find  
All Sympathy's sweet worth.

Not a submissive, pliant thing,  
Which unto mine would meekly cling,  
The semblance of a shade—  
That could but think as I had thought,  
As if it had the echo caught  
Of every speech I made.

The kindred mind my love desires,  
Something beyond a power requires  
To image back my own;  
Its rich ideal world within  
Should peopled be with tastes akin,  
But not that mine had sown.

Its precious attributes should be—  
To feel deep interest in me;  
That interest to impart:  
To learn, not track, my inner ways;  
To note, not use, my mental gaze  
By Love's perceptive art.

To waken life, and warmth, and light,  
Where hang the dewy damps of night  
Around my slumbering breast;  
So that those rays of mild may shine  
Back on the chosen one from mine,  
With all my soul imprest,



experience annoyance from his family, and we shall see hereafter how his days were embittered by the misconduct of those who should have promoted his happiness; the irregular life of his father gave him much uneasiness, and perhaps first soured the gay spirits of his youth.

Beethoven was twenty-two years of age when the Elector gave him leave to reside for a year or two at Vienna, in order to have the benefit of Haydn's tuition. Our young musician found Vienna very much to his taste; it was at that time the musical capital of Germany. Mozart had died just a year before Beethoven went to reside in the city, but the aspirant had formerly met the great master, and had received his commendations.

The celebrated Van Swieten, physician to the Empress Maria Theresa, a man who was well acquainted and friendly with nearly all the musicians of his day; Van Swieten, who had counselled Constance Weber on the management of her musician-husband, was for some time Beethoven's greatest patron and friend.

Van Swieten was a great lover of music, and was accustomed to have friendly evening concerts at his house: at these meetings Beethoven soon took a distinguished part. Here, too, he heard the best works of the best masters performed with a full band. After he had enjoyed this, and the performance of the band had ceased, Van Swieten, who seems to have had little regard to the "early to bed" system, would make Beethoven sit down to the piano; and when after a lengthened performance the young man rose to go, his friend would yet have some fugues by Bach, "by way of a blessing."

On one occasion the physician wrote to him thus: "If you are not prevented next Wednesday, I should be glad to see you here at half-past eight in the evening, with your nightcap in your pocket."

Our readers may perhaps remember the "lovely, amiable Countess of Thun," Mozart's pupil and kind friend. This distinguished lady, married to Prince Karl von Lichnowsky, together with her husband, behaved in the noblest manner to Beethoven. The Prince took him into his house, and made him a yearly allowance of six hundred florins, until he should obtain some permanent engagement.

Beethoven owned he was obstinate; this was in reality his grand fault; but the kind Princess overlooked his fits of ill-temper, and frequently made excuses for him to the Prince her husband. Beethoven speaks of her care for him in these words:—

"They would have brought me up there with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the Princess was on the point of having a glass shade made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Our old favourite, Van Swieten, seems to have had a fondness for giving advice, and he tendered it abundantly to Beethoven; but it seems to have shared the usual fate of commodities

whose supply exceeds the demand; the young man was not often disposed to act on the old physician's judgment, though he preserved his friendship and continued to frequent his concerts.

And now for a hint at Beethoven's political opinions, which were somewhat singular, when we consider the terms of intimacy on which he lived with many of the nobility; his position, however, abundantly proves his honesty, for republican principles which stood the test of daily, kindly intercourse with the nobles of his land, must have been firmly rooted in his judgment. He would not pay even ordinary courtesy to the wealthy or the great, unless he knew them also to be humane and benevolent: the truckling spirit, which a dependent position sometimes induces in artists, found no asylum in Beethoven's breast; his originally obstinate temper made him err perhaps in the opposite direction; but in an age of etiquette the most rigid, and toadyism the most disgusting, one cannot but be amused at the rough independence exhibited by Beethoven in the following circumstance related by Beethoven himself, in a letter to Göthe's Bettine, dated 1812:—

"Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish—these they must not attempt to create, and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Göthe, these great lords must know what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Göthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I crushed my hat more furiously on my head, buttoned up my top coat, and walked with my arms folded behind me right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me. Archduke Rudolph\* took off his hat, the Empress saluted me the first; *these great people know me!* It was the greatest fun in the world to me, to see the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head down as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals, properly and without mercy."

We have rather anticipated in giving this extract thus early, but it is a key to much in Beethoven's character that would otherwise be almost incomprehensible: he had a disgust for conventionalities, a *brusquerie* in his independence which sat well on him, and was not the result of envy or jealousy, as in inferior souls it often is, but the natural development of true genius, which feels its spiritual superiority to the material splendours and mightinesses of earth.

Beethoven all his life was a man of a high moral sense; an impure, an unworthy action was utterly foreign both to his inclinations and

\* Beethoven's pupil.



## PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF GENIUS.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

"Comment l'air modulé par la fibre sonore  
 Peut-il créer en nous ces sublimes transports ?  
 Pourquoi le cœur suit-il un son qui s'évapore ?  
 Ah ! c'est qu'il est une âme au fonds de ces accords !  
 C'est que cette âme répandue  
 Dans chacun des accents par ta voix modulé  
 Par la voix de nos cœurs est soudain répondue,  
 Avant que le doux son soit encore écoulé,  
 Et que, semblable au son que dans un temple éveille  
 Mille échos assoupis qui parlent à la fois,  
 Ton âme, dont l'écho vibre dans chaque oreille,  
 Va créer une âme pareille  
 Partout où retentit ta voix !"

LAMARTINE (*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses.*)

## No. II.—BEETHOVEN.

The life of Beethoven, although comparatively uneventful, is replete with interest: his biographer has indeed to record the history of a mind, rather than to chronicle the course of events—to trace the internal, rather than the external existence.

To few of her sons can art point with a more entire pride than to Beethoven. The purity of his morals, the conscientiousness of his probity, and the nobility of his soul, alike render him a fit model, not only to aspirants of his own profession, but to youth in general.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father, Johann Van Beethoven, was a tenor singer in the electoral chapel; and his grandfather, Ludwig Van Beethoven, who is believed to have been a native of Maestricht, was music-director and bass singer at Bonn, and produced some operas there, but without obtaining any great notoriety.

We must remark that for his mother Beethoven had a most tender regard, and remembered gratefully that she had "so much patience with his obstinacy." A report that our composer was a natural son of King Frederick William II. of Prussia annoyed him much, and caused him to publish a copy of his baptismal register, which successfully confutes the calumny. This step he took in order "to make known to the world the unblemished character of his parents, and especially of his mother."

Beethoven was introduced to the study of music by his father; but we may presume that his first taste of the science was not very pleasing to him, for it was often necessary to drive him to the pianoforte; while to the violin his objection was even stronger.

His general education, and a little Latin, he acquired at a public school; but his acquaintance with German literature was made with the assistance of an intellectual family named Von Breuning, residing at Bonn: to them, in fact, he was mainly indebted for the cultivation of his

intellectual tastes; and he never forgot his obligations to these friends.

We shall look in vain to Beethoven for prodigies of youthful genius such as distinguished Mozart; the organization was different. One might be said to resemble a forest-tree, slow of growth, but hardy of constitution; the other a delicate exotic, tempted by favouring skies to an early development, which prematurely, but fatally, exhausts it. Beethoven was in his sixteenth year, when he was appointed by the brother of the Emperor Joseph II. to the post of organist at the electoral chapel. The honour of this appointment was due in the first place to the Count Von Waldstein—a nobleman distinguished for his musical abilities, and still more by his early appreciation of the young Beethoven.

Beethoven had all his life an honest dislike to vanity and self-glorification. This praiseworthy disposition was early developed, as the following anecdote will show. Its date is shortly after his appointment as organist to the electoral chapel.

One of the singers of the chapel, named Heller, was boasting of his own cleverness to Beethoven, who told him he would promise to put him out that very day without his being aware of it, but yet so as to prevent his proceeding. Heller doubted the possibility of this, and laid a wager on the subject. It may be necessary to say it was Passion Week, on a day when the pianoforte, and not the organ, was used to accompany the chants, and that in the midst of each sentence a pause was made, which the performer at the pianoforte filled up according to his fancy. This was Beethoven's opportunity. Without leaving the tonic of the former mode, "he contrived to lead the singer, by an adroit modulation, into one having no affinity with it." It is almost needless to say that Heller stopped, amidst the smiles of those about him: his vanity was wounded, and he complained of Beethoven to the Elector; who, however, was not vexed, but "bade him not play any more such clever tricks."

Even at this early period Beethoven began to



son, who, inheriting his father's unworthiness, returned him only ingratitude and cruelty. In his illustrious uncle's last days this young man was desired to procure a physician. Perhaps it was not convenient or agreeable to him to obey the request immediately; at any rate, the only notice he took of it was to delegate the task to a marker at some billiard-rooms where he was playing. This marker happening to fall ill, was taken to the hospital, and begged the Professor who prescribed for him to visit Beethoven. Professor Wawruch, who entertained a high regard for the distinguished artist, hurried to him, and found him still without medical attendance.

Anything more revolting than the heartless conduct of Beethoven's nephew it is difficult to conceive; while his unhappy uncle was fast approaching dissolution he was yet practising the extravagance which had so much grieved his guardian, and, as in Austria there is no such thing as tacit adoption, the laws of the country obliged our composer to minister to the perpetually increasing expenditure of the youth, or to see that youth—his own nephew—branded and disgraced. This last alternative was impossible to a man of Beethoven's temper, and

he still struggled to reclaim the hardened young man, and to supply his demands for money.

It was on the 2nd of December, 1826, that Beethoven's last illness commenced. After great sufferings, from inflammation of the lungs and dropsy, he died on the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Of the greatness and originality of his compositions this is not the place to speak, did even the technical knowledge of the writer permit their discussion; thus much may, however, be said, that none who are capable of true feeling can hear unmoved his sublime music. It speaks to the heart with an energy that far outdoes the effect of the pleasing cantilena, and the theatrical passion of the Italian school; it bears the impress of true genius, and appeals to the sublimest and tenderest instincts of our being. Who is not glad to know that our Philharmonic Society had the honour of tendering assistance to Beethoven in his last illness?

Those who desire more exact particulars are referred to the excellent "Life of Beethoven," by Schindler, as translated by Moscheles, with valuable appendices including his correspondence, anecdotes, &c.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LAURA STUDLEGH.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF TUSCANY," "HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY," &c., &c.

(Continued from page 241.)

### CHAP. VIII.

"Then what thy thoughts design to do,  
Still let thy hands with might pursue,  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor wisdom, underneath the ground;  
In the cold grave to which we haste  
There are no acts of pardon past,  
But fixed the doom of all remains,  
And everlasting silence reigns."

*Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.*

Next morning, with many good wishes from my entertainers, I got into a cab, and was swiftly rolled back to Mrs. Crosby's. I saw her from afar, gazing anxiously from her open window. She sprang eagerly to meet me.

"Thank God! my mind has been sore distressed. What could detain you, my dear young lady? oh! how uneasy I have been."

"I spent the night at a friend's," I said; "it was too late to let you know I had agreed to stay, even if I had had any one to send. You know my friends are seldom troubled with superfluous servants."

"Ah! Miss Studleggh," she said, shaking her head, "it was a strange whim for so quiet a lady as you. I suspect you had something to grieve and detain you, you look so ill and worn out,

and pale as my apron. But indeed I have had other sad thoughts. Look here, another letter; and you only heard yesterday." So saying, she held up a letter with Carola's writing on it.

"Yesterday!" repeated I; only yesterday—it seemed years back—before I had seen Mr. B.—before I had learned my doom—before I had thought of destruction—before I had met Mr. Jacob Furness. Yesterday!"

I took the letter, and tore it open; it made me gasp. The indistinct and hurried scrawl was suddenly broken off, and finished with a sad sympathy by Menie Anson—

"Come to me," it said, "my own friend, my darling Laura; never, never, did I so need your care and help. They are truly kind here, but I must—yes, dearest, I must, have you to be with me. My father—oh! Laura, they tell me he is —." Here a large tear had fallen, and blotted out the line. Menie had continued it. "Yes, Laura, I fear—we all fear—that poor Mr. Morton is dying. He also wishes to see you; he says he has much to say before he goes. Come immediately, if you can; Carola is in a pitiable state, not murmuring, but sunken to the earth by this terrible, and to her unlooked-for grief. Yours, in haste and love, M. Anson."

What was I to do? To travel four hundred miles with the few pounds I could call my own? Yes, it must be done. I could sell my watch,



to his practice: warm-hearted he was, and wore the colours of many a fair lady in turn; but his was a kind of spirit-worship, the homage of Genius to Beauty, which disgraced neither, and inflicted no incurable wound we may hope, as the master himself owns that for him *seven months* was a long allegiance. One by one his lovely high-born pupils and acquaintances would marry and remove from the circle of his observation; and we cannot doubt that, however the fancy may have been beguiled, the heart was comparatively untouched. To come to details, Beethoven's daily existence was but a mournful one; had he met with a "Constance," a guardian angel, he would have tasted the cup of life far differently: but probably, after his converse with the educated and beautiful nobility of Austria, the homelier women of his own class—those amongst whom he *might* marry—appeared at a disadvantage, and he found no Geneviève to hear seriously his minstrel love.

A most distressing affliction, for one so sensitive to sweet sounds, was his deafness, which was not merely a negative deprivation, as he was subject to paroxysms of pain in the ear more particularly affected. Surely fancy goes not too far in surmising that the chaotic disorder, the powerful discords, the stormy beauty, of some of his wild strains may spring from the desire to express, in the way most natural to him, the spirit-moanings, the wretchedness of his darkened soul. For the soul is darkened by the failure of the senses, and some of Beethoven's unearthly music comes over one like "Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness;" there is in it the same idea presented through a different medium.

His brothers, who might have been friends to him, were the source of many of his troubles: their behaviour, indeed, was not only unfeeling, but dishonest in the extreme; they even condescended to rob him of watches and other valuables which were frequently given to him. But he had the pride of every true artist-soul: he disdained to complain of those who belonged to him, nor would he allow others to blame his unworthy relations in his presence. One of these brothers, who had been an apothecary—and who had owed his first settlement in business to his musician-brother—made a sufficient fortune to retire from trade, and to become a proprietor of land. On one New Year's Day he sent to our Beethoven a card, on which was written, "Johann Van Beethoven, land-owner." We can fancy how his complacent vanity was wounded when he received his card again, and read the inscription his brother had written on the reverse, "Ludwig Van Beethoven, brain-owner."

But though Beethoven thus joked at the expense of Johann's vanity and self-importance, he was in all the essentials of life the help and main stay of his relatives. Nor can we too much admire the effort he made to rescue the son of his brother Caspar from the hands of a bad mother. This brother Caspar died before Ludwig, leaving as widow a woman who had

been a bad wife, and one son, who was especially bequeathed to the good offices of the musician.

To Beethoven no idea was more distressing than the idea of impurity in morals; and when, in order to avoid the probability of his nephew's ruin, for the widow obstinately refused to give up her child—when it was absolutely necessary for Beethoven not only openly to admit, but formally to prove his sister-in-law's unfitness to discharge the sacred duties of mother, we may imagine that the pain he felt was not trifling. It aggravated his other pains, indeed; but he gained his point, and proved by his subsequent care how conscientious was his notion of the duties of a guardian.

Beethoven's domestic circumstances—partly owing to the want of a presiding genius—were peculiarly unfortunate: restless in himself, he was seldom long contented with a lodging. At one season of the year he liked a room which looked, or "gave," as the French say, on the north; at another, he preferred a chamber with a southern aspect; sometimes the water was bad; but always the slightest excuse was enough for a "flitting." And not unfrequently the great composer was paying for apartments in three or four quarters of the city while he occupied none of them, but had taken refuge with a friend, who, knowing his habits, kept a room or two on the fourth floor at the composer's service.

When he assumed the care of his nephew, he began to keep servants of his own; and his diary affords a graphic picture of his difficulties and changes in this regard. "To-day the cook came, and the kitchen-maid went away."—"The woman came."—"A bad day."

Such are the entries; the "bad day" signifies that he got no regular meals on account of the mal-administration in his kitchen. Why the domestics did not remain we cannot say: perhaps his habits of untidiness, his strange habits, and his fits of passion, may have disgusted some; and yet he was a kind master, as he proved to a housekeeper who came to him later in his life, and remained with him some years.

His nephew, for whom he had made so many sacrifices, and from whom in return he naturally expected affection and obedience, only served to prolong and increase Beethoven's troubles. We cannot indeed point to one member of his family, excepting his mother, who behaved to him with common affection.

As to his brothers, not only did they defraud him in pecuniary matters, but they interfered to his disadvantage in almost every relation of his life; they sedulously endeavoured to poison his mind against the persons he most respected, or who might serve him best; and grievous misunderstandings between the composer and his friends were the sad, but natural results.

Caspar was, for years before his death, suffering from consumption, and in spite of his many ill-offices, our Beethoven sacrificed his own comforts to provide for him; and, as we have seen, after his death continued his kindness to Caspar's



mothers were sometimes put to for the establishment of a plain daughter we all know by the story of "Muckle-mouthed Meg," and the good-looking knight who for two days held out against the parental solicitation, only yielding his hand to his unprepossessing bride when the hangman's knot was noosed around his neck. There was a good deal of zest in a courtship then!

But while I am digressing the chaise has clattered along the banks of Tweed, which at that time were beginning to bristle with Walter Scott's young plantations, and lo we are in Edinburgh!

We paused not a night, and fortunately found vacant seats in the Inverness coach. Two days after we were in that city. It is impossible to describe our anxiety the last few miles; the four horses seemed slower than tortoises: our fellow-passengers, a Presbyterian clergyman and his wife, were kind and civil, but, although natives of Inverness, had been some months absent, and could give us no information beyond the address of Mr. Anson's house. It was a little way out of the town on the Beaulieu Frith. We took a hackney coach from the office, and drove thither as fast as possible. The noise of our approaching wheels brought Mr. Anson to the rose-trellised gate of the little garden. One word I said as I sprang out, "Is it over?"

"No," he answered, pressing my hand affectionately; "you are in time, only just in time."

Mrs. Crosby burst into tears. I was the moment before on the point of the same indulgence, but the sight of her agitation calmed mine. I choked back my sobs, and said calmly, "I am ready to see Carola."

Mr. Anson led me into the sitting-room. In a few moments my dear girl rushed into my arms. She was very pale and thin, and her large eyes were surrounded with a dark circle. I saw at the first glance that she had outwatched her strength. She wept abundantly, and it relieved her; she had not shed a tear for many days. This violent emotion so exhausted her that Mrs. Anson, who had joined us, easily prevailed on her to take a composing draught, and to go to bed for an hour. "I can leave my father now," she said, sadly smiling. "You are here, my darling Laura."

"Thank God," said Menie, "she is saved. I was in great alarm for her: she was half-distracted, and really but for this blessed loosening of the waters I think her mind would have gone. She does not know me enough to trust her father entirely to my care, and she was so frightened lest you should arrive too late, for Mr. Morton has asked so often for you, and wished to speak to you before he died. I think Carola would have broken her heart if you had not come in time."

"When can I see him?" I asked with quivering lips and sinking heart.

"Not now; he had an opiate a little ago. My husband has gone in to sit beside him. Meantime I entreat you to take some food and lie down; you look very tired, and I have already got your friend to refresh herself."

"You know who she is?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes; she told me all about it: she seems very fond of Carola; no wonder, she is a most winning creature, and was growing so handsome in this fine air; you cannot think what a colour she had till this grief came to make her ill and pale, poor young thing. And now drink this wine; or would you prefer coffee?"

"Yes, strong coffee if you please; it is far more invigorating than wine."

Menie hastened out to procure it, and left me in the pretty little room: how comfortable and refined it was!—a cabinet piano, a portfolio stand, a tastefully carved book-case quite full of volumes—all bespoke refinement of mind. Flowers were in the window-sill and over the mantel-piece; a neatly-framed mirror gave apparent largeness to the apartment, and all the furniture was snowy white, with green edging to relieve the eye. On the wall hung some of Menie's own sketches, coloured landscapes from nature, and a spirited crayon drawing by Mr. Anson, the heads of his two children, full of life, individuality, and intelligence. I never saw a more charming little sitting-room. Its mistress well suited it. Menie, who as a girl had been characterized by a maidenly serenity and pure innocence, as a woman possessed a calm dignity and gentle suavity which won all hearts. She moved about like a sweet household fairy, lightly but not trippingly. Her appearance had certainly improved by maturity; the slender slip of girlhood had expanded into the rich beauty of a motherly form: her clear eye and unruddled forehead spoke of contentment; her children, borne in health, had thriven like hardy wild flowers: they grew up as spontaneously as the heather on the hill behind their house; no doctor frightened their little imaginations with images of pain and horror; no lancet drew blood from their infant gums; senna tea and rhubarb entered not into their thoughts. They were tall, well formed children, and did credit to their porridge and fresh milk, plainly dressed but clean, and with shining hair and fair skins they had the beauty of intellects awake to external nature, and hearts alive to every warm and generous impulse. They followed their mother when she brought my coffee, the little girl proudly bearing the sugar bason; the elder child, a boy, happy in custody of my cup.

"What are their names?" I asked.

"Laura and Effingham," was the answer. "My husband cherishes fondly the memory of your family, and the kindnesses received by him."

I took Menie's hand and kissed it. I could not trust myself to speak; but it was new to me to find myself remembered.

A few minutes after came a summons to the sick room.

I went thither with trembling haste. The door stood ajar: the room was in that mournful twilight which is no unfitting emblem of the dusk evening creeping over the soul's earthly light.

The dying man sat in an easy chair. He had



my only valuable, if my means failed ere I had reached the end. I must go—I could not desert Carola in her extremity. As for going alone, I cared not. I had borne too many vicissitudes in solitude to care much for a lonely journey. “Is not the smack the quickest and easiest route?” I asked aloud.

“To Inverness! then Mr. Morton is dying,” exclaimed Mrs. Crosby.

I did not answer—my heart was full.

“You are young, Miss Studleggh, too young still to travel so far alone—too young to protect that helpless creature, soon to be an orphan. She needs something like a mother, somebody who has been a mother, to comfort her now. No; you can comfort her, but she requires much which you cannot do. Let me accompany you, for mercy’s sake, do! I have plenty of ready money; I cannot travel by sea, but I can pay the expense of posting as far as Edinburgh, and then we can go on by stage-coach. You will find me of use, indeed you will!”

Her eyes were swimming in tears. I was much affected by her love for my poor Carola. I was glad of her escort. She was, as I have said before, no common person. I did not fear the intrusion of vulgar sympathy into the sacred silence of grief. I knew her delicacy would respect the feelings of my suffering friend. I therefore accepted her offer with many thanks. Her assistance in the pecuniary part of the matter did not strike me at the time as so advantageous as it really was. Like many who are habitually thrifty, Mrs. Crosby could be liberal on occasion. She arranged everything most comfortably for our journey, and in three hours after I had reached home we were rattling over the London streets towards the Great North-road.

It was a clear, cold day; the fields all in stubble; the woods like Joseph’s coat of many colours. The blue smoke went straight up into the air, the atmosphere was so light and buoyant. I have always had a strong love of travel: the rapid motion and changing scene are sure to exhilarate. I like the feeling of transition, the momentary freedom from home and home associations; no longer bound to one spot, and its inseparable toils I feel, for the hour, as a bird winging its flight through eternity; I see no end to my progress; I shut my eyes to the fleshly necessities of bed and board; my thoughts spin forward like the whirling wheels.

After a few miles through lovely Berkshire, its delicious streams, its picturesque mills, its gabled villages, and lawny manor-houses, I began to hope that Carola had, with the anxiety of love, exaggerated her father’s danger. The reader knows me for an impressionable creature, easily depressed, easily raised again. I had been at the lowest depths of despondency, I now felt languidly hopeful. I put away from me fear and forethought; I tried to become all ear and eye, to live in the country sights and sounds which thickened the air around me.

We drove on for many miles in perfect silence, Mrs. Crosby looking from one window, I from

the other; she was evidently far away in meditation: I could see it by the dreamy fixed eye, the trembling mournful lips. She was thinking of the dead.

We stopped late in the evening to sup, then took fresh horses and posted through the night. Neither of us slept. As the scenery faded in the deepening twilight, faded my hopes and cheering self-promises. I remembered the preceding evening and its degrading experiences; I reflected more at leisure on all I had thought and done, or tried to do; I humbled myself in soul before offended God. How precious now seemed the life I had wilfully despised; I, who had deemed myself an outcast, was I not Carola’s only support? And dared I undertake to guard her, who had so ill used the trusteeship of my own spirit! How unworthy was I of her confidence! how unable to guide another when my own steps had gone so fearfully astray! In the darkness of that rumbling chaise I shed bitter tears of shame and penitence; I made good resolutions of amendment, of a more Christian life in future; I prayed for new faith, that might not fail me in the hour of need, and for strength to resist temptation. I committed my insufficiency to the all-sufficient Saviour, my sorrows to the All Comforter; and at once consoled and exhausted by the energy of my emotions, I at last fell asleep just as morning dawned on us in Derbyshire. My kind companion did not waken me for breakfast; she bought some sandwiches and wine when the horses were changed, and spread them before me at noon, when I at length shook off my drowsy indolence. Perhaps she partook of my sanguine hopes, which came back with sunshine, that we should find Mr. Morton better; at any rate she refrained from damping me, by expressing fears, and so we conversed cheerfully enough as we bowled along the splendid roads, for which, till railways reared their fuming heads, England was so justly renowned.

I need not dwell further on our journey, on our wild windings over those dreary Cheviots, the desolate boundary land of our living bordermen. People must have robbed them for lack of employment—a raid was your only excitement. It is easy for ladies and gentlemen, with their three balls of an evening, their Sunday’s Hyde-park drive, and Saturday’s opera, to blame poor people whose lot was cast on those gloomy moorlands, where company could be gathered on no pretext but that of plunder, where the ground refused sustenance, and the only market was your neighbour’s farm-yard; your sole chance of an illumination the firing of a niggardly farmer’s thatch. Had we lived in those days on those hills, a helter-skelter ride by moonlight would have been the corresponding amusement to a wax-lighted polka in a drawing room now-a-days, I dare say match-making mammas, with their ugly daughters in those grim fortified peels, or towers, looked not unforgivingly on the audacious youths who carried off the maidens on the crupper of their saddle. It saved a deal of manœuvring; and in default of border wooing, what shifts the excellent



in a stronger voice than we expected, "Still here?"

"Of course, dearest father!" exclaimed Carola, "where else could I be now?"

"I did not mean *you*, my child," he said, and was silent for a few moments; then begged to be moved from the bed to the chair. It was done as carefully as possible: he seemed wonderfully revived, asked for a little wine-and-water, which he drank, and then looked kindly at us all, turning his eyes last to his child, and resting them there."

We offered to leave him alone with her for a little, but he declined; I think he was afraid to trust himself to the emotion of a parting—our presence was a salutary restraint.

He recurred to his successful discovery. "I am so thankful," he said; "I thought when I lay sleeping, that I heard a voice—'Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of them, thou hast done it unto me.' God accepts my work—feeble, insufficient as it is; he measures not my failure, but my endeavour. To *will* is, in his eyes, to do his good pleasure. Carola, my child, remember this: be not disheartened at short comings—the Lord looketh on the heart; let thy heart be pure, and thy spirit busy."

Then after a little silence, he again said, "The Lord looketh on the heart. Laura Studleggh, wilt thou, in all purity and sincerity, be a mother to my orphan?"

I exclaimed solemnly, "I will."

He took his daughter's hand, which lay in his own, and put it into mine, "Take her, love her, protect her—guard her happiness and her innocence as thy precious charge. I will ask at the great day of account how thou hast kept thy pledge."

My heart thrilled, but I felt no fear; I was strong in the integrity of my resolves.

The dying man sank back—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Anson read the prayer for those about to die."

Mr. Anson began in a voice of emotion that touching prayer in the Episcopalian service for the sick.

He had not read far when Mr. Morton turned his head suddenly to Carola; she bent down and kissed him; a smile flashed out of his eyes, something between a sigh and an invocation broke from his lips, and then—the face settled into the immobility of death.

Mr. Anson closed his prayer-book, saying, with heartfelt devotion, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Carola gave a shrill scream. "Dead! oh, no, no! look how quiet and placid he is, he is only breathing low, just as he did in that long sleep."

I thought of Hood's fine lines, here only too applicable—

"We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died."

I took her quietly by the arm: "Come, dearest, lie down and rest."

She resisted me with a look of agony. "Oh! you are mistaken, indeed; I hear him breathing—very, very faint, but he is breathing—he must have stimulants;" and she began chafing the cold hands. My heart ached. "Oh! Carola, my beloved, resist not God—He has taken your father to himself."

Still she said, "No, no! I hear him breathing;" and then she pressed her lips to his hands, and tried to reanimate them.

It sounds foolish that one should not recognize death; but when to believe is misery, how easily is one cheated into hope. I myself have hung over a corpse, thinking I heard the low, low faint breathing which had preceded dissolution.

I knew not how to get Carola away. I took a small mirror, and held it over the mouth. "Now, now," said the poor daughter eagerly, "you will see that he is not dead." But the clear glass remained unstained—no breath arose to dim the reflex of those marble features. "Alas!" said Menie, "it is all over!" This time Carola did not contradict her—she only heaved one long sigh, that seemed to rend asunder her delicate frame, and then she fell senseless into the arms which I stretched hastily to catch her.

We bore her to her room, and the homely, but skilful doctor (who, foreseeing some peril after her great fatigues, had remained in the house), prescribed instantly an opiate, which I gave her immediately she recovered consciousness, and before she recovered memory. It took instantaneous effect on one little accustomed to this sort of draughts; and ere she awoke from her long sleep and longer stupor, we had arranged everything affecting the interment, &c.

In Scotland funerals are affairs of great ceremony—hideous and ghastly festivities—gloomy gatherings of a race. In Italy I am told it is the custom for all the relatives to hurry from the house of death, and leave the corse to the deathmen and the priest. In Scotland, on the contrary, all the relatives flock to the house from every quarter of the kingdom, whether or not they have reason to look for legacies.

In Mr. Morton's case there were neither relatives nor legacies: he was the youngest of a large family, who in his boyhood had all emigrated to Canada—this boy alone rebelled against the fiat. He was of a dreamy, classical turn; he had a curiosity to see Italy, and a very great detestation of the unstoried wilds of the West.

The day that his brothers and sisters embarked, he contrived to mistake his ship, and boarded a packet for Leghorn. He had secreted a little money, which paid his passage; and during the voyage, rather than be idle, he volunteered to mix medicines and pound drugs in the mortar of a young surgeon who was proceeding to the English embassy in Florence—for this was in the time of the Duke Leo.

This medicine and drug mixing gave the turn to young Morton's tastes. He went to Bologna,



just been removed from the bed, for his oppressed breathing prevented him from long lying recumbent. Pillows and cushions of all sizes were piled around and behind him, just as vainly as all the loving cares were heaped about the spirit to make life easy once more.

Mr. Morton's face was pale and red by turns; his attenuated limbs shifted restlessly, but he uttered no complaint; he only looked longingly out at the open window, over the blue fields to the far mountains mistily mingling with the skies; and his lips moved as if uttering a prayer, which I for my part interpreted in my thoughts—"O that I had wings like a bird, that I might flee away and be at rest!"

But there is no winged flight to heaven. We must creep through the narrow aperture of the tomb—so narrow, that we must lay aside our outer garment of flesh ere we can pass.

I could see that clayey mantle falling visibly from my friend's soul.

He moved his head towards the door as I entered; he stretched out his wan hand—I retained it in mine; how much love I wished to pour on him, but how much I feared to excite him! I spoke low, not in that irritating whisper which some affect in a sick room, and which is so nerve-trying; but in clear, calm tones. He smiled in reply a smile all heavenly.

"You are come, Laura," he said, "for my child, soon to be yours alone. How blessed am I in feeling that I have left behind me other arms to enclose her when mine lie rigid in my coffin—it is as if her mother rose out of her grave as I sink into mine."

He stopped, breathless and faint. I could not bear to look longer on his sufferings; my eye wandered round the room, and rested on a table covered with chymical instruments, a glass mask, retorts and alembics of various sizes, and surgical apparatus. His eye followed mine.

"Yes," he said, reviving a little, "there lies the result of many years' labour, many years' thought. I have succeeded, Laura, beside the river of death. Had I looked for honours or fame, I should now die disappointed; but I worked for the good of my fellows, and that passes not with me. You cannot think, Laura, how soothing it is to me, as I struggle here with pain, to feel that I have achieved what will lessen the pains of thousands more. Do not let my discovery perish unfruitful—I leave it to your care, Laura: you are more energetic than my poor Carola; and if no use were to be made of my life's labour, I think my body would not rest quietly in the earth. Besides, it may do her some good—she is your child, Laura, I give you a mother's authority over her; use it in love, be always the friend you have been. Oh! if my son had lived—my pretty Arthur: he is in his watery grave—flow, waters, flow"—and his mind began to wander.

I called in assistance, for I had never before seen delirium. This continued for many hours, the patient calling always on his dear wife and

son. Mr. Anson looked very sad, for he saw better than any of us how fast the hands were running down.

Carola sat beside her father's pillow, tearless, calm, and miserable; one hand clasped tightly on the other, and her lips set together with nervous force. She said nothing—what could she have said? After some time a change came over the sufferer's countenance: the flush faded, the restless eye ceased rolling, the head lay still: he began in a low, deep tone, to chaunt the Psalm *De Profundis* in Latin. Carola shuddered; "he is thinking of my mother's funeral," whispered she to me.

Truly after a few verses of this mournfully impressive dirge, the sick man paused, murmured "*Maria, cara Maria!*" and then with a deep sigh opened his eyes, and looked at us all with perfect composure.

The medical man, who watched for this opportunity, offered him a strengthening and soporific mixture; he drank it meekly, pressed his child's hand, smiled at her with ineffable love, and fell into a quiet sleep.

Carola burst into tears of joy—"he is saved, he will recover," she murmured. The doctor looked compassionately at her.

"My dear bairn," said he, "your father will truly recover, but no' here—in the land where's nae sickness nor pain."

Carola, suddenly cast down from her sudden momentary hope, wept fresh tears, and these all of bitterness.

For many hours Mr. Morton slept—so calm, so fixed, that many times we leant over the bed to assure ourselves by the low breathing that life yet lingered there. Softly it lingered, scarcely stirring the pale lips, scarcely moving the bed-clothes. The expression of pain had disappeared—a gentle smile brooded over the stilly face: it seemed as if the spirit, in slumber, communed with its God. To look on him lying there, infused into our hearts an unspeakable tranquillity and resignation. He was gliding unshadowed through the vale of shades—the Light from above fell upon him.

All this time Carola sate with his hand clasped in hers: she did not stir, lest she should perchance awake him. In spite of the doctor's words, a hope was struggling in her soul; and in proportion as her grief grew lighter, her fair eyelids drooped heavier and heavier with fatigue; she sat bending down with the weight of over excitement and over exertion—so pale, so fragile, so willowy, I felt afraid she would not long survive her beloved father.

Mr. Anson, withdrawn to a corner of the darkened room, was furtively sketching the group of father and child. Do not think him heartless—he did it, foreseeing how dear to the orphan would be this sole relic of those beloved lineaments, while her own presence in the drawing would awaken the consoling thought that she had been faithful unto death.

At last Mr. Morton stirred, sighed, as he had sighed before falling asleep, and opening his eyes, fixed them intently on his child, and said,



suicide in the first horror of his detection and ruin.

You will say, dear reader, we were a suicidal family. Fortunately the unhappy boy had sense enough left to fling himself, frankly and penitently, at the feet of his former tutor.

I must needs put in a parenthesis to say the *flinging* was only metaphorical, for it was done by letter—Effingham's first letter from the shores of the New World. Good Mr. Anson, out of his scanty hoard, lent him a few pounds, with which the runaway managed to get into the south-west provinces of the United States, and established himself as a squatter—a new position for the dandy of Almack's—the acknowledged pattern of the clubs. Of course he failed. He got in a passion with his free and easy neighbours, boxed a man's ears for borrowing his only saucepan without saying *If you please*, knocked down his "help" for using his ivory-handled hair-brush and "Circassian cream," and threatened to shoot a trapper for riding his horse twenty miles *sans* permission. In return, he was tabooed by the whole settlement, left to die in the swamp-fever, and only got round by the strength of his constitution and the utter absence of drugs. As soon as he recovered he sold his land to a new comer, who had not had time to be inoculated with the dislike of the community for the proud Englishman; and my elegant brother Effingham took to the wild life of a "trapper." It was a strange plunge for a London exclusive; yet he came up, breathless, but surviving: nay, he grew to like it. Always a bold rider, and a "famous shot," the life on horseback, rifle in hand, offered all the excitement demanded by his sated spirit. His impetuosity and rashness availed him in the daring enterprises of the mountain-wilds. His pride might safely be indulged among beavers and prairie-horses. He thrived in his new capacity, as I learned from a letter, so characteristic of its penman that I shall fully insert it here:—

"To Mr. ANSON.

"Monterey, New Mexico.

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—It is an age since I heard from you. What have you been about? Increasing and multiplying, I suppose, like my tame bears which have just given me such a brave progeny of little scratchers! I mean to take them to Mexico to sell. I have made a splendid season of this. I wish I could show you my skins; they would buy me a rich wife among the Indians if I wanted; but I have no fancy for a Comanche squaw, nor a Yankee rawboned dame, nor a Louisiana beauty who turns out to be a slave, and is politely demanded back ten hours after the wedding by her papa-owner. If ever I do marry, I think some of the dark-eyed Spanish girls at Mexico will do the business. There is a Donna Louisa—but of her I will only say I mean to make her a present of my very brownest bearling—a creature that at a week old would crush your thumb in his hug like the old-fashioned thumbscrew for making Presbyterians forswear the covenants. If the lady is proof against that delicate attention, she won't suit me or my camp-life. You said in your last, Sir Harriman Hanton was thought defunct. A pretty

widow my favourite Millicent will make! I suppose she is knee-deep in crape, elbow-deep in weepers, and putting up a voracious marble tablet to the memory of the dear departed. Take my word, she'll not prove inconsolable! And Laura, the other scapegrace of the family (for whom I have now a fellow-feeling as a fellow-runaway), where doth she hide her inky fingers?—for I think you said she was an authoress by trade: almost as low as a beaver trapper! Decidedly she and I have drained off the blackguardism of the family, and left the rest pure. But she was always odd; I was only foppish in my beginnings. Tell her, if you ever fall in with her, that she might do worse than come out to me. She shall live in a wigwam of bearskins, have a beaver hat fresh from the animal, and a dress of furs that would drive Adelia crazy by their costliness. Dear good friend, I think I am a few shades more respectable than I used to be; yes, even in this rude life. One cannot help having serious thoughts wandering alone on these pathless savannahs. I hated going to church in England; I never could fix my thoughts—they always ran away after the pretty girls, with their killing Sunday dresses and demurely composed faces; or I could not but quiz to myself the pompous footmen carrying the silver-clamped bibles and prayer-books, the red-nosed, puffy merchants, and their dedizened spouses going comfortably to sleep in their cushioned pews; and then how ludicrous it was to hear the portly dean discoursing on the vanity of human joys in his plethoric voice, to his luxurious audiences. I could not help being profane in such a place! But here, Anson, in this tremendous solitude, face to face with God, the heart is really touched—religion is a reality; not a Sunday spectacle. I hear finer sermons from the mountains and the forests than ever were delivered within sound of Bow-bells!

"And now good-bye. I hope to send your pretty Menie a fur cloak, by a ship which soon leaves this. Ask her to wear it in memory and in pardon of an outcast. "Ever yours,

"E. STUDLEGGH."

I wrote to Effingham, declining his furry offers, but warmly thanking him for his kind wishes. I now heard for the first time of Sir Harriman's declining health. During my stay in the Aird we saw his death in the newspapers. I thought of writing to Millicent; but recalling how much she was ever influenced by Adelia, and that at this time a renewal of intercourse ought to spring from herself, I desisted from the intention.

It had been early arranged that Carola and I should remain a month with the Ansons. Mrs. Crosby was to return at the end of ten days. On opening Mr. Morton's papers, it was found that Carola would possess about fifty pounds a-year. We hoped to gain something now by laying the results of her father's discovery before Government, and offering them the benefits for the compensation of a small annuity. I need not go through a detail of all the troubles and annoyances encountered in this undertaking. Mr. Anson and Dr. —, who had assisted Mr. Morton in obtaining success, conducted the necessary proceedings, which were kept secret from Carola for fear of disappointment; and indeed it was a happy day when we laid the official paper before her and congratulated her



and studied at its university, which was not then quite fallen as in our day. He mingled involuntarily in the great Italian section of the Napoleonic Epos. He was army surgeon to the Italian liberalists. Many curious adventures he had met, and, among others, his wife—a nun of great beauty, turned loose like an uncaged bird, in the treacherous sacking of a convent by a band of desperate ruffians. The Scottish doctor saved her honour, and won her heart: her only home was destroyed—there was no ark of shelter for this poor frightened dove; she sought it in her preserver's bosom. They were married, and loved each other fondly; but the alarm and peril of that dreadful scene so affected the delicate health and timid temperament of the cloistered recluse, that she never was very well after, and ultimately died of consumption.

But long ere this Morton had taken advantage of the Bourbon's restoration to repair to Paris, to perfect himself in clinical surgery. There he struck upon the first hints of his great discovery. The moment this grand leading idea formed itself definitely in his mind, he relinquished to it every other consideration. He hastened to London, as the great focus of all practical assistances; studied—experimented—thought and laboured, till at length time brought fruition and death together.

In London, Mrs. Morton died—in London, Carola grew up fresh and fragrant on those stony streets, as a flower that shoots its stem through the gaps of a stone wall—in London had I met them; and yet, after all, London was not fated to see the end of Morton's eventful career.

I was glad of it, and so was Carola after a time, when grief was so softened that it could soothe itself with gentle fancies.

We liked laying that venerated head under the thymy braes of the heather hills, with the sycamores sighing over the sod, and the river Beaulieu murmuring its eternal requiem, instead of a horrible city burial, festering with crowded corpses, and full of disease and dreary images. I chose his grave, in the churchyard of Beaulieu; what a lovely spot it is, as Shelley said of Rome's English sleeping-ground—"It would make one in love with death to lie in so sweet a place."

When Carola grew better, she too went, and helped me to arrange its flowers and its simple wooden cross. She would have a wooden cross, because there was one over her mother's grave; her mother, the Catholic in the best sense of the word.

The Highlanders about Beaulieu are many of them Catholics. I got one of these to carve the wooden cross for Mr. Morton's grave; but it was not so easy to get permission to set it up. The villagers took fright at such a Popish innovation; and it was long ere we could persuade the old minister to authorize its erection.

There was no burial-ground attached to Mr. Anson's Episcopal chapel in the city of Inverness, or we should have had less trouble. But it did us good—it gave us something to do,

something to strive for; and though we regretted the dead no less, we did not disobey his last injunction, to keep the heart pure and the spirit busy.

By we, I mean all but Carola: for a long time life was very dreary to her. The bright, many-coloured autumn swept gorgeously over the hills, but the daughter of the enthusiast in philanthropy sat inconsolable in her room. Gradually walking out, in those fine mountain regions where she was not subject to espial; she could feed peacefully on her own sad musings. The dying leaves, the wind-shaken trees, soon began to make response unto her sorrows. Nature, stripping herself of her festive apparel, sat down to mourn with the orphan. The skies clad themselves in murky hues, the gay green fields turned bleak and gloomy, and every sight and sound echoed the wailing of the bereaved one—"Gone—gone for ever!"

## CHAP. IX.

"And in the world, as in the school,  
I'll say, how fate may change and shift,  
The prize be sometimes to the fool—  
The race not always to the swift."

THACKERAY.

Poor Carola! I see her now in memory, the month following her father's death. She complained little; but her expressive face was set, like Niobe's, in a stony grief. She tried to interest herself in surrounding objects and passing events; but how melancholy was that unselfish smile!—how tearful those listening eyes! It was charity to leave her to herself; to take her to some beautiful scene, and abandon her to the gentle soothing of nature. She would sit for hours on the shingles, at the water-side, looking over the blue Frith to the grand masses of Ben Wyvis.

"I like," she said one day to me, "to watch that huge mountain shouldering away the clouds. They sweep on him, as if to blot him out of the face of nature; but he blows them off, like webs of gossamer. It reminds me of my father struggling with his adversity. That hill is like an earnest of stability. Those clouds are emblems of passing trials!"

So, with graceful images, she would soothe her mournful thought.

While she sat musing, I went long walks with the Ansons, or strolled away by myself, devouring the recollections of the past. I learned much from the Ansons, of which my chosen solitude had kept me ignorant for years—I mean the affairs of my own family. Mr. Anson still corresponded with the boys; nay, Effingham, the self-exiled outcast, had found pity and counsel in that wise and generous breast. To him had the erring youth confided his shame and his despair. On his sympathy he had relied when every man's tongue wagged against his disgrace. But for the help of Mr. Anson I verily believe Effingham would have committed



ster casts the shell which cramps his growing limbs! I could hardly tear myself from that spot: it seemed a new parting from all that remained to me of Ernest, and I could not quiet my agitated spirit till I had reduced my conflicting feelings to the following lines, which, however poor, at least possess the merit of sincerity:—

## A FAREWELL.

Unto God I deliver thy life,  
He clingeth who now hath removed me  
Closer than sister, closer than wife,  
Closer than I could have proved me—

As a mother doth cherish her son,  
Loveth he who *my* love hath forbidden,  
I obey, though my spirit undone  
Cowers down in its loneliness chidden.

Yet though fate with such pitiless hand,  
Cuts me off from thy hearing and seeing,  
My heart has a stronger command  
Knit up in the law of my being.

In the dew of the cold moonlight morn,  
When thine eyelids in slumber were folded,  
My body afar hath been borne  
From thy presence which God had withholden.

Yet my spirit still hovers around;  
In the watches of night I'll be near thee,  
And e'en from my grave-clothes unbound,  
Will come back with the angels to cheer thee.

Thou never shalt learn of my love—  
Of my bosom's long passionate striving;  
But a blessing I'll ask from above,  
When thou pleasest thy fancy in wiving.

More gentle, more fair she may be,  
In womanly grace more abounding;  
But she never can love thee like me—  
All the depths of thine intellect sounding!

She never can give thee, I ween,  
My poet-heart silently burning—  
Foredoomed as all poets have been  
To be spent without hope of returning

Thine image is fixed in my soul  
As an island in midst of the ocean,  
Defying all outer controul,  
And resisting all inward corrosion.

That image in secret I'll keep,  
With hallowed remembrances hoarded,  
On thy head, O beloved one! I'll heap  
Mute orisons, daily recorded.

O dearest! O dearer than life!  
If with life this affection had ending,  
How hopeless, indeed, were the strife,  
In which graveward my soul is descending!

But I know that for time's fleeting years,  
No passions deep-rooted are given,  
Earth's beginnings mature in the spheres,  
We shall meet, we shall love, and in Heaven!

I confess, as I wrote the lines—

More gentle, more fair she may be,  
In womanly grace more abounding,  
that I happened to look up from my little table  
where I was noting down my verses, and I

caught a glimpse of Carola's figure as she bent in the garden over a rosebush. The thought flashed across me—"she would just suit Ernest, and he her!" But it was an unpleasant thought; it put my dear friend in a new light, most uncomfortable to me. I repelled the idea with energy, and consoled myself by the two next lines—

But she never can love thee like me—  
All the depths of thine intellect sounding!

If the logic were not very conclusive to male minds, it was at least to my female one; and I finished writing out the verses, when the door opened, and little Effingham Anson said, "If you please, Missy Law, Aunt and Cousin Dudas are here, come to tea."

This rather unintelligible message signified that Menie's only living relative, a grand-aunt of advanced years, had come to spend the evening, bringing with her Douglas Feversham, her grand-nephew.

Romance fled at the name of Aunt Chisholm. Her character may be rendered in three substantives—gossipry, stinginess, and theological argumentativeness! I might add a fourth—family pride; but though in any other person her share of it would have been a predominance, in her it was hid by the enormity of the three principal characteristics. I had seen religious people in England, heard many discussions, and watched the colour vary with eagerness and indignation on the cheeks of the disputants; but my southern theologians were all men: never till I saw Aunt Chisholm had I known the acrimony of female polemics. Again, with regard to her pride, Lady Arabella, my mother, was proud as Lucifer before his expulsion from heaven, but she never made it a subject of conversation; she never dwelt on the dignities bound up in the various branches of the family tree: the blood of Effingham coursed calmly in her veins, she did not think it necessary to puncture her skin to show you the lordly redness of the current. But Aunt Chisholm could not rest five minutes without bringing into her discourse a fragment of Chisholm genealogy. Every name suggested a long ago alliance; every anecdote must be endorsed with the titles and pedigree of the actors. Sometimes she was funny enough, sometimes intolerably tiresome. Her grand-nephew was English on the father's side—a misfortune which Miss Chisholm could not enough bewail. "To be sure, lassie," she once said to me, "they ca'd it a grand match. His father was the son of a Yerl, some Howards, they said—a very auld family; but I ken weel enough that there's no' an English family worth mentioning for age: didna Robert the Bruce cut them root and branch? and we Chisholms count back to Malcolm Canmore! So you see there can be no comparison."—But I must hasten down to tea, for I hear little Effingham's foot on the stair with a second summons.

"Gude evening to you, Miss Studleggh," said the old lady, stirring her tea, and looking up from the plate of short-bread, where her



hand was wandering in pleasant uncertainty. "Douglas is come to bid you all farewell: he's off to Oxford. Weary me! those Papishers are worse and worse: I dinna like trusting the lad to them. It's a small Babylon! They hae as many prelatical priests as would keep Rome in masses for a twelvemonth. Menie, my dear, you're sairly wasterfu' of your sugar: that bairn, Effy, has had three lumps in his cup already."

Douglas seized this interval to inform me he was to pass, if possible, in the ensuing session; "and I hope, by my uncle's influence, to obtain a small living, when I am old enough to be ordained—that cannot be for four or five years: I am only twenty now."

"Aye, and a mere lassie in the world's ways," broke in Miss Chisholm. "He gave half-a-crown to the guard of the 'Wellington,' when a shilling was quite enough. Oh, Menie, they tell me such awful stories of young men and their debts at Oxford; I'm really feared to send that innocent to such a fule's paradise!"

Douglas coloured up at this undignified appellation for the venerable *Alma Mater*; but his sweet temper was accustomed to bear in silence the many worrying attacks of his aged relative, and with a forced laugh he turned to Carola, and began conversing on literature—a subject he was well qualified to treat. He was singularly interesting, almost femininely fair, but with a latent energy in those deep purple eyes which prevented you from passing him over. He was of the poet's mould—sensitive, affectionate, gentle; but, unlike most poets, he was persevering and steady, and conscientious almost to morbidness. Carola, though of the same age, was much older in thought and feeling. Trial had matured her mind: Douglas was a child beside her. Thus the liking on her part had something of motherly protection; on his of brotherly reverence. We were sorry to part with him: he was an orphan, and well able to sympathize in Carola's bereavement. She had often felt his companionship soothing, and looked forward to see him again in England. His paternal uncle, Lord Howard, was very fond of him, lavish of promises and encouragement, and always glad to receive him under his roof. But he had a large family, and a small fortune for an English peer. He might exert himself to get Douglas a living, or he might be too indolent when the time for exertion arrived. The boy was too young and inexperienced to calculate: he lived patiently on hope, sometimes spending his vacation at Hutton Court, the seat of the Howards, sometimes at Miss Chisholm's special invitation, enduring her parsimonious frugality and superabounding divinity for a few months of the year. Such a visit had now terminated: Miss Chisholm was very jealous of Lord Howard's kindness to her nephew: she considered her niece had had so much the advantage in station and birth, that the Howards had gained by the alliance; and that while Douglas belonged to the Chisholms, the Howards belonged to Douglas. She therefore

was the head of his family, the true potential sovereign and fountain of all graces and favours. She did not like her prerogative to be diminished or divided. When Douglas lived with her, he received honour: when he visited Hutton Court he bestowed it.

I have dwelt thus on the peculiarities of Aunt Chisholm, for they had much power subsequently over the happiness of one very dear to me; in the meantime I must hasten onwards, Douglas departed, and Miss Chisholm being dull, came to live with the Ansons for "diversion," as she herself said. How patient Menie was with her interferences, her advices, her reproofs, her petty savings, her stern theology, her grim condemnation of Erastians and prelatical Episcopalians! I could not have lived a week with Miss Chisholm for my guest; it would have driven me mad: but the reader knows by this time that I have not the weakness of the lamb. Mr. Anson incurred her frequent displeasure by his literary tastes: they were "a puffing up of the flesh to vain-gloriousness," quoth Aunt. His small congregation not occupying his whole time, he had much leisure for study, and wrote a classical work of much merit in these free moments. But Miss Chisholm was indignant that a "minister of the gospel" should have any free moments. "Is na the harvest plentiful, and the labourers few?" she asked rebukingly. Yet she knew well that the Presbyterian clergy disliked nothing more than to be meddled with in their own field by priests of differing denominations, and while she regarded an Episcopalian as a half Papist, and therefore on the broad road to destruction, she made it a reproach to Mr. Anson that he did not entice "the faithful" out the path. But now came the time for our departure. Kind, kind friends, how our hearts ached to leave you! Good-bye could never be said: it was put off from the parlour to the threshold, from the threshold to the hackney-coach, from the hackney-coach to the vessel. Here it must be said; there could be no more postponement. The sails swelled, the anchor rocked against the bulkheads as the ship swung round with the tide—our friends must quit us; and ah, Carola, it was harder still to quit the soil which held the ashes of the dead!

But all trials end somehow—whether in tears, in faintings, in hysterics, or in the calm fixedness of a strong mind's pain. A few plunges and we sailed down the Moray Frith, between the mountains on either hand. Long, long did Carola watch her favourite Ben Wyvis; even till night confused its gloomy mass with the wintry November clouds gathering above and around us. This was my second voyage: I looked on the dark, angry waters; the chilly sky, and the cutting wind made me draw my plaid-shawl closer round me. Ah! it was summer in my first voyage—summer of nature—summer of youth! The sea was not the sea I had gazed on beside Ernest Marchmont! The very world was not the same. Instead of his musical and cheerful words, there was the sobbing of my



poor fatherless Carola. I reproached myself for my selfish despondency, and recalled my thoughts to the duty of comforting her—and I succeeded. Perhaps none else had succeeded in that hour. She loved me first, best of all. But Carola was fited for something better than the dry heart of a disappointed old maid. Fate held in store for her a richer gift.

At length we reached the Thames. We anchored at St. Catherine's Wharf. Mrs. Crosby was there, enraptured to see us again. It was late of a dark, foggy evening; the metropolis looked wretched, clammy, sloppy, soppy; the noise seemed dreadful. We were both tired and low-spirited. The excellent woman saw it, and did not tease us with questions; but bustled about looking after our luggage, and seeing it piled on the top of the hackney-coach which she had brought. Not sorry were we when we rolled fairly across the bridges and down among the ugly suburbs of Southwark, down southward past the streets and squares and squalid back lanes, till the houses grew thinner and thinner, tall trees and plots of grass came timidly forward—not very fresh in the November fog; yet still promising something for future summers.

How our heart throbbed when the wheels stopped before a little neat garden, with a pretty low stone fence! It was a very enticing little garden; a shrubbery of laurustinus and holly ran round it, enclosing it with a belt of ever-living green. A walk separated its centre; and its border of trees were acacias and laburnums.

Lastly—and this was joy of joys!—there was a trellis-work covering the walls of the house and climbing over the abutting porch; and here in spring would the tiny rose-leaves and the fragrant jasmine make a bower.

We thought we had seen charms enough; but the grand discovery was to come. On entering the little lobby, at the top of the first flight of steps appeared coloured glass, and flower-pots not barren of habitants. A conservatory—yes, ambitious as that name sounds, this was of the *genus* conservatory: narrow, short, and limited for space, yet still a real conservatory—opening both to the staircase and the drawing-room. And how snug the drawing-room was, with its French paper of blue and white; its new chintz furniture and pretty stamped druggel! The little piano and book-shelf, and a neatly carved mirror; “lest,” as Mrs. Crosby said, “Carola should forget how pretty she was.” The fire burned cheerily in the brightly tiled grate, the tea-things (newly home from the Panklibanon, in Baker-street, or Messrs. Deane and Co., I forget which) shone brighter than silver; the curtains were drawn, the chairs placed ready—everything looked its welcome!

“And now tell me,” asked our affectionate companion, “my dear young ladies—tell me—do you think you will feel yourselves at home?”

“O yes,” we both cried in a breath, “dear, kind Mrs. Crosby; we will live and die here!”

(To be continued.)

## WILD FLOWERS OF JUNE.

“Put on your brightest, richest dress,  
Wear all your gems, blest vale of ours!  
My fair one comes in her loveliness,  
She comes to gather flowers.  
Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale;  
Woods of green, your coronets bring;  
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,  
Come with your fragrant offering;  
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,  
Which Flora wakes in her spring-tide hours!  
My fair one comes across the dell,  
She comes to gather flowers.”

The meadows and pastures of June present a gay aspect from the profusion of buttercups of different kinds, which expand their glistening petals to the hot sun. The poets have dedicated the buttercup to childhood: we all associate it with childhood's scenes, and look back with delight upon the time when, as girls and boys, we plucked its glowing flowers to make us posies. Poetical writings are full of allusions to it in connection with scenes of childhood:—

“Before the door, with paths untraced,  
The green-sward many a beauty graced;  
And daisy there, and cowslip too,  
And buttercups of golden hue,” &c.

The various British species of *Ranunculus* are familiarly known by the popular names of but-

tercup, crowfoot, and spearwort; and although they certainly do not present any striking similarity in general aspect to the richly-coloured *ranunculus* of the florist, they are found by botanists to present essentially the same generic characters as the original of that flower. The family is specially distinguished for its poisonous properties, and indeed the celebrated *bikh* poison of India is the production of a plant belonging to the same natural order.\* The

\* In describing this plant—the *Aconitum ferox* of botanists—Professor Balfour thus details its poisonous properties:—“The root of the plant possesses extreme acrimony, and very marked narcotic properties. It is said to be the most poisonous of



bulbous-rooted crowfoot (*R. bulbosus*), which appears so plentifully in the spring pastures, and is still to be found in abundance, is not so powerfully acrid as to prove injurious to the grazing herds, being commonly eaten with their other food; and indeed it has been observed by Sir James Smith, that, as man cannot live on tasteless, unmixed flour alone, so neither can cattle in general be supported by mere grass, without the addition of various plants in themselves too acrid, bitter, salt, or narcotic to be eaten unmixed. Spices and a portion of animal food supply us with the requisite stimulus, or additional nutriment, as the ranunculus tribe, and many others, season the pasturage and fodder of cattle. The creeping crowfoot (*R. repens*) is a very troublesome weed, abundant in hedges and waste places, often appearing in fields and gardens, its creeping runners enabling it to propagate very rapidly. The upright meadow crowfoot (*R. acris*) is also abundantly plentiful, and more acrid than the other; but the most acrid of the species is the corn crowfoot (*R. arvensis*), which occasionally appears suddenly in corn-fields, and often quickly disappears again. It is a deadly poison. The celery-leaved crowfoot (*R. celeratus*) is so acrid, that, if laid on any part of the body, it readily raises a blister, and it is thus employed by strolling beggars to excite compassion. It must not be understood, however, that all the buttercups are acrid and poisonous. One species, which begins to flower early in spring, and may still be found on wet, shady banks, is edible. It is *R. ficaria* (*Ficaria verna* of some botanists), the "Lesser Celandine" of Wordsworth's "Bo-

the genius, and as such has been employed in India. Wallich states that in the Turraye, or low forest lands, which skirt the approach to Nipal, and among the lower range of hills, especially at a place called Hetounra, quantities of the bruised root were thrown into wells and reservoirs, for the purpose of poisoning our men and cattle. By the vigilant precaution of our troops, however, these nefarious designs were providentially frustrated. In the northern parts of Hindostan, arrows poisoned with the root of *bikh* are used for destroying tigers. The root, according to Royle, is sent down into the plains, and used in the cure of chronic rheumatism, under the name of *Metha tillia*. Roots, apparently of this plant, were sent to Dr. Christison from Madras, under the name of *Nabee*. Pereira made a series of experiments on roots of *bikh*, which had been kept for ten years in Dr. Wallich's herbarium. The roots were administered to animals in the form of powder, and spirituous and watery extract. The spirituous extract was the most energetic. The poison was introduced into the stomach, the jugular vein, the cavity of the peritonæum, and the cellular tissue of the back. The effects produced were difficulty of breathing, weakness, and subsequent paralysis, which generally showed itself first in the posterior extremities, vertigo, convulsions, dilation of the pupil, and death, apparently from asphyxia. 1 grain of the alcoholic extract killed a rabbit in nine minutes and a-half; and 2½ grains killed a strong dog in three minutes."—(*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, October, 1849, where a full history of the plant will be found.)

tanico-Poetical Dictionary," and to it he dedicated a little poem. Plants of this species, raised from roots which had been gathered in Silesia, were grown in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, and exhibited to the Botanical Society by Mr. McNab. These roots had been exposed over a large extent of country in Austria by heavy rains; and the common people gathered them, and used them as an article of food. Their sudden appearance gave rise to various conjectures as to their nature and origin, and in the Austrian journals they were spoken of as if they had fallen from the sky. The small bodies were used as peas by the inhabitants. The dried roots, as well as fresh specimens, after being boiled, are very amalyceous. There is no acridity in the roots even in their fresh state.

There are other pasture flowers besides the buttercups, to attract attention during the present month. The white or "Dutch" clover (*Trifolium repens*) is a conspicuous one, and a great favourite with the wild bee. It is an important plant for its pasturage, and is sown extensively by farmers; but it grows profusely, as a native, in most parts of the country. In wet seasons the flowers become converted into young shoots, presenting a morphological transformation well worthy of the examination of all botanists. In this state the plant is said to be *viviparous*; the young shoots drop from the flower-head, take root in the soil, and thus form new, independent, plants. The common purple clover (*T. pratense*), and the zig-zag trefoil (*T. medium*), are also conspicuous objects, their great beauty being surpassed by their importance to the farmer. A few other native trefoils may be seen in flower, in some localities, during the month.

The common Lady's Mantle\* (*Alchemilla vulgaris*) is another pasture-flower, but chiefly confined to the north, where it abounds. It is greatly excelled in beauty by the Alpine Lady's Mantle (*A. alpina*), which grows on the mountains at a great elevation, but is not uncommonly cultivated in our gardens for its lovely silvered foliage.

In the Alpine woods of the North, one of the most beautiful examples of European vegetation is now flourishing. It is the *Linnaea borealis*—a plant whose intrinsic beauty and perfect applicability as an object of cultivation are only excelled by the interest and importance of its associations in the history of Botany. It is the "little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early, which Linnæus selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few could have been better chosen; and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the *Linnaea*." Whether seen in its native fir woods, forming a carpet of leafy verdure, to the exclusion of every other plant, or as a garden specimen, enveloping

\* Mantle of our Lady (the Virgin Mary); therefore not "LADIES' MANTLE," as written by some authors. Brit. Flora, 125.



with its dense foliage the pot on which it grows,\* it is alike an object of beauty and attraction to every one whose eye is open to the loveliness of the vegetable world. But to the naturalist the *Linnæa* is a plant of especial interest, commemorating as it does the memory of one whose name (whatever may be said of his *system*) will long be venerated above all others by the votaries of natural science. This tiny wild-flower has recently been introduced to the realms of poesy by a pretty poem which recently appeared in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal:—

#### THE LINNÆA BOREALIS.

'Tis a child of the old green woodlands,  
Where the song of the free wild-bird  
And swaying of boughs in the summer breeze  
Are the only voices heard.

In the richest moss of the lonely dells  
Are its rosy petals found,  
With the clear blue skies above it spread,  
And the lordly trees around.

In those still, untrodden solitudes,  
Its lovely days are passed,  
And the sunny turf is its fragrant bier  
When it gently dies at last.

But if from its own sweet dwelling-place  
By a careless hand 'tis torn,  
And to hot and dusty city streets  
In its drooping beauty borne,

Its graceful head is with sorrow bowed,  
And it quickly pines and fades;  
Till the fragile bloom is for ever fled  
That gladdened the forest glades.

It will not dwell 'neath a palace dome,  
With rare exotic flowers,  
Whose perfumed splendour gaily gleams  
In radiant festal hours:

It loves not the Parian marble vase,  
On the terrace fair and wide;  
Or the bright and sheltered garden bowers  
Smiling in gorgeous pride.

But it mourns for the far-off dingles,  
For their fresh and joyous air,  
For the dewy sighs and sunny beams  
That lingered o'er it there.

O lonely and lovely forest flower!  
A holy lot is thine,  
Amid nature's deepest solitudes,  
With radiance meek to shine.

Bright blossom of the shady woods!  
Live on in your cool retreat,  
Unharm'd by the touch of human hand,  
Or the tread of careless feet;

With the rich green fern around your home,  
The birds' glad song above,  
And the solemn stars in the still night time,  
Looking down with eyes of love!

LUCINDA ELLIOT.

\* A full detail of the method of cultivating this plant will be found in that richly-illustrated periodical, "The Garden Companion and Florist's Guide," Vol. I. pp. 34-5.

It is peculiarly pleasing to contemplate the grateful manner in which botanists commemorate the names of their friends and fellow-labourers by thus dedicating to them the beautiful objects of their study. Those plants that record in their names the memories of departed botanists are cherished with especial care by all who entertain feelings of gratitude towards those who have gone before them in the pleasant paths of our fair science.

#### "These BOTANISTS trust

The lingering gleam of their departed lives  
To FLORAL record, and the silent heart—  
Depositories faithful, and more kind  
Than fondest epitaph; for, if those fail,  
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame—

Who rather would not envy—men that feel  
This mutual confidence, if from such source  
The practice flow; if thence, or from a deep  
And general humility in death?  
Nor should I much condemn it, if it spring  
From disregard of Time's destructive power,  
As only capable to prey on things  
Of earth, and human nature's mortal part."

The foliage of the *Linnæa* is infested with several species of parasitical fungi, one of which has been dedicated by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley (our great authority on such subjects) to Professor Dickie of Belfast, under the cognomen of *Sphæria Dickiei*.

In the fields, the pretty Scarlet Pimpernel, or Poor Man's Weather-glass, as it is called, is now flowering freely. This is the *Anagallis arvensis* of science. Its flowers exhibit the peculiar property of closing on the approach of rain, or even on the passing of a cloud over the sun. This is a distinct phenomenon from that exhibited by another class of flowers which have stated hours of the day for opening and closing. These latter were so arranged by Linnæus as to mark each hour of the day by the opening of a certain flower. The following is

#### LINNÆUS'S FLORAL CLOCK.\*

Yellow Goat's Beard.....	3—5	A. M.
Smooth Hawkweed .....	4—5	"
Wild Chicory.....	5—	"
Dandelion .....	5—6	"
Spotted Cats' Ear .....	6—	"
Sow Thistle .....	6—7	"
Waterlilies .....	7—	"
Small Cape Marigold .....	7—	"
Scarlet Pimpernel.....	8—	"
Field Marigold .....	9—	"
Ice Plant .....	9—10	"
Sandworts .....	9—10	"
Knotted Figwort .....	10—11	"
Common Star of Bethlehem (Dove's Dung of Scripture)	11—	"
Many Figworts .....	12—	NOON.
Afternoon Squill .....	2—	P. M.
Marvel of Peru .....	5—	"
Sad Pelargonium .....	6—	"
Night-flowering Catchfly....	8—9	"
Night-flowering Cactus ....	10—	"

\* Most of these plants may be seen in flower during the month.



Following up the idea of Linnæus in regard to the *Flower Clock*, Jean Paul Richter formed what he called the *Human Clock*. He says, "I believe the Flower-clock of Linnæus, in Upsal (*Horologium Floræ*), whose wheels are the sun and earth, and whose index-figures are flowers, of which one always awakens and opens later than another, was what secretly suggested my conception of the human clock. I formerly occupied two chambers in Scheeraw, in the middle of the market-place: from the front room I overlooked the whole market-place and the royal buildings, and from the back one the botanical garden. Whoever now dwells in these two rooms possesses an excellent harmony, arranged to his hand, between the flower-clock in the garden and the human-clock in the market-place. At three o'clock in the morning, the yellow meadow goat's-beard opens; and brides awake, and the stable-boy begins to rattle and feed the horses beneath the lodger. At four o'clock the little hawkweed awakes, choristers going to the Cathedral who are clocks with chimes, and the bakers. At five, kitchen maids, dairy maids, and buttercups awake. At six, the sow thistle and cooks. At seven o'clock many of the ladies' maids are awake in the palace, the chicory in my botanical garden, and some tradesmen. At eight o'clock all the colleges awake, and the little yellow mouse-ear. At nine o'clock, the female nobility already begin to stir; the marigold; and even many young ladies, who have come from the country on a visit, begin to look out of their windows. Between ten and eleven o'clock the Court ladies and the whole staff of Lords of the Bedchamber, the green colewort and the alpine dandelion, and the reader of the Princess, rouse themselves out of their morning sleep;

and the whole palace, considering that the morning sun gleams so brightly to-day from the lofty sky through the coloured silk curtains, curtails a little of its slumber. At twelve o'clock the prince, at one his wife and the carnation, have their eyes open in their flower vase. What awakes late in the afternoon at four o'clock is only the red-hawkweed, and the night watchman as cuckoo-clock, and these two only tell the time as evening-clocks and moon-clocks. From the hot eyes of the unfortunate man, who like the jalap plant (*Mirabilis Jalapa*), first opens them at five o'clock, we will turn our own in pity aside. It is a rich man who only exchanges the fever fancies of being pinched with hot pincers for waking pains. I could never know when it was two o'clock, because at that time, together with a thousand other stout gentlemen and the yellow mouse ear, I always fell asleep; but at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at three in the morning, I awoke as regularly as though I was a repeater. Thus we mortals may be a flower-clock for higher beings, when our flower-leaves close upon our last bed; or sand clocks, when the sand of our life is so run down that it is renewed in the other world; or picture-clocks, because, when our death-bell here below strikes and rings, our image steps forth from its case into the next world. On each event of the kind, when seventy years of human life have passed away, they may perhaps say, What! another hour already gone! how the time flies!"\*

The Flora of June is a rich one; but our limited space has only allowed of a reference to a few of the more conspicuous and interesting plants. Even a bare list of the whole that are in flower at this season would occupy a dozen pages of this Magazine.

## LONDON.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,  
Then, London, one to thee!  
Thy lofty name all tongues proclaim  
The watchword of the Free:  
Where'er the flag of Liberty  
Is righteously unfurl'd,  
There London is; her mighty heart  
Beats through the civil world.  
Then ho! for London, brave and high,  
So shall she ever be,  
While Justice rules within her walls,  
And Honour guides the Free.

Of conquering Peace the pioneers  
Her dauntless merchants are;  
Her sons are found the world around,  
Her ships 'neath every star,  
Her sheltering tree of Liberty  
Spreads hourly more and more;  
Its roots run under every sea,  
It blooms on every shore.  
Then ho! for London, stern and strong,  
She'll faithful ever be;  
Though tyrants frown, yet tyrants own  
She's leader of the Free.

In days of dread, she boldly stood  
Undaunted, though alone,  
To guard with might the people's right  
Invaded by the Throne;  
And yet when civil fury raged,  
And Loyalty took wing,  
Her gallant bands, with bows and brands,  
Defended well their king.  
Then ho! for London, Might and Right,  
With her, twin brothers be;  
To curb with Right the despot Might,  
Exalting still the Free!

The wandering King, of crown bereft,  
The Patriot, lone, exiled,  
Find refuge sure and life secure  
Where Freedom ever smiled;  
And evermore she spreads her store  
The exile to maintain—  
What's been her worthy pride before,  
Shall be her pride again.  
Then ho! for London, Ward and Guard!  
Her glory still shall be—  
As terror to the tyrant strong,  
As shelter to the Free!

\* Balfour's Phyto-Theology.



And still within her Ancient Halls,  
Where Freemen ever stand,  
She welcomes men from every clime,  
With open heart and hand;  
She welcomes men of every creed,  
The brave, the wise, the good—  
And bids them form, in living bonds,  
A noble brotherhood.  
Clasped hand-in-hand, let every man  
A patriot brother be;  
From pole to pole, let every soul  
United be—and Free!

### A BUGLE-CALL FROM A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Much as ever—more than ever—  
Is the Duty high and deep,  
Dozing England! to endeavour  
Not to let you go to sleep;  
Lest the careless couching lion  
By some jackal-pack be bay'd—  
Lest the guardless gates of Zion  
Be beleaguer'd and betray'd!

Still, impends this peril urgent,  
That our ill-defended shores  
Call to yonder horde insurgent—  
“Come at once, and all is yours!”

Still, the danger presses daily,  
While Security and Pride  
Find us, gloomily or gaily,  
Caring nought whate'er betide!

More than so: for Zeal is slacken'd,  
Through disheartening neglect;  
And the patriot's honour blacken'd  
By each peace-pretending sect:  
While, both speedily and surely,  
Brigands strengthen day by day,  
We, like Laish, too securely  
Grow to be their wealthier prey!

See, the signs that round us thicken!  
Who hath Wisdom to discern  
Which may first—and soon—be stricken  
Of the Nations in their turn?  
England! be thou wise and watching;  
And, for all our mercies' sake,  
In this maze of mischiefs hatching  
Warily keep wide-awake!

Rulers! as of old, we proffer  
Hearts of oak and hands of steel;  
Never scorn the loyal offer  
Of a People's patriot zeal.  
English courage, staunch and steady,  
Brings you freely—if we may—  
FIFTY THOUSAND RIFLES READY,  
JUST TO KEEP THE WOLF AWAY!

*Albury, April 24,*

## THE MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES INCIDENT TO THE PERFORMANCE OF MUSIC.

The subject we have selected as the theme of this article, seems to be one of the vexed questions of the day. Here are three parties: the first does battle for mechanical difficulties, the second as manfully fights against them, while the third party mocks the other two, because, in his opinion, they are foolish enough to contend for a mere shadow. Misunderstanding, intemperate zeal, and mutual acrimony, are justly chargeable to all three. On the very face of the matter, it must surely be wrong to indulge in *bitterness* on the subject of *sweet sounds*. That each party is in error may be very easily shown. This controversy has lasted so long, and been carried to such lengths, that we can no longer pass it calmly by, or treat it with silent contempt. A dispute which agitates the whole of the musical public, and threatens the entire art with a sweeping revolution, has heavier *gravamen* than a mere whim, and demands our most deliberate and conscientious investigations. To attempt to sift out the useful and the true from this discussion, may be looked upon as a task equally difficult with searching for the needle in the bottle of hay; but we know the value of the needle, and shall not shrink from the task.

Between the mere exercise of musical gymnastics and the soul-stirring enjoyments of melody and harmony, there is no medium—no

golden mean. They are connected together, and yet they are as distinct from each other as is the swimmer from the flood. They are only joined as are the lake and the stars, when those bright orbs are mirrored on its bosom. We can neither afford to despise nor discard mechanical difficulties. No musical composition can exist without a sprinkling of them, either in a greater or less degree. A good piece of music without any difficulty in its execution is a musical impossibility. Seeing, then, that these difficulties are to be met with in every good composition, it becomes our duty to deal with them. Erased from the pages of our folios they cannot be. We must conquer them, *for to overcome them is to expunge them*. A certain amount of mechanical skill is essential. Without it there can be no enjoyment in the execution of music. Nay, young friend, do not make grimaces, first at us, and then at your exercise-book. In telling you that you never can have any pleasure in music until you are perfect master of a certain amount of hard, dry passages, we only speak the words of truth and soberness. Having thus proved that, however much of an outcry may be raised against difficult music, it must be grappled with, it will be asked to what extent is it to be studied? This question it is very difficult to answer. If a person were so disposed, the study might be carried on *ad infinitum*. We



may, however, venture to say that this class of studies must be proportioned to the student's intentions. If his aim be high, he must make up his mind to the drudgery necessary to secure a high position.

And what must be done when these difficulties are overcome, or rather, what will remain to be done? Why, everything will remain to be done! By overcoming these irksome tasks, we are merely *prepared* to do something. When the Olympic racer had cast off his upper garments and girt on the waist-belt, he had not run, he had only stripped for the race: so here. The overcoming of these difficulties smooths the path of the true music. It takes the sting from the honey, and the thorn from the rose. We recommend the practice and mastery of mechanical difficulties as a *means* to an *end*—a step to something higher. As well might we hope to pluck the fruit of the vine growing far above us without using a ladder, as expect that we can lay hold on the poetry of music without first climbing to a level with it. If these counsels had been better attended to, we should have had far less of hesitating touch, of faltering voice, and uncertainty of sound in our musical doings. Mechanical skill will give firmness, decision, and despatch in the execution of music, but it will do no more. And is not this enough for it to do? When persons of good taste and strong emotions attempt to execute a fine piece of music, they are delighted with the melody and disgusted with the dryer portions; carried away by their feelings, solely for the want of a little me-

chanism, they are spoiled as performers by the very thing which, when under control and discipline, would have rendered them perfect in expression—the emotions and feelings of the soul.

We are persuaded that we have said all that ought to be said in favour of *variation* and *fantasia*. We must next point out their abuse. They are diverted from their legitimate use when, as means, they are put before the end. We have said that they are the ladder by which the grapes are gathered. What would our young ladies say if the footman were to bring the step-ladder from the greenhouse, and set it on the table instead of the grapes? Every time our fair ones disgust us with their musical clatter and rattle, they are playing the part of this maniac footman. Why should people bore us with the process, when we only want the results? Such persons, to be consistent with themselves, should put their copy-books, instead of letters and dress, in the drawing-room. Music that has nothing but difficulties to recommend it is for private practice only.

In conclusion, we firmly believe that good—great good—will come of this controversy. The friends of melody have only to be firm, and their ultimate success is sure. The automaton of music shall be put down, and decision of touch and freedom of execution arise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes; while music—the mistress of the soul—no longer a supplanted and persecuted outcast, shall return home again to the world's heart and be driven forth no more,—AURELIAN.—*Musical World*.

## M I S S J O B.

(AN AMERICAN SKETCH)

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,  
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!  
If I'm a king, I can spend the money;  
If I'm a beggar, I can leave the money:  
So it's all one to me, all one to me,  
Whether I'm a beggar, whether I'm a king!

"It's all one to me, it's all one to me,  
Whether I am old or whether I am young!  
If I am young, why I can go a-dancing;  
If I am old, why I can leave off dancing!  
It's all one to me, all one to me,  
Whether I am old or whether I am young."

People cannot grow handsomer to all eternity! Alas! I know it! The fact is indisputable.

Seraphina had reached the climax. The blush of beauty was gone; the flower was in full bloom. There was no deeper expression that those locks could assume; the eyes could not become more than colourless, nor the nose more of a pug; no final touch of grace was to be added to that form—to the stiff, uncompromising, right-angle and triangle gait.

You would laugh at Miss Job? I will not suffer it. She was a philosopher, and I reverence the whole order.

It is a fine thing to be a philosopher! it certainly is. Seraphina had thus learned many of the noblest and hardest lessons. She was patient, and very humble; she had attained "undue difficulties," extraordinary peace of mind, which really is the best thing a mortal can attain. For consider, if one is to worry and fret through this mortal existence, then is it nothing



less than a dreadful bore. The frame of mind evinced by that foolish woman, who was "troubled about many things," is intolerable; and a dissatisfied, pining, ever-troubled, and troubling spirit, is an unmitigated nuisance!

Now listen, O perverse generation of gold-diggers! I will tell you further of a mortal who lived above the world.

She was a transcendentalist, then? The bare thought is enough to make one smile. Seraphina Job was of the earth, earthy: she lived on common food—I care not who knows it; she walked and talked like a Christian: she was none of your "high-flyers;" and if she *had* sounded the depths of all knowledge, she brought not up *that* trophy which the "lions" do so often,

"The sea-weed on a clam!"

In a little two-story frame building, which looked as though it might have been fashioned from some superfluous timbers gathered for the construction of the ark of Noah, lived our heroine. Look within it; what a miserable state of things! Can you tell, reader, why good-natured people are forever imposed upon? The lodger up-stairs has sent her children to play for a little in Miss Job's room: it rains so fast, they cannot go out of doors. *Cannot*, however, seems to be the careful parent's suggestion, rather than that of the children, if the wistful look of the little faces, as ever and anon they are pressed close against the window-panes, is to be taken into account.

Around the table, covered with their hostess's work, they romp and rave, until it seems as though Babel had transferred itself *bodily*. And now one has fallen and hit his head (a "*lucky hit*," so to speak) against the table. Forthwith, with tears fountains, and groans indescribable, the precious group make a simultaneous rush for mamma's quarters. And then Miss Job sits down to collect her thoughts, and find out where she is.

While this difficult thing is in process, let us look back and discover how Patience, and Meekness, and Resignation came to write their names so boldly on that unhandsome face of hers. Let no one on the wide earth believe that she was a heartless, senseless woman. It was in the hard school of sorrow she had graduated—in the class of the bereaved that she took her prize! Miss Job had had her disappointment. Bitter and grievous it was, and for the time overwhelming. Here (in proof) is a letter written by her a great many years before the time of life when Seraphina is brought before you, to win your admiring regard.

"When we parted, Margaret, you remember I promised to write you from India on this day. I was to tell you of that great field of labour—was to have decided then whether I *ought* to say to you, 'Come over and help us.' Had I not, in constant prayer, in hearty endeavour to feel entire submission to the Divine will during the weary twelve months past, been in a measure successful, I would say now, 'Come over and help me;' for oh, my friend, it is

a heavy woe, a dreadful chastisement the Heavenly Father has laid upon me! And at the first, when the news that Thomas was lost reached me, then I—oh, *how* I wished that you could be with me! for I was among strangers—was alone! I made no effort to bear the affliction; I bowed down in my woe, and gave way to sinful murmuring. I asked, in my madness, 'Why hast thou taken my hope, my friend, my only one, O God?'

"Thomas! he was called away before the ship he sailed in had reached its destination. Had I but gone with him, then at least should I have died with him. You know that he denied me this: he would conquer some of the difficulties of the way first, that the path might be easier to my feet: he would prepare a home for me, and accustom himself to a life in that land before I should go thither.

"I have been long in submitting myself to God's decree. Oh, may you never learn how hard a thing it is to have crushed out from human nature *all* worldly hopes and loves such as mine were! But at last, dear friend, I feel that I am beginning to find peace. If it were not so, I could never have written this letter to you. Since *that day* I have spoken but rarely, have written not at all on this subject; it is sacred to me. I am learning now how small is even my overpowering grief in comparison with that which another, one infinitely good, endured for us. The cry, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' has been often on my lips; but at last I remember how He who uttered it suffered and endured sorrows of which no mortal can conceive; and therefore I dare not utter the words again.

"Yesterday was my birthday: I am twenty-two. It seems as though a century had elapsed since I parted with my mother, and went out to service to maintain her and myself. You know how shortly after that time she died, before the bright prospects which afterwards opened upon me had dawned. You have heard how it was that my eyes early turned towards the heathen lands—how it was early in my life impressed on my mind that my duty was to be performed there—that I, a Christian child, *ought* to go into that great field, and labour for the Master. You know how, when I made this hope and desire of my heart known, a way at once opened itself before me—how the good and the generous took me under their charge and educated me—how, in those days, I met him whose heart glowed with the same holy hope—how it was our intention to be all of earth to each other, to be the life-long consolation, and support and joy to each other. You know of this: I told it all to you when we parted. May God preserve you from ever understanding the sorrow, the struggle, and the deep despair which have since been my portion. When I heard that I stood alone in this world, my first impulse was to go out alone to India. The weight of my indebtedness to others pressed heavily upon me: they had expended time and money in my education; I was *bound* to go; though the way which seemed once so beautiful, so easy, revealed itself now a lonely, dreary way, I would press on it.

"I strove then to put down, to conquer my own feelings. I went about accustomed duties: I prayed incessantly; but my heart's applications were poured forth more in frenzy than in faith. I was so weak, Margaret, to combat with a lion! Since that time I have been very ill; my life went nearly from me. I have recovered, but cannot go to India. They tell me that I could not survive the voyage; therefore will I labour here. It is good to labour—it is great to be patient. Can I not thus,



in a measure, repay those who have dealt so kindly with the doubly orphaned? There is a school recently established for the instruction of those in foreign lands; there I can instruct, and at the same time support myself by my needle. For the present, while I *can*, I will devote what little energy I have in aiding others to follow that plough from which my hand has fallen. I have already made the arrangements necessary. My life, my time, is all, all I have to offer. Would to God it were a worthier sacrifice! His love be with you."

For a few years Miss Job continued to labour in this occupation, self-imposed by her deep sense of obligation. But the strivings of her spirit, the constant depression, the unutterable weariness and heart-heaviness which attended these labours among strangers, were too much for her: she could not bear them. It was a trial beyond her strength of endurance which was thus put upon her: she could never become perfectly reconciled to her lot, while the cheerful, the young, the happy, were about her, preparing themselves for departure to those scenes, to that new home, on which all the hopes of her own heart were fixed.

She left the school then, and in retirement and meditation, in labour and in prayer, sought for "the peace of God." And it came: it fell upon her heart like the soft, refreshing dew, in the performance of lonely tasks, in mercy to the poor, in an over-gushing fount of charity, in giving of her poverty, in loving much, in trusting much, in feeling much, in doing much: thus did that "peace" evidence itself. Thus passing through Gethsemane, she stood upon the mountain—her earthly nature crucified; and the love of the Father was with her there—looking upward, the wail of agony found no more utterance, but the voice of calmness which could say—"Thy will be done, my Saviour."

Now look again upon her—ah, we must needs be interrupted! If you have not, reader, caught that peculiar and indescribable expression of her countenance, it is not for me to promise that you ever WILL on any succeeding interview, not being possessed, unfortunately, of so much of the spirit of accommodation as the country people were after the recent eruption of Vesuvius; *they* promised the disappointed stranger who "came too late," that they would get up another scene on his special account! Obligingness is a moral impossibility in our case.

Our intruder is evidently not considered as such by Miss Job. He is a gentleman—her senior by a great many years—a well-dressed, stalwart, gray-haired old man. His name is Townsend, Jedediah Townsend, the respectable owner of a wholesale and retail all-sort-of clothing establishment, quite well off in the world, quite agreeable—quite. Benevolent? Wait a little.

"Ahem—Miss Job, good morning."

"Good morning, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Townsend. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you—thank you. Quite a rainy spell of weather, Miss Job—a good deal of mud abroad."

"Yes; the roads must be very bad. It's pleasant to work in the house such weather. I can always work faster in such weather; there's nothing to divert one's eyes then. Black cloth is as pleasant to look on as black clouds."

"Exactly so; true to the letter. You are fond of the needle, Miss Job?"

"Yes; it is my true friend—it brings me all manner of comfortable things, and helps me to help others; a trusty servant is my needle."

"Don't you ever tire out?—don't you ever get lonely, living here by yourself so?"

"Never—I can say it truly. I walk when I am tired of sitting within doors; if it is cold and stormy out of doors, then I read: that rests me too. I never am lonely."

"I wonder what's the reason seamstresses complain so much, and why, every once in a while, folks get up such a 'hurrah, boys!' talking about their wrongs, and so forth?"

"Ah, that's about the poor young things who are a thousand times worse off than I. I am rich to them, Mr. Townsend! Poor things! the Lord have mercy upon them! When you have dealings with any of those pale, tired-looking, worn-out young creatures, who appear as though they were standing at death's door, deal kindly by them—they are human, and very unfortunate."

"You've a kind heart, Miss Job; do you take pity on everybody?"

"I always try to bear in mind that we are sinful, very sinful beings; that the differences in people come by accident, for, as the great man—what's his name—said, 'We are all the accidents of an accident.' We are very apt to be too harsh in our judgments, and too—too cold-hearted."

"What is it, Miss Job, that you mean by charity? It's important I should know the definition you give the word, ma'am."

The woman thus appealed to paused a moment before she replied, as though in wonderment as to the necessity of the case (perhaps she was thinking a proper answer); then she said, fixing those two colourless eyes clearly and steadfastly upon him—

"If a person in great want came to your door, and you gave him something you needed, which could not well be spared, but which you *could* do without at a pinch, I should say you had done a charitable thing. If you would not believe your neighbour guilty of a crime he stood accused of, till it was proved beyond doubting, I should say you had acted charitably; and if you gave yourself up, and all you had, to serve another who needed your service, who deserved it, I should think you had fully interpreted the word—that you had *proved* charity to be the greatest of all things."

"It is just to the point—are *you* so charitable? I am alone in my old age, Miss Job! It's lonely over in my house—you *must* be lonely here. I know you are. I want some one to live with me besides the rats—will *you*?"

She looked up at him in wonder, and seeing



that the old man was really in earnest, said, kindly and meekly—

"I cannot—I do not wish to marry."

"You are getting along in years as well as I. Dear madam, who is going to take care of you when your eyes fail, and you are too old to work?"

"I feel that I shall not live to be very old. If I serve God faithfully in my life, He will care for me."

"Oh! but it's poor charity you have," said the old man, wiping his eyes. His voice failed him for a moment; recovering himself, he continued—"Miss Job, it's nearly thirty-six years since my wife died; I never have loved any woman since—never have asked any to marry me. My Joseph was a comfort to me—he was my comfort, my stay—the house was full and merry when he was in it. Now you know that he is dead and gone—I shall not see him any more. Sometimes I think I will put an end to my life at once, it's so desperate lonely. Madam, I do not swear I love you, and throw myself on my knees to take the oath. You've got too much sense to want me to make a fool of myself; but I'll promise you that I'll be a good husband—I can't hold on many years longer—you shall not have to work after I am gone."

Alas! for that cherished dream of single blessedness, kept "in memory of the dead!" Alas, for that sweet dream of being laid quietly to rest, after sailing peacefully and alone along the shores of Time! Philosophy and charity conspired to demolish all such visions. Seraphina could not resist their attack, united with the tears the lonely old gentleman came to weep every day in her humble little parlour: in due time she was vanquished entirely. She gave her word she would become the wife of Mr. Townsend, his house-keeper, waiting-maid, nurse.

So, in compliance with that promise, stood she, one day, leaning on the arm of that respectable personage, past middle age; and Miss Job took all the vows upon *herself*, feeling in duty bound; and faithfully and rigidly she kept them.

Oh, heavens! yes—but do you know all that such a union as she made signifies? Bear in mind, the bride was no gay, young creature—a honeysuckle wedded to an old oak. Then had the bees come humming round her, with their soft, musical voices, gossiping away the bright summer days. She was no giddy girl, who, in the lightness of her heart, could fling off the load of oppressive thought at any moment; her life was no April day, whose smiles and whose tears are alike irresistible. *Such* unions have been, that proved peaceable—nay, happy. But could you know the slave that Seraphina Job was for ten long years to that old heathen! When, at the end of that time, she was once more free, a widow, she might have told a horrid story than any galley-slave or Siberian exile could conjure up.

"Grey hairs are honourable," I know; yet is there no more distressful sight on this earth than a wicked old man! There is hope for the

youthful offender: if his heart be cold, love may yet thoroughly and effectually warm it; if he be without reverence, without kindness, without charity, regeneration is possible. But if the heart of the veteran in years be hopelessly, naturally chilled, and dead—if he is cross, and turbulent, exacting, selfish, tyrannical, and without mental power, then may all the saints unite to guard and defend the woman who is bound to him!—for of all mortals is she most wretched.

It was all the worse for Miss Job that she was kind and forgiving, and watchful and careful—all the worse for her that she had so much respect for age—the worse for her that boldness did not set up its throne on her tongue, and issue its laws as plainly as the tyrant's were spoken! If she had married the man because he was rich, in the expectation that he would, ere long, go the way of all the earth, it would have all been very well that matters took the turn they did: if she had bound herself to Mr. Townsend in order that she might secure a home, the home she thereby gained would have been just such as she deserved. But, reader, it was only in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the spirit of charity, that she wedded!—because, feeling herself of no use in the world, when appealed to, to make the comfort of the last days of one who had for years been a sort of benefactor, supplying her with work from his shop, and paying her moderately well thereof, she felt that her duty was to give her consent. A mistaken sense of duty she had, alas! But Miss Job herself would have avowed it as her firm belief, if questioned, to err on the right side was best.

Besides labouring incessantly with her needle on the black cloth, as aforesaid, which her miserly husband commanded, there was such a constant, watchful attendance on all the man's whims and wishes exacted—exacted, too, in a "black dog, do your duty," sort of way—that, had not Miss Job become nearly perfected in the furnace of affliction and trial, her human nature would have indignantly rebelled: she would have sought, and forced from all intelligent jurymen under the sun, a right to "dissolve the union."

Ten years of martyrdom!—it is no trifling thing, reader; and then to think he left her a beggar after all!—giving his very considerable property to people who would not have lifted a hand to help him at any time. Oh, it was a grievous wrong he did that woman!

"Her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder him rising with the just:

For his last, most solemn act, hath linked his name with liar,

And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow."

Yet, mark what followed! The little, old, two-story frame building, her former habitation, was standing yet: to it the widow's eyes at once directed when strangers came to occupy her sometime abode. And, one day, above the narrow door a little ancient sign, "Miss Job,



tailoress and dress-maker," again reared its head.

Yes! she had taken her old name again, and by that was she addressed—for people who respected her, and these were many, thought it an unnecessary insult to apply to her any longer that dead man's cognomen. Many were the tea-ing "indignation meetings" held in those days in the village, on account of that outrageous will of Mr. Townsend; and though the resolutions, on such occasions unanimously adopted, were never presented to the widow in due form, yet were they betrayed in the increase of work given her, and in the increase of the whole neighbourhood's kindness. Never would Miss Job suffer any, in her hearing, in the height of their zeal, to rail out against the departed: if, in their enthusiasm, friends ventured on such ground, they were speedily silenced with a gentle "Hush, he is dead! you should not talk against the dead."

Miss Job never went into mourning: in this case she felt it would be a mockery. There was no grief in her heart for the old man's death, save that of the Christian sorrow over the lost sinner. She wept at his funeral, true—and they were not "crocodile tears" she shed; because it was an awful thought to her that a fellow-mortal, who had seen the threescore and ten allotted years, should have gone into the pure and Holy Father's presence without having assumed the garments of the redeemed. She wept, because he was an immortal; and therefore, in remembrance of his past, feared for him!

Miss Job had grown very old in those ten years of bondage. Ah, she had looked upon such fearful Egyptian darkness! She had trodden in such wearying haste through that mighty Red Sea, pursued by the demons of a vile, malicious, selfish heart! She had grown very old, and yet was there strength in her limbs and strength in her heart. And what a sunbeam of peace was that which lighted her face with genial light! Oh, it is such a comfort that years make little impress on the countenance whose attractiveness is not dependent on youthful bloom and freshness! Red locks grow seldom grey, light eyes wot not of fading, and the expression of a face, linked to a heart like Seraphina Job's, must needs grow "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Still by the little window of the tiny house she sat and sewed. Still on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening, went she, hymn-book and Bible in hand, to the sanctuary, withholding never the outward service, whereby, as well as in her inner life, she confessed her Master before men. Still was her trembling hand (for it always trembled at such times) raised to give the half of every week's earnings to the poor fund. Still on deeds of active charity her little bent form went forth. Still thought she, and not always without tears, upon the lover of her youth. Still laid she that Divine consolation to her heart, "In heaven we shall know even as we are known."

"Heigh-ho! it is a rainy day, Miss Job; so

lay aside your work. If the clouds are black as the vests you manufacture, do lift your eyes to them." But no; with her sweet voice humming still—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

she plods away for dear life—for dear mercy's sake, rather; because this day's earnings are devoted in her own mind to a peculiar purpose. Oh, reader, what a pleasant thing is a romance, if it be not too sorrowful!

But hold now; why should that gentleman with the spectacles look up with such curiosity at the little old sign, "Miss Job, tailoress and dress-maker?" Perhaps he is an antiquarian; he looks one, I am sure. Yet that respectable quality gives him no right to peer into the window of the house with so much curiosity. Maybe he is in search of lodgings. Yes, he must be, for he knocks, and, at the gentle "Come in," shuts his umbrella and enters boldly. Pshaw! nothing but a tract-agent.

In the name of all things forlorn, reader, will not this be a pretty ending of our story, the mere recording of a conversation that followed the entrance of this man?

"I have books to sell, ma'am. All sorts of books in my line: tracts, missionary periodicals, Life of Mrs. Judson—of both of them—Mémoir of Harriet Newell, and so forth. Shall I hope to find a purchaser here?"

The stranger spoke in a very subdued, patient way. Miss Job looked at him, and thought he must have travelled a long distance, and been unsuccessful in his sales, and, in the kindness of her good spirit, she said at once—

"Yes, certainly. I like to read the lives of missionaries. Let me look at them. Is it Fanny Forester's Life of Mrs. Judson you have? She is such a sweet writer! What a noble woman she must be!"

"It is her work. You'll like it very much, I venture to say. I have sold a great many copies of the book. People, generally, have a great admiration for the present Mrs. Judson."

He opened the package of books; and, while Miss Job examined them, the stranger fixed his eyes upon her, conning the features of her face to his heart's content, musing thus, as he did so, "Great God, it is certainly she! How old she looks! Poor girl, she has seen troubled and hard times, I fear! God have mercy on us!"

Selecting three of the volumes, the woman said—

"I will take these."

"Thank you. Here is another work; it may not have attracted your notice in the great flood of books printed now-a-days. It is a work I wrote myself; for I have been a missionary."

Miss Job became quite excited as she heard this. She remembered one other who would fain have been a missionary. She could not speak; but reaching forth her hand, eagerly grasped the book.

"The India Mission-ground," was lettered, in gilt, on the neat black cover. She looked sadly on the title for a moment, then opened the



volume. "By Thomas Rich Muir." Those light eyes! they lacked not expression then. And what a glow was that overspreading the pale thin face of Miss Job, as she looked and looked at the book and at the man!

She stood up then—the volumes fell from her hands—and O, what a "world of hope and fear" was in that cry—

"In the name of the great Lord, who are you? I knew a Thomas Muir!"

Ah, curiosity! why does that girl in the street stop short, unmindful of the rain, to look in through the window of that little parlour of "Miss Job, tailoress?" Why does that wandering boy vouchsafe to pause in his vagrancy to peer over the girl's shoulder, and, in his emotion, exclaim against the frantic embrace of

that strange man, and "horrid homely old Miss Job"?

Desperate is the curiosity of a street audience! Ye fighting terriers and runaway steeds, testify! Haste we to draw the curtain. Ladies and gentlemen, we appeal to you; retire, disperse, and leave those reunited ones alone. I beseech you, go; and when Miss Job informs me of the story of her true, living love's adventures, you shall have them, free and full.

Poor, dear Seraphina! we will, meantime, rejoice with her, now that her time of rejoicing has really and truly come. We will, moreover, lay a little of consolation to our own hearts, as we remember that "Virtue has its own reward," and never fails of finding it, in one place or another.

## THE CHILD'S CORNER.

### THE DEFORMED BOY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"Are you going, Harry?"

"Yes, Fred. It is already half-past two, and I promised to be at the place of meeting at a quarter to three."

"Good-bye then, brother."

"Good-bye." And Harry, a fine stalwart lad of about thirteen years of age, bounded off, whirling his stick in the air, and whistling his little dog to follow him.

Poor Frederic sighed. He would willingly have accompanied his brother, but he was far from strong, and the party intended to walk ten miles that afternoon and evening. Besides, there was another reason. Frederic Steward was a good-looking boy in many respects; he had fine dark eyes, brown hair that curled all over his head, and a clear though pale olive complexion; but alas! the carelessness of his nurse had spoiled all, and Frederic was a hump-back. The boy felt his deformity extremely. He had a fancy that every stranger would stare and laugh at him, which was very foolish; for it is to be hoped that few are so unfeeling as to take pleasure in mocking the unfortunate. However, he *had* this fancy, and the consequence was that he often refused to enter into the company of those who would have done everything in their power to make him forget that he was different from other boys.

Frederic remained motionless, on the bench where Harry had left him, for two or three hours. It was a half-holiday, and he was at liberty to do what he pleased, and nobody came to see what had become of him; so the time wore away filled with bitter thoughts. In vain the thrush chaunted from a neighbouring plantation, and the sweet note of the cuckoo was heard from the Leighton woods, and the bees hummed, and the pigeons cooed in the pigeon-cote high over-head. Frederic heard none of these soothing sounds,

nor did he rejoice in the fresh breeze that fanned his brow, nor in the scent of the roses and mignonette and sweet briar from the newly-raked bed close by. A pretty spotted butterfly alighted on his elbow, and he brushed it pettishly away; his favourite cat came purring round his feet, but could not win one caress from her young master. Frederic was completely miserable, and this was because he was allowing envy and jealousy to overcome his better nature, and was rebelling in his heart against the good God who had made and still watched over him, spreading all these pleasant things around for the benefit of even his unthankful children.

The trees were casting long shadows on the ground, and Frederic, despite his preoccupation, was becoming aware that it must be later than he had supposed, when the sweet voice of a child aroused him from his reverie. A little girl came singing along the gravel-walk, and was close to Frederic before she was aware of his presence, as the bench where he sat was placed in a recess shaded by ivy and creeping plants. The child started upon seeing him, and was about to turn down another walk, but he called after her.

"Little girl," he said, "don't be afraid of me, though I *am* a fright. I won't hurt you."

Frederic was glad of something—anything—to divert him from his dreadful thoughts, and there was that about his unintentional visitor that made him feel as if she would not quiz him. She had a little rosy face, with large blue eyes, and golden hair hanging in long smooth curls, and there was an innocent and kind expression in her countenance that was delightful to look upon. So he spoke to her again, for she stood gazing at him with some wonder and a little shyness.

"What is your name?" he said, "and how did you come here?"

The little girl smiled and blushed.

"My name is Lucy Dove, and I came with



mamma, who is in the house with Mrs. Steward."

"With my mamma!"

"Is she your mamma? O, then, I know—you are Frederic Steward. Poor boy!"

Frederic was rather vexed. "Why do you say 'poor boy?' I am not poor; my father is rich."

"Oh! yes, I know that, but you know what I mean. Indeed I am very sorry, because you have to sit by yourself when other boys are playing and enjoying themselves."

The tears started into Frederic's eyes, and it was only by a mighty effort that he succeeded in restraining them from running down his cheeks. The little girl drew closer to him, and laid her dimpled hand on his.

"Don't cry," she said in a sorrowful voice. "You will make me cry too if you do." And in truth two large drops were gathering in her blue eyes, like dew-beads in violets.

Frederic could not resist her gentle sympathy. His sullenness and discontent vanished as if by magic, and he applied himself to comfort the little creature who wept for him, and whom he began to regard almost as a pitying angel. They were soon laughing together at some of Frederic's jokes, for he could be very merry when he pleased, and the tea-bell, for once, was rather an unwelcome sound than otherwise.

Frederic and Lucy went hand-in-hand into the house, and there Frederic was introduced to Mrs. Dove, who was almost as pleasing as her daughter. Seeing what good friends they had become, she invited the young gentleman to come to her house whenever he felt inclined, to play with Lucy, who, he said, often felt lonely, having no little brothers or sisters to join in her sports.

From this time a close intimacy sprang up between Frederic and his new acquaintance, and this friendship had the happiest effect on the disposition of the deformed boy, who no longer felt himself neglected. The feelings of jealousy and envy with which he could not help regarding his more favoured brother Harry, notwithstanding his real love for and pride in him, gradually disappeared beneath the constant sunshine of Lucy's affection; he even joined all the parties that were formed in the village for the sake of being her companion, and distinguished himself on several occasions by his ready wit and expertness at quiet games. Day by day his brow relaxed, week by week his hollow cheek became rounder and more rosy, while his eyes beamed with an expression hitherto unknown to them.

Things were progressing thus happily, when one day a large party was formed to go and visit Leighton Priory, a celebrated ruin in the neighbourhood. A great many boys and girls were invited, and as usual Frederic and Lucy were among the number. Harry, who generally voted all mixed parties tiresome, consented to accompany them for this once; he had lately taken a fancy to pretty Lucy, and for her sake he wished to go.

A truly lovely day was that chosen for the ex-

cursion; a cloudless sky extended over the verdant woods of Leighton, forming a beautiful contrast to the vivid green of the trees, and the sparkling waters of the river that ran beside them, widening and deepening until it reached the Priory, which stood on a peninsula formed by its waves. The elders of the party had taken care to provide plenty of provisions; and the turfy grass that grew within the walls of the Priory made a splendid dining-table, over which was spread a snowy table-cloth, covered with every variety of good cheer, including tarts and custards and syllabubs for the especial delight of the young folks. After dinner there was a merry game of play, and the old ruins rang with childish voices. Lucy was one of the liveliest of the party, but she left off play when she saw Frederic sitting apart, and went and sat by him.

"Never mind me, dear Lucy," said he; "I like to see you enjoy yourself. I am very soon tired; but that is no reason why you should sit still also."

"But I like to talk to you better than to play." And she looked up and smiled in his face with so winning an expression, that he allowed her to remain.

They had not sat thus long, before Harry missed "the flower of the flock," as he had christened Lucy that very day. He looked round for her, and soon perceived where she was. Running up to her, he seized her by the hand, and endeavoured to draw her away from the quiet conversation she was enjoying with his brother. She resisted, and withdrew her hand.

"Come, I must have you," said Harry, rather rudely, for fun sometimes made him forget his good manners.

"Well, if you do," replied the little girl, sportively, "you shall have a race for it."

And off she set down the other side of the grassy slope, where she and Frederic had been sitting. The latter turned as pale as death. The hillock sloped steeply down almost to the edge of the river; and if the little girl were not able to stop herself!—There was a cry, and a plunge, and the fair head disappeared beneath the water. Frederic stood quite still, gazing on the fatal spot. He seemed turned to stone. Not so the impulsive Harry. He had followed Lucy, almost anticipating what would happen, and without even waiting to take off his jacket, he plunged in after her.

There was an awful pause of a few seconds, and then Harry rose several yards farther down the river, and swam for the bank, bearing Lucy upon one arm. When Frederic saw her little dripping form laid upon the grass, he uttered a feeble thanksgiving, and immediately fainted away. The rest of the party had by this time become aware that something had happened, and they crowded around to render assistance. By the judicious interference of Mr. Steward (neither Mrs. Steward nor Mrs. Dove was of the party) order was restored. Lucy, who showed no signs of animation, was borne to a cottage at a little distance, where she was wrapped in warm blankets; and other means



were used to restore the life that yet trembled within her, which were speedily crowned with success.

It may be supposed that Harry was the hero of the evening, and that all pressed round to congratulate him on the courage and skill which he had displayed. As for poor Frederic, he stood apart from the rest; and when sweet Lucy, somewhat pale, but cheerful and smiling as usual, approached him in the clothes she had borrowed from the cottager's little girl, his lip quivered, and he could not speak to her.

From this day there appeared a singular change in the boy: he returned to his moping and melancholy habits; he avoided the society of Lucy, and seldom could be prevailed upon to go to her house; and towards his brother he displayed nothing but bitterness and contempt. His health gave way under the evil influence, whatever it was that was working within him; but he would not confide in his parents, and to their frequent questioning he made no reply. One beautiful October day he had wandered out into the little plantation near his father's house, and was sitting absorbed in thought upon the decayed and mossy trunk of a fallen oak, when he perceived at some distance from him two figures, advancing through the trees. As they drew nearer he knew them, and would have hidden himself behind some bushes; but Lucy—for it was she and her mother—had already seen him, and now ran towards him. He could not refuse to speak to her, so he remained where he was; and after affectionately greeting her old playmate, the little girl begged her mother, who by this time had come up to them, to allow her to stay a little while with *dear Fred*. Mrs. Dove consented, for she pitied the lonely boy, only begging Frederic to see her daughter home before dinner; to which the young gentleman gave a constrained assent.

As soon as Lucy was left alone with her former friend, she looked timidly into his face with her large blue eyes, and said in a sorrowful voice, "Frederic, how have I offended you?"

"Offended me, Lucy!"

"Yes, Frederic, offended you. I must have offended you in some way or other; for now you never come to play with me; you will scarcely even speak to me, and I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy! You unhappy! and about me!"  
"Yes, I am very unhappy." And the little girl began to weep bitterly.

Frederic was shocked. He had never thought of this. He did not consider that his unamiable behaviour would affect all who were in any way connected with him, or perhaps he might have acted differently. He sat down and drew his little friend to his side.

"Lucy," he said, "I am not offended with you; I wonder how you can encourage such an idea. But I have lately been very miserable, and have had many thoughts that I do not like to speak of to any one."

"But you will tell me them, Frederic—will you not?" said the dear little girl. "And then perhaps I can help you to get them out of your mind."

After much persuasion, Frederic opened his heart to his sweet comforter. He told her how, ever since the day when Harry had saved her from drowning, he had felt as if she must despise him for having stood still and offered no assistance; and how he thought she would love Harry better than him ever after. He also confessed, with some shame, how much he had hated his brother that evening when every one was standing round and praising him; and how envy and jealousy had tortured him ever since; so that he could not even bear to speak to Harry.

Lucy reasoned with the wretched boy in her own childish, innocent manner, until she had brought him to a full sense of his guilt and folly. With contrition came peace, the peace of a reconciled conscience; and when Frederic, according to his promise, conducted the little girl home over the crisp grass and fallen leaves, everything wore a different aspect. The chirping of a solitary bird had music in it, the hips and haws glowed warmly amid the brambles and in the hedges, and the sunshine illumined the distant woods as with the smile of God.

Frederic grew up to be an excellent and useful man; his early sorrows had softened and enlarged his heart; and knowing personally what bitterness of soul and sore temptation were, he availed himself of his knowledge to minister to the mental sickness of those who suffered in like manner.

## S O N G.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The mower swept his whistling scythe  
Where green the meadow lay—  
The honey-cups and cowslips lithe,  
All faded, strow'd his way:  
So ruthless Care, in youth's despite,  
Mows down Joy's fairest flowers;  
Nor spares one tender blossom bright,  
To cheer Life's wintry hours.

Yet shrink, O shrink not ye to whom  
The bitter part is given  
To mourn, e'en in their first pure bloom,  
Your heart-flowers rudely riven:  
For when th' Archangel's mighty blast  
Shall winnow chaff and grain,  
The joys which fade on earth so fast  
May charm in Heaven again!

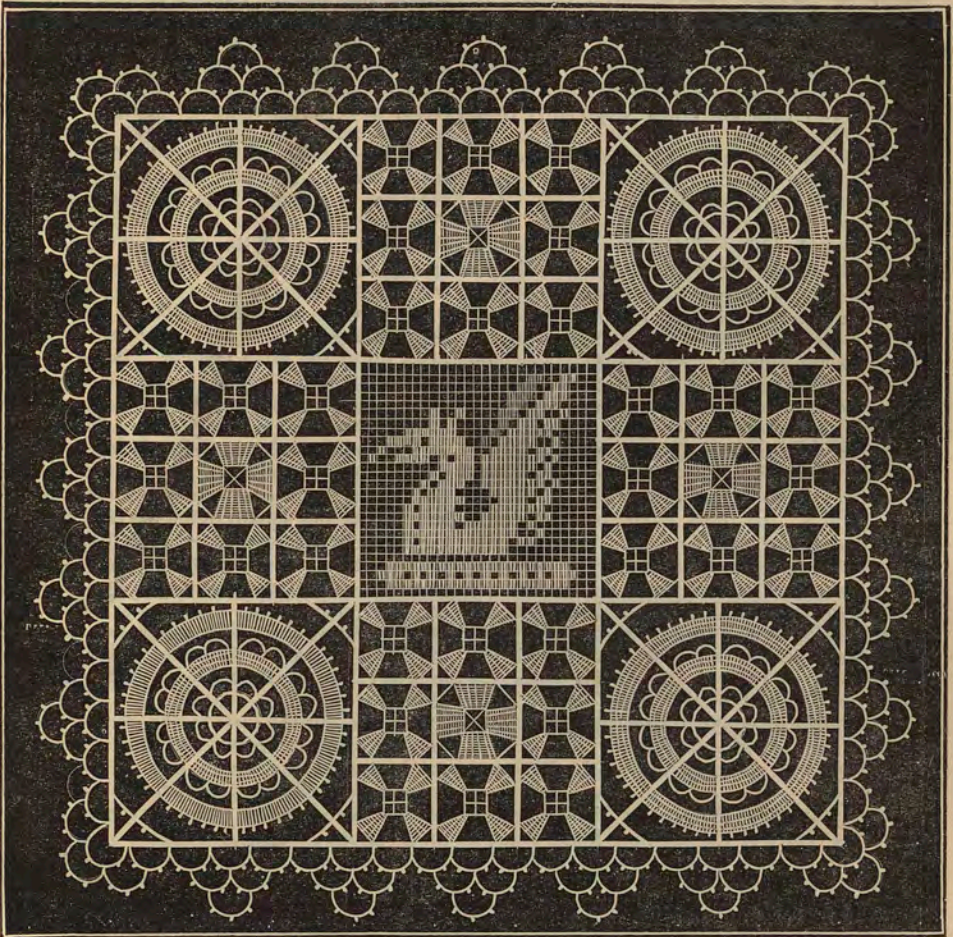
Ramsgate, April 5, 1852.



## THE WORK - TABLE.

## POINT D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS :—A Point D'Oyley frame, manufactured for the purpose ; W. Evans and Co.'s Mecklenburgh Threads, No. 1, No. 7, No. 100, and No. 150.



The frame on which this d'oyley is worked is something like those formerly used for making mats in soft cotton, and in Berlin wool, having pegs at certain distances, on which the wool was wound. The pegs in the point d'oyley frame are, however, made of brass, and are differently arranged from those we have referred to, which were of wood. Every side of the frame has ten pegs.

Begin by winding some of the thread, No. 1, across the frame, over two corresponding pegs nearest the corner, top and bottom. It must be wound three times round, so that there are six threads in all. Then pass on, missing two pegs at the top and bottom, without breaking off the thread, to the next two (that is, the *fourth* peg on

each line), and do the same ; miss two more pegs, and wind on the 7th ; miss two more, and wind on the 10th. Fasten off the thread, by knotting it on the peg.

Now wind threads, to correspond with these, across the frame in the opposite direction ; and as the threads have to pass between those already done, it will be necessary to use a needle. Two yards of thread must be cut off, and threaded on a large coarse needle. Fasten on the end to a peg, nearest the corner, and in passing to the opposite side of the frame, slip the needle under the *first three* of every six threads. Pass it round the opposite peg, and in going back, slip the needle under the *other three* of every six. Do this three times, always raising the *same*



three in each direction. Fasten off, and take a fresh needleful for the next two pegs. The first, fourth, seventh, and tenth pegs are thus done, when the square will be found to be divided into nine smaller squares. All these bars, each consisting of six threads, are then to be worked in braiding stitch, very closely, with No. 7 of Evans's Mecklenburgh thread, in the manner already described in the "Turk's Cap Sleeve." (See our Magazine for March). Bars similar to these are now to be made in eight of the nine squares; in those at the corners, two bars are taken diagonally, from the corners, crossing in the centre, done in a perpendicular, and one in a horizontal direction. These bars are done in Evans's Mecklenburgh, No. 7, and consist of four threads only (two each way). They are not connected with pegs at all, but only with the main bars already done. All of them are afterwards braided with the same thread. The four squares at the centre of each side are also crossed by four bars, two in one direction, and two in the opposite, dividing it into 9 small squares. The perpendicular bars are begun on pegs 5 and 6; but instead of the thread being carried to the opposite pegs, the needle is slipped through the corresponding part of the nearest main bar. The space is crossed by bars equally dividing the space, and which (were they carried from the pegs) would be attached to pegs 8 and 9. All these minor bars have only four threads, and must be done with the needle.

Thus the four corner squares have radiating bars; and those between them are divided into smaller squares. The centre is left open, for the crest to be finally worked in it.

As soon as the bars are all covered with the braiding-stitch, remove the d'oyley from the frame, and tack it firmly, *along all the main lines*, on a square of parchment, allowing a margin of at least 1½ inches all round. It must then be filled up with point stitches in the following manner:

**THE CORNERS:** Do a plain Mechlin wheel round the centre of the radiating bars, about a quarter of an inch from the middle, working five button-hole stitches in each section. Another wheel, consisting of eight small loops, must sur-

round this, and be worked as near to it as possible. In working all this part, the needle is slipped through the back of each bar as you come to it. These two wheels are done with No. 7. About three quarters of an inch from the centre another round is made with No. 80, consisting of a single thread covered closely with button-hole stitch. This is, indeed, the first of six rounds in foundation-stitch—that is, close Brussels over bars of thread. These rounds are all worked one upon another, so that the whole six make one solid circle, finished by a series of loops, done in No. 7 Mecklenburgh, two loops being in each of the eight sections. The largest wheel is composed of five rounds of foundation stitch, the last of which has a series of Raleigh dots, one of which is made on every sixth stitch. The last round of this circle touches the main bars at the centre of the sides, but a space is left at each corner, on which a quarter of a wheel is worked, in a Raleigh bar.

**THE SIDE DIVISIONS:** These consist of 9 small squares in each, and all the thirty-six are filled up in the same manner. Begin about a quarter of an inch from the corner (*a*); fasten on the thread, and carry the needle through the bar (*b*) at the same distance from the corner. Do not draw the thread quite tightly. Slip the needle through the bar (*c*), just across the corner; twist the needle under the loose thread, and across the square to the bar (*d*), carry the thread again across the corner to bar (*b*); twist in the last long thread, and to bar (*a*); across this corner to (*d*), and again twisting the thread, connect it with bar (*c*), slipping the needle round the first bar; all the four spaces radiating from the centre square are then filled with close darning, and the centre is divided into four by means of twisted threads.

For working the crest in the centre, it must first be properly drawn, and then laid on the parchment in the centre square. The whole space is then filled with foundation stitch, long stitches being taken where an open place is intended to be made.

The edging is similar to that which trims the Point Lace Lappet in our January number.

AIGUILLETTE.

## CROCHET SHOES,

FOR A CHILD.

**MATERIALS:**—A dozen skeins of white Berlin wool, 2 skeins of pink or blue ditto; a pair of cork soles, and a little narrow white sarsnet ribbon. Boulton's Crochet Hook, No. 16.

Make a chain of 16 stitches, and work on it one row of s.c.

2nd, and every following row to the instep, in ribbed s.c., doing three stitches in the centre one of every row.

Continue until 13, 14, or 15 ribs are done, according to the size; then work 19 stitches, backwards and forwards, at one side, until sufficient is done for the back of the shoe. Join it in the last row to the other side of the front. All round the instep do, with the pink wool, × 1 d.c., miss nearly a rib, 2 ch, ×.

2nd round. Also pink. 3 d.c. under 1 ch, 1 ch, 3 d.c. under the same; miss the next chain.

3rd. With the white wool do a s.c. on every stitch.

4th. With pink, × 3 d.c. under the 1 ch, 2 ch, 3 d.c. under the same, × repeat.

5th. Like 3rd.

Bind the soles with ribbon, and sew on the shoe. The point is intended to be turned down, and should be tacked in its place.

AIGUILLETTE.



## PARISIAN PURSE.

**MATERIALS** :—Two skeins of scarlet purse twist, and two of white ditto; with scarlet cord and tassels.

The style of this purse is entirely new, and is quite the mode at Paris, where ladies' purses are now invariably made in the form of bags, the garnitures being of silk, which is intermixed with gold or silk bullion, if those materials are used in the purse itself.

With the white silk, make a chain of 100 stitches, and close it into a round.

1st round. S c with white silk.

2nd. Scarlet.

3rd. White.

4th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 3 white,  $\times$  25 times.

5th. Like 4th.

6th.  $\times$  1 scarlet on scarlet, 1 scarlet on white, 1 white, 1 scarlet,  $\times$  25 times.

7th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 1 white, 2 scarlet,  $\times$  25 times.

8th.  $\times$  1 white, 3 scarlet,  $\times$  25 times.

9th, 10th, and 11th. All scarlet, working in the white silk.

12th and 13th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 9 white,  $\times$  10 times.

14th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 2 white, 5 scarlet, 2 white,  $\times$  10 times.

15th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 3 white, 1 scarlet, 2 white,  $\times$  10 times.

16th. Like 15th.

17th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 1 white, 1 scarlet, 4 white,  $\times$  10 times.

18th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 2 white, 1 scarlet, 1 white, 5 scarlet,  $\times$  10 times.

19th.  $\times$  3 white, 1 scarlet, 6 white,  $\times$  10 times.

20th. Like 19th.

21st, 22nd, 23rd. All scarlet.

24th. 1 white, 3 scarlet,  $\times$  25 times.

25th.  $\times$  3 scarlet, 1 white,  $\times$  25 times.

26th.  $\times$  2 scarlet, 1 white, 1 scarlet,  $\times$  25 times.

27th.  $\times$  1 scarlet, 3 white,  $\times$  25 times.

28th. Like 27th.

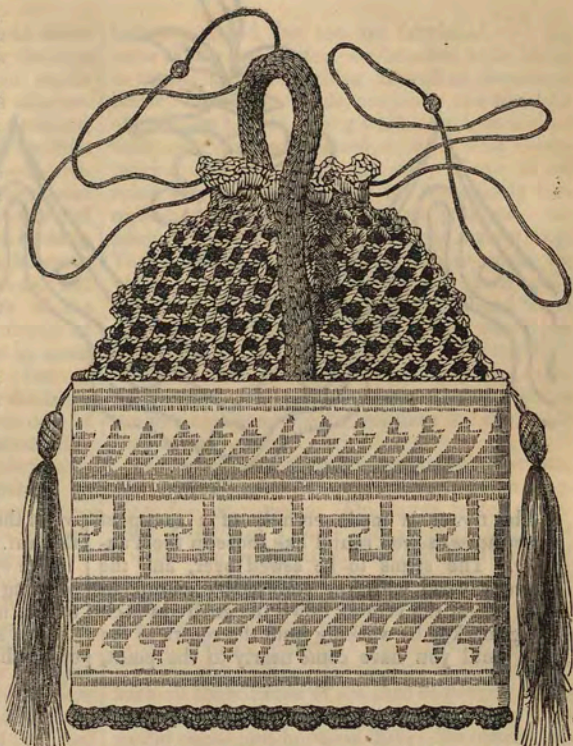
29th. All white.

30th and 31st. All scarlet.

32nd. White. Fasten off.

**FOR THE UPPER PART**—Turn the work on the wrong side, and with the white silk do a round of open square crochet, taking the stitches in those of the 30th round.

Do nine more rounds like this one, always taking the d c stitch under the chain of the last row, and working all the rounds without breaking off.



11th. Open round.  $\times$  1 d c under chain, 3 ch, 1 d c under chain, 2 chain,  $\times$  all round.

12th.  $\times$  5 d c under the chain of three, 1 ch, miss the chain of two,  $\times$  repeat.

To close the purse, work a row of s c, taking taking up a stitch from each side of the bottom with the white silk. Then with the scarlet join on at one end,  $\times$  miss 2, 5 d c in the next,  $\times$  to the end.

**FOR THE HANDLE**—Make a chain of 90 stitches with the scarlet silk, and work backwards and forwards on it 5 rows of s c. Then fold it double in the width, and crochet together the first and last rows.

Sew on this handle, at the centre of each side of the bottom of the bag, at the 31st round. Run scarlet cord, for drawing up the open part, through the 11th round of open crochet, and sew a tassel at each corner, as represented in the engraving.

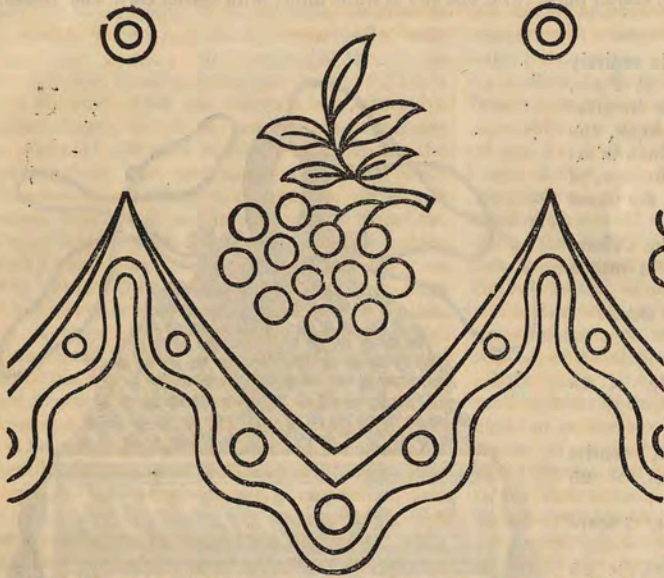
AIGUILLETTE.



## MANDARIN SLEEVE AND COLLAR,

IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

MATERIALS.—Fine book muslin, and W. Evans and Co's. Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 50, and Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.



The flower is made entirely of a group of eyelet-holes, sewed round like those in the Vandyke. The stems to be sewed over, and the leaves worked with the embroidery cotton, in satin stitch, the veining down the centre of each being marked by working from the centre to the side, until you have come nearly to the point,

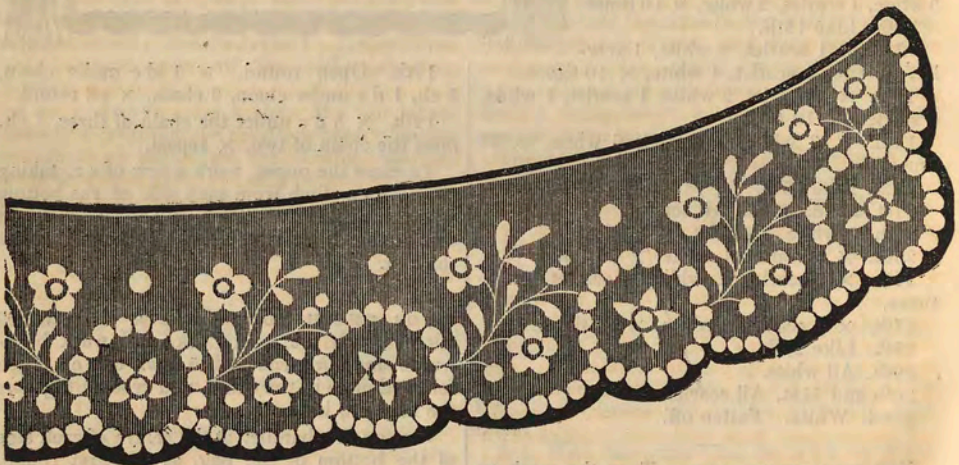
when the stitches may be taken completely across the leaf.

The eyelet-holes above the sprays are made by piercing a small hole in the muslin, and working over it in button-hole stitch.

This kind of work should be firmly tacked on oil-cloth before it is begun.

The sleeve, of which our pattern is given the full size, is made in the ordinary form of the Mandarin. Seven scallops will be found sufficient for each.

The design consists of a deep-waved Vandyke, worked in overcast stitch, and an inner Vandyke, worked in the same manner. Five eyelet-holes, of graduated sizes, are placed between the Vandykes of each scallop. These are made with a stiletto, and sewed round closely with Evans's Boar's-head Sewing Cotton, No. 50. The embroidery cotton is to be used for the scallops, which are first to be traced, and then run with this cotton, until a raised surface is produced, to be afterwards covered with button-hole stitch.



## THE COLLAR.

The collar may be done entirely in Broderie Anglaise; that is, by cutting out, or piercing holes in the form of the design, and simply sewing them closely over; or it may be made of muslin laid on net. In the latter case, the whole pattern must be traced in embroidery cotton,

the stitches being taken closely, and through both the materials, and the sewing cotton must be used to sew it closely over. The muslin is then cut away from the ground, which is to be of net.

Whichever way the collar is worked, the edge must be sewed over, very neatly and closely, in button-hole stitch.

AIGUILLETTE.



## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"There are, while human miseries abound,  
A thousand ways to spend superfluous wealth."

ARMSTRONG.

Start not, gentle reader, in a fright, and deem that it is our intention to harrow your feelings by descriptions of beds of anguish, of wards faint with the smell of medicines and disease. Fear not to accompany us to Great Ormond Street, to the newly-opened "Hospital for Sick Children." You see that fine old mansion, with its front so fresh and bright from stucco and white paint, that it stands forth in bold relief from its more dingy and venerable-looking brethren, and seems as if it were no longer a relic descended to us from our forefathers, but a creation of the present time, a mark of the advance of the age in philanthropy, a token of its admission of its need of progression in some of the branches of medical science. Let us enter this place, and proceed through the large square hall, and ascend that wide staircase of dark, polished wood, with its massive balustrade; these are the drawing-rooms, large, airy, and cheerful, with their walls brightly painted in panels and medallions, and their ceilings decorated with mouldings. But what have we here in lieu of handsome furniture and gay company? Iron cribs, or children's bedsteads, placed at intervals, painted light oak colour, and furnished with clean and snowy bedclothes. In one of these a little creature sits busy in demolishing the dress of a doll, so intent upon its occupation of picking thread by thread a bit of the lace to atoms, that it never looks up. In the next, a fair, sweet-faced child, half sits, half reclines, in all the languor of convalescence, listening to the voice of a young lady, who appears to be relating some tale for its amusement. In a third, a child propped up by pillows arranges on a board, so contrived as to form a moveable table in the crib, a set of doll's furniture. Others again are sleeping; while in the centre of the room is a long, low wooden table, and two settles, just the height for children to use with perfect convenience; and here three little ones, who are well enough to be up, are watching another young lady, who is arranging the contents of a "Noah's Ark" before them, and apparently mingling pleasant instruction with the play. All is scrupulously clean, bright, and very cheerful; there is no closeness, no smell, but the air feels fresh and free. Attached to this floor is a bath-room, supplied with hot and cold water.

The second floor is devoted to the boys, and is nearly a repetition of the same scene, save that here none are well enough to be up, and two are occupied with reading from large cards, containing each a coloured print of some scriptural subject, and an explanation, printed in large type. To these wards also are attached a

bath-room, and they too are furnished with the same tables and settles, or benches with backs to them; and these tables, as well as the others below, answer a double purpose; the top lifts off, and we behold a long wash-stand, furnished with zinc basins, painted a light and clean-looking colour. The next story above is set apart for the fever wards, and is similarly furnished and provided, but has no patients. An admirable simplicity characterises everything. There were seventeen patients there when we visited the Hospital, and among them only one cried, or seemed in the least inclined to do so, and this was a mere baby, who was "put out" because a nurse she was not accustomed to approached her to do something; this, especially when we consider how peevish illness renders children, speaks volumes for the kindness of the nurses.

On the ground floor are the committee-room, the visitors' room, the surgery, and the waiting-room for out-patients. This latter, which somewhat resembles a lofty and spacious hall, and boasts a curiously antique and elaborately carved mantel-piece, is said to have formerly been the ball-room of this fine old house. What a contrast then between the crowds who now will assemble there, and those which formerly graced it!—for gay dresses, jewels, and ornaments, we have all the varieties of the garb of poverty, from cleanliness and an attempt at respectability, to sordid rags, and hopeless dirt;—for music and merry voices we have the moan or cry of sick children, and the interchange of complaints and condolence among the mothers. A piece of ground, fabulously large when we recollect what London gardens are, lies at the back of the house, and will be laid out as a garden as soon as the requisite funds can be raised for so doing, and there the convalescents will be suffered to walk or play and regain their strength.

And now that we have so far described the building, let us speak of its uses, of its inestimable value not only to the poor, but to every parent of a family.

We see a tender mother involuntarily press her child to her bosom, and hear her murmur that surely it would be better to attend the poor little things at their own homes, and leave them in the care of their own mother—strangers cannot feel for them as she can—will not bear with them so patiently, or devote themselves so entirely to them as she will! This is true, Madam, so far as those mothers are concerned whose position in life admits of their doing all that their hearts dictate; but can the poor needlewoman devote herself to her sick child? Can the charwoman, or she who goes out to wash,



give up her engagements, and disappoint her employers? If she does she must starve. Under these cases, what becomes of the sick child? What, too, becomes of it in a large family, all occupying one room—in a house where some eight or ten families lodge? Where is the quiet and comfort so necessary to illness? And lastly, how many infectious disorders might be checked if the child first attacked could at once be removed, instead of lying in a crowded, ill ventilated chamber, infecting those immediately around it, and spreading contagion throughout a whole locality! Disease thus disseminated is no respecter of persons; his poisonous breath is borne from the poor man's hovel to the rich man's mansion, and in both places is equally likely to be fatal.

According to the report of the Registrar-General for 1846, out of the 50,000 persons who died in the metropolis in that year, 15,000 were not two years of age, and more than 21,000 were under the age of ten; this is a striking and important fact, and the cause of so great a mortality among children should be looked to. Not less to be attended to is the fact that in spite of the advancement of science, the increase of medical knowledge, and the advantages derived from vaccination, the proportion of deaths in childhood is nearly as great as it was fifty years ago. The London bills of mortality for the eighteenth century show that 46.1 per cent. of all deaths were of children under ten, and 32.6 of children under two years of age. The returns of the Registrar-General for the seven years 1838—1844, prove the mortality of this great city to amount to 44.2 per cent. of those under ten, and 30.1 per cent. of those under two years of age. Thus, during the last fifty years, the diminution in the mortality of child-life is but 2 per cent. Let us see the reason of this.

Where is it our medical students receive the most valuable portion of their scientific education? Is it in the lecture-room—is it derived from books? Doubtless, both these are valuable, both aid and assist him; but they are the theoretical part. Is it not in the hospital that he gains his most valuable, because his *practical* knowledge? There is his best school, there he sees the disease unfold itself, and learns to recognize its earliest symptoms, and oppose its course by that system of treatment experience points out.

There has hitherto been no hospital, no proper school in this country for studying and teaching the diseases of children, if we except a ward containing thirteen beds at Guy's Hospital, and an "accident ward" containing seventeen beds at the London Hospital. Many of our most eminent medical men have deeply regretted this defect in their scientific education, and admitted that the diseases of children are in general but imperfectly understood. And they require so much skill, almost amounting to divination; for a child, even one of six or eight years old, cannot afford his physician those indices and that information which an adult gives. Those medical students whose means admitted of it

have travelled to Paris, or some other large continental city, in search of that knowledge, the need of which they felt, and which they found no means of obtaining here; but hundreds are unable to do this, and they must grope their way on through the earlier years of their practice until experience gives them skill.

Thus it is that the mortality among our children is so great; this is the great hiatus in medical education, to supply which an attempt is now made. Viewed in this light, surely the "Hospital for Sick Children" will find an advocate in every parent's heart, a supporter in every one who earnestly desires to benefit his fellow creatures. It is not the poor only who will experience its blessings; its benefits will be extended to thousands of children yet unborn, nay, in a very few years will be sensibly felt by all classes: Truly, in this case, "Charity" will be found to be "twice blessed."

In Paris, Brussels, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Prague, Pesth, Turin, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Grätz, Brünn, Lemberg, and even in Constantinople, there are hospitals set apart for the exclusive reception of sick children; all are flourishing, all are useful, both to the sufferers and their parents, and to the public at large.

It seems strange that England, who prides herself on her charitable institutions, should until lately have overlooked the want of this one. The preliminary steps have, however, now been taken; the Institution is opened, and is working happily and well, so far as regards the objects of its care; it now only needs the fostering hand of the public, and this we feel convinced it cannot fail to obtain as soon as it becomes known and understood.

The Hospital is intended to contain one hundred beds, which it is calculated will provide for the reception of eight hundred children per annum. Its objects are:

1. To provide for the reception, maintenance, and medical treatment of the children of the poor during sickness, and to furnish those who cannot be admitted into the Hospital with advice and medicine.
2. To promote the advancement of medical science with reference to the diseases of childhood; and especially to provide for the more efficient instruction of students in this department of medical knowledge.
3. To diffuse among all classes, and especially among the poor, a better acquaintance with the management of children during illness, and to assist in the education and training of women as children's nurses.

It has been opened with accommodation for twenty or thirty patients, as well as for the relief of out-patients; but the heavy expenses of starting have nearly exhausted its resources.

Many presents of toys and books have been made to the Institution; and kindly were the feelings which dictated this. Few of us there are, but know what a sick child is, how helpless, how craving after constant change of amusement, especially during the early periods of con-



valescence ; how valuable then is any toy or gay picture, or coloured book, that charms away even a quarter of an hour ! We were sorry to learn from the matron, who most kindly showed us over the whole Institution, that very few of the children hitherto admitted could read well enough to amuse themselves that way, and that therefore gay picture-books were of most use there.

We have already spoken of two young ladies we saw there ; if we allude to them again, it is

with the view of inducing others to follow their example, to devote half an hour occasionally to the amusement of these little ones, to the dropping of instruction into their young minds in the guise of pleasant tales—who can tell what good fruit seed thus sown may bring forth ? Our Saviour said, “ Inasmuch as ye do good to one of these little ones, ye do it unto me.” What incitement will move us, if this do not ?

M. A. Y.

## LA FUITE EN ÉGYPTÉ.

FRAGMENTS D'UN MYSTÈRE EN STYLE ANCIEN, POUR TENOR SOLO CHŒUR,  
ET UN PETIT ORCHESTRE.

“ Some judge of authors' names, not works ; and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.”

Mon cher Ella,

Vous me demandez pourquoi le Mystère (la Fuite en Égypte) qui figure dans le catalogue de mes ouvrages que vous avez bien voulu imprimer, porte cette indication : “ *Attribué à Pierre Ducr , maître de chapelle imaginaire.* ”

C'est par suite d'une faute que j'ai commise, faute grave dont j'ai été sévèrement puni, et que je me reprocherai toujours. Voici le fait.

Je me trouvais un soir chez M. le Baron de M—, intelligent et sinc re ami des arts, avec un de mes anciens con-disciples de l'Académie de Rome, le savant architecte Duc. Tout le monde jouait, qui à l'écart , qui au whist, qui au brelan, except  moi. Je d teste les cartes. A force de patience,  t apr s trente ans d'efforts, je suis parvenu   ne savoir aucun jeu de cette esp ce, afin de ne pouvoir en aucun cas  tre appr hend  au corps par les joueurs qui ont besoin d'un partenaire.

Je m'ennuyais donc d'une fa on assez  vidente, quand Duc, se tournant vers moi : “ Puisque tu ne fais rien, ” me dit-il, “ tu devrais  crire un morceau de musique pour mon album ! ” — “ Volontiers. ” Je prends un bout de papier, j'y trace quelques port es, sur lesquelles vient bient t se poser un andantino   quatre parties pour l'orgue. Je crois y trouver un certain caract re de mysticit  agreste et na ve, et l'id e me vient aussit t d'y appliquer des paroles du m me genre. Le morceau d'orgue dispara t, et devient le ch ur des bergers de Bethl em adressant leurs adieux   l'enfant J sus, au moment du d part de la Sainte Famille pour l' gypte. On interrompt les parties de whist et de brelan pour entendre mon saint fabliau. On s' gay e autour du tour moyen- ge de mes vers que de celui de ma musique. “ Maintenant, ” dis-je la Duc, “ je vais mettre ton nom l -dessous, je veux te compromettre. ” — “ Quelle id e ! mes amis savent bien que j'ignore tout- fait la composition. ” — “ Voil  une belle raison, en v rit , pour ne pas composer ! mais puisque ta vanit  se refuse   adopter mon morceau,

attends, je vais cr er un nom dont le tien fera partie. Ce sera celui de Pierre Ducr , que j'institue ma tre de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris au dix septi me si cle. Cela donnera   mon manuscrit tout le prix d'une curiosit  arch ologique. ” Ainsi fut fait. Mais je m' tais mis en train de faire le Chatterton. Quelques jours apr s, j' crivis chez moi le morceau du *Repos de la Sainte Famille*, en commen ant cette fois par les paroles, et une petite ouverture fugu e, pour un petit orchestre, dans un petit style innocent, en fa di ze mineur sans note sensible ; mode qui n'est plus de mode, qui ressemble au plain chant, et que les savants vous diront  tre un d riv  de quelque mode phrygien, ou dorien, ou mixto-lydien de l'ancienne Gr ce, ce qui ne fait absolument rien   la chose, mais dans lequel r side  videmment le caract re m lancolique et un peu niais des vieilles complaints populaires.

Un mois plus tard je ne songeais plus   ma partition r trospective, quand un ch ur vint   manquer dans le programme d'un concert que j'avais   diriger. Il me parut plaisant de le remplacer par celui des Bergers de mon MYST RE, que je laissai sous le nom de Pierre Ducr , ma tre de musique de la Sainte Chapelle de Paris (1679). Les choristes, aux r p titions, s' prirent tout d'abord d'une vive affection pour cette musique d'anc tres. “ Mais   avez-vous d terr  cela ? ” me dirent-ils. — “ D terr  est presque le mot, ” r pondis-je sans h siter ; “ on l'a trouv  dans une armoire mur e en faisant la r cente restauration de la Sainte Chapelle. Mais c' tait  crit sur parchemin en vieille notation que j'ai eu beaucoup de peine   d chiffrer. ”

Le concert   lieu, le morceau de Pierre Ducr  est tr s bien ex cut , encore mieux accueilli. Les critiques en font l' loge le surlendemain en me f licitant de ma d couverte. Un seul  met des doutes sur son authenticit  et sur son  ge. Ce qui prouve bien, quoique vous en disiez, Gallophobe que vous  tes, qu'il y a des gens d'esprit partout. Un autre critique s'atten-



drit sur le malheur de ce pauvre ancien maître dont l'inspiration musicale se révèle aux Parisiens après cent soixant-treize ans d'obscurité. "Car," dit-il, "aucun de nous n'avait encore entendu parler de lui, et le Dictionnaire Biographique des musiciens de M. Fétis, où se trouvent pourtant des choses si extraordinaires, n'en fait pas mention!"

Le dimanche suivant, Duc se trouvant chez une jeune et belle dame qui aime beaucoup l'ancienne musique, et professe un grand mépris pour les productions modernes quand leur date lui est connue, aborde ainsi la reine du salon: "Eh bien, madame, comment avez-vous trouvé notre dernier concert?" "Oh! fort mélangé comme toujours." "Et le morceau de Pierre Ducré?" "Parfait, délicieux! voilà de la musique! le temps ne lui a rien ôté de sa fraîcheur. C'est la vraie mélodie, dont les compositeurs contemporains nous font bien remarquer la rareté. Ce n'est pas votre M. Berlioz en tout cas que fera jamais rien de pareil." Duc à ces mots ne peut retenir un éclat de rire, et à l'imprudence de répliquer: "Hélas, madame, c'est pourtant mon M. Berlioz qui a fait l'adieu des Bergers, et qui l'a fait devant moi, un soir, sur le coin d'une table d'écarté." La belle dame se mord les lèvres, les roses du dépit viennent nuancer sa pâleur, et tournant le dos à Duc,

lui jette avec humeur cette cruelle phrase, "M. Berlioz est un impertinent!"

Vous jugez, mon cher Ella, de ma honte quand Duc vint me répéter l'apostrophe. Je me hâtai alors de faire amende honorable, en publiant humblement sous mon nom cette pauvre petite œuvre, mais en laissant toutefois subsister sur le titre les mots: "*Attribué, à Pierre Ducré, maître de chapelle imaginaire,*" pour me rappeler ainsi le souvenir de ma coupable supercherie.

Maintenant on dira ce qu'on voudra; ma conscience ne me reproche plus rien. Je ne suis plus exposé à voir, par ma faute, la sensibilité des hommes doux et bons s'épandre sur des malheurs fictifs à faire rougir les dames pâles, et à jeter des doutes dans l'esprit de certains critiques habitués à ne douter de rien. Je ne pêcherai plus. Adieu, mon cher Ella, que mon funeste exemple vous serve de leçon. Ne vous avisez jamais de prendre ainsi au trébuchet la religion musicale de vos abonnés. Craignez l'épithète que j'ai subi. Vous ne savez pas ce que c'est que d'être traité d'impertinent, surtout par une belle dame pâle.

Votre ami contrit,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Londres, 15 Mai, 1852.

—*Musical World.*

## GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, May 21.

MY DEAR C—.

I must begin my epistle by giving you some account of the *fêtes*, which during the past week have occupied, literally day and night, the thoughts, time, and attention of all Paris, and which, with certain exceptions, have really been most brilliant. For a week or ten days preceding them the crowd of strangers and provincials was such that apartments were hardly to be obtained for love or money; during the latter days indeed the difficulty had increased to an impossibility, and it was only those who were happy enough to possess hospitably disposed friends in Paris, who could get lodged at all. The Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the *cafés* swarmed; English, German, Russian, Swedish—every dialect under the sun greeted your ears; costumes and faces more or less foreign met your eyes at every step, and the weather, happily relenting in its severity, and remembering that it was May and not February, smiled blandly on the motley multitudes. On Monday commenced the *fêtes* by the monster review. From daybreak the city was in motion, and soon the stream was directed to the Champ de Mars from every quarter of the town. None of those who had failed to engage carriages one, two, or even three days before, could succeed in obtaining them at any price; and in many in-

stances persons who jobbed carriages by the month, such as physicians, &c., were, when going about their daily avocations—for even on *fête* days people will be ill, and insist upon the doctor's diurnal visit—met with lamentable histories of horses suddenly fallen lame, carriages mysteriously broken, suffering coachmen, &c., &c., and compelled to pursue their courses on foot. You may imagine, therefore, the state of the thoroughfares leading to the scene of action. We left home at ten (the review was to commence at twelve, and the distance, on ordinary occasions, could easily be accomplished in a quarter of an hour's drive), and after having tried every possible route, being directed hither and thither, turned back at one street, forced on in another, we finally came to an inexorable crush in the Faubourg St. Germain, about a quarter of a mile from the Champ de Mars. Time pressed, so did the crowd, and we at last agreed it was far better to leave our dignity in the carriage, and make our way on foot, on pain of losing the sight we had gone through all this trouble to see; more especially, as having tickets for the *tribunes* or stands, we risked missing our places in them. Accordingly, after much manful struggling, we made our way to the long desired goal, just in time to witness the arrival of the President. A most magnificent sight the field certainly did present. Sixty thousand men, specimens of all the different bodies of troops in



France, were arrayed before us; a bright sun flashed on their uniforms, arms, and standards; horses neighed and pranced, and the *vivandières*, in their pretty *Bloomer* costumes, and their compact little figures, ran to and fro, or gossiped in knots, mingling the uniforms of their different regiments in most gay and picturesque groups. In the centre of the field was erected a pavilion, open at all sides, and magnificently decorated with hangings and canopies of crimson and gold; beneath which stood the altar, where the mass was to be performed, and the Archbishop of Paris was to accomplish the ceremony of blessing the standards, previous to their being distributed to the different regiments. At twelve the President and his suite arrived, and galloped up the line of infantry and down that of cavalry, followed by the Arab chiefs, as they are called, though why the natives of Algeria should bear that designation I am rather puzzled to know; this, however, *par parenthèse*. It is the fashion to call them very picturesque; but, I confess, to me, with the bernous, and their white hoods, they look more like very brown old women with their petticoats *retroussés* knee-high, than anything else. However, on this occasion they had put on their best attire, and looked like very smart old women indeed, galloping along on little short-paced horses, carrying their heads and necks stretched out in a line with their bodies, which gives them anything but a dignified appearance; in fact, were it permitted to a female pen to inscribe such a word, I should say these so-called Arabs were, in point of aspect, *humbugs*; and I could hardly help laughing at seeing the scrambling, clattering, galloping little horses, surmounted by a fluttering bundle of many coloured mantles, displaying no shape or outline of a human form beneath them. I was told on the spot a singular history, relating to one of the most brilliantly attired chiefs in the group. Some time since, this gentleman, holding but little to the civilized doctrines respecting the value of human life, in a fit of anger or vengeance, stabbed an enemy! he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death; but in consideration of his ignorance of European laws, and his savage creed as to justice and right, the sentence was commuted to the galleys for life; and there he was sent, and was expiating his crime at the time that the *fêtes* were about to commence. Among the Algerian chiefs to be present on the occasion, was the brother of the *condamné*, who seeing at such a moment a chance of relief for the unhappy culprit, contrived to obtain access to the President, and entreated his brother's release. A free pardon was the result of the application: the Bedouin was recalled from the *bagne*, and having no clothes but his prison dress, a friend of Horace Vernet, the painter—some of whose greatest works represent scenes of the Algerian war, and who possesses a splendid collection of dresses, arms, &c., brought from thence—learning the dilemma, procured for the artist the loan of one of his finest costumes for the par-

doned chief, who appeared conspicuous amongst the group of his compatriots in the field.

On the day following the review, the ball given by the army to the President took place. In the morning it was generally reported as a fact that a plot existed to set fire to the Ecole Militaire and assassinate the President; he was not to be present; but this, like a thousand other such rumours, proved false. The ball, at which were present fifteen thousand persons, was in all respects a most magnificent *fête*; and with a few trifling *désagremens*, passed off remarkably well. Of these the greatest was that the heat and vapour mounting, and finding no egress, caused the lights to burn with a reddish lurid glare, and so melted the *bougies* that not a guest escaped the shower of wax that fell from every chandelier, to the great discomfiture in particular of the ladies' toilettes and the officers' uniforms. On Thursday evening a display of fireworks at the Trocadéro took place; but, contrary to the usual custom in France, the show was a very poor one, and caused infinite disappointment to the thousands of persons who were half suffocated in the crowds assembled to behold the sight.

Great interest has been excited by the display of the collection of pictures of Marechal Soult, which is now put up for sale. It is said to be the finest gallery of Spanish paintings in existence; comprising fifteen of the best works of Murillo, which alone would make a splendid collection. This sale is an example of one of the evils resulting from the non-existence in France of the *droit d'aînesse*—forgive my using the French word, but it expresses more shortly than in English the rights of the eldest son. Here, when a man dies, his property—he it what it may—is sold, and the profits equally divided between all the children; so that unless one have the inclination and the means to buy up all, or that they unite to purchase the estate among them, it goes from the family for ever. Thus this unique collection, brought together at the expense of so much time, money, taste, and trouble, now at the end of a few years, is to be divided and scattered piece-meal throughout Europe. Doubtless many of the pictures will find their way into England; I believe the Emperor of Russia, also, is likely to secure some of them; they will go, I hear, at enormous prices. The present *emplacement* of these works of art is not without interest. They are placed for inspection in the gallery of the hôtel Lebrun, built by the husband of Mme. Lebrun, who, towards the end of the last century, was distinguished for her beauty, her genius as a portrait-painter, and the brilliant society her charms and talents brought about her in the magnificent hôtel, erected from the fruits of her labour. This house, once the abode of luxury and splendour, is now—like too many of the finest old mansions in Paris—stripped of all its glories; its noble apartments are converted into magazines of commerce, and the vestiges of its ancient magnificence, still visible amidst decay



and neglect, only render its present ruin more melancholy.

Paris is growing, as far as the society of the *grand monde* is concerned, very dull—the country claims all those who are able to go there; and after the crowds assembled for the *fêtes*, it is emptying rapidly, to such a degree that many persons have been compelled to bespeak places on the railroads a week before the period of their

departure. Before the entire break-up of the season, however, the marriage of M. de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, and the beautiful Mlle. de la Moskowa, grand-daughter of the Marechal Ney, is to be celebrated. And now I am come to the end of my gossip. Adieu, my dear C—. Wishing you a gay season and much enjoyment of it,

Yours ever,

P\*.

## OUR CONSERVATORY.

THE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE SYSTEM OF INDIA.—Each village then is one community, composed of a number of families, claiming to be of the same brotherhood or clan; and generally most of the villages in the same part of the country are of one tribe or subdivision of a tribe. Yet others are intermixed; and it often happens that a village may be made up of two or three separate divisions of different tribes, castes, or even religions, yet uniting for certain purposes. These then form a community, who assume and possess the strongest proprietary rights in the soil, and are not to be, nor almost ever are, dispossessed by any native government. They are, in a perfect village, almost the only professional cultivators. If a shopkeeper or labourer has obtained land to cultivate, he is generally considered as holding only on sufferance. Yet sometimes, by long possession, and the dying out of the original owners, a few such may have acquired a full right, and be recognized as adopted members of the community. The Government officers do not interfere directly in village matters, so long as the proprietors agree among themselves, but invariably treat with the communities as a body corporate, and as such transact all business with them through their representatives. They have a machinery by which they distribute all burdens, and are enabled to make engagements in common. Yet they do by no means “enjoy to a great degree the community of goods” as Mill supposes. I never knew an instance in which the cultivation was carried on in common, or in which any of the private concerns of the villagers were in any way in common; and I very much doubt the existence of any such state of things. The whole land is the common property of all, and they have certain common responsibilities in return for common rights. But things are managed in this wise: every village is divided into a certain number of fixed portions called ploughs; but a plough is rather like an algebraical symbol to express a fixed share than a literal plough. The arable land then is divided into, say, for instance, sixty-four ploughs; a man may have one plough, or two ploughs, or a plough and a half, or three-quarters of a plough; all imposts, whether of government demand or of common expenses, are assessed at so much a plough, and each man pays accordingly. In the first instance, lands might be annually changed, after the fashion of the Germans, by way of guarding

against inequalities; but since the communities have settled down the holdings are fixed, and he who invests in wells, &c., cannot be dispossessed. So much of the common right remains that the members may claim periodical remeasurements and re-adjustment of holdings and payments, to rectify the inequalities and alteration of boundaries which may gradually arise. The grazing-ground of each village is common to all; but the division between the grazing-grounds of different villages is very jealously maintained, and any uncertain or undecided boundary leads to very bloody affrays. When these cases were decided, compensation was given to the heirs of those killed in the right, from the lands of those in the wrong. If fresh land is brought under cultivation, it may either be shared by all, the number of ploughs remaining the same; or, if all do not desire fresh land, certain members may by common consent be allowed to create fresh shares: say land equal to two ploughs is broken up, there are henceforth sixty-six ploughs, and the imposts per plough are lightened to all. But when the grazing-ground is no larger than sufficient to afford pasture to the village cattle, no one is permitted to break it up.—“*Modern India*,” by George Campbell.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON.—At one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a crash and a tremulous motion. Thinking that we had run against a waggon, I kept my seat, but in a minute or two the driver turned towards the lamp a countenance on which terror was so legibly written, that I instantly opened the door and sprang out. “For God’s sake, sir, take care,” shouted the conductor, who, seated on the box beside the coachman, with one hand held the wheel-horses on their haunches, while with the other he firmly pressed the handle of the drag. It was a pitchy dark night, the sides of the road being invisible excepting where the lamps shone. Beside me the driver, his teeth chattering with fright, could say nothing but “Oh, mon Dieu!” I heard somewhere or other the roaring of a torrent, and on a tree near me a screech-owl added its shrill cry to the voices of the night. Several minutes elapsed before I could realize the awful nature of the peril which, thanks to the extraordinary presence of mind displayed by the conductor, we had almost miraculously escaped. Had he not left his usual



place to sit on the box, humanly speaking not one would have survived the hour to narrate the terrible catastrophe. A wooden suspension-bridge, seventy feet in height, and spanning a rapid river, had been swept away by a rise of waters, consequent on a thunder-storm in the mountains. On the brink of the precipice thus caused we stood, our leading horse having fallen over it and been instantaneously killed. Had his harness been of stout leather, no mortal power could have saved us; but providentially he had been attached to the vehicle only by two rope traces and a slight back-strap. The tremulous motion I had felt was the struggle between the wheel-horses pulled back by the heroic conductor (for the driver was powerless from terror), and this unfortunate animal, as it hung suspended in middle air over the roaring torrent. The crash was the recoil of the vehicle, when the traces broke, and the victim fell headlong into the abyss below. Cautiously approaching the brink of the chasm, we found the remains of the harness, and discovered the exact nature of our situation. I have travelled not a little both by land and sea, in all manner of conveyances, and on every kind of road; but such a scene as that I never expect to witness again, though I should spend the remainder of my years in wandering to and fro over the earth. The dread hour of midnight, the solitude of the Alps, the rushing of the river, the cries of the screech-owl, the chattering teeth of the poor driver, the sighing of the wind, the cold air from the glaciers, the terrible nature of the danger, the miraculous manner of escape, combined to fill my mind with an awe, which returns to produce a tremour even while I write. It was one of those awful scenes which solemnize the feelings of the most callous, and remain engraven on the memory while life itself endures. \* \* Had the conductor been inside, had the harness been of leather, had we attempted to cross when the bridge was sinking instead of after it had sunk, had the horses been at a gallop, our bodies might even now have been buried in some of those rocky caldrons from which the Rhone struggles to get free. \* \* The supports of the bridge were still standing, but the roadway had fallen in; so cross the vehicle could not. The stream was not only deep, but wide and rapid, besides having precipitous banks; so fording was out of the question. But fortunately for us, the conductor had proved himself a man equal to an emergency. As soon as we had recovered from the shock, the driver was sent with a lamp to scramble along the side-rails of the ruined bridge, and alarm a village about half a mile beyond. Wearily did the minutes pass away before, amid the darkness, we heard the cheering cry from the opposite bank, "Au secours! au secours!" In a very short time, the active peasants had laid planks along the ruins, on which, one by one, led by our intrepid conductor, we crossed the stream. Our trunks and bags succeeded, while the horses dragged back the diligence to the place from which they had started. Three hours of

darkness we spent in an empty room of the village tavern, until two *chairs-à-banc* arrived from the nearest post station of Tourtemagne, whither we proceeded. Similar vehicles conveyed us to Vierge, our baggage meanwhile following in a cart; where again we changed carriages, before traversing a desolate tract covered with stones, and the debris of mountain torrents, which in some places had obliterated all trace of the road. — "*The Tagus and the Tiber*," by William Edward Baxter.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN OF FASHION. — Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity, and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless; but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world; but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. — *Lord Jeffrey*.

## A SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. PROCTOR, MINISTER OF GISSING, BY THE REV. MR. MOORE, OF BURSTON, IN NORFOLK.\*

"*Fight the good fight.*"—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor: his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name also was Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burstun Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss hundred; this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

\* This sermon is reported to have been actually preached many years since, in the parish-church at Burstun, a small village near Diss, in Norfolk. Most of the names mentioned are now standing in the register-books of the said parish. In 1750 it was printed in the "*British Magazine*" for November; and a manuscript copy was found in an old wall pulled down at Wisbeach, in 1823. It has lately been reprinted and sold at Diss, but it appears to us quaint and humorous enough to deserve a place in our columns.



He was a good husband, and she a good housewife, and they two got money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects: he was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tithes, and a good landlord to his tenants: there sits one, Mr. Spurgeon, can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him upon his death-bed, it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God: in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintances, for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him away; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his friends, relations, and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Gibbs' prayers he likewise devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man, Mr. Proctor, for all his friends, relations, and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to my prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this: there was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar-boy; he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow: it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow; no, beloved, it was a dun cow. Well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done, give him a

small alms and send him away, or chide him and make him a pass, and send him into his own country; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich; after his time was out he took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson here present, there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure: by her he had three daughters; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to a woman's estate, married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits; who gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon-hall beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember, some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, all which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues; but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is she was a good knitter, as any in the county of Norfolk: when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for to spare candle, she would stir up the coals with her knitting-pins; and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as many other women by daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit in the same manner; and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts too: for when I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack nor burning it; besides she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg and dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say that they were the best toasts that I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman; but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars; viz.—

1. His love to his neighbour.
2. His charity to the poor.
3. His favourableness in his tithes.
4. His goodness to his tenants.
5. His devotions in his prayers, in saying AMEN, AMEN, AMEN, to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs, and myself.



## NEW BOOKS.

## MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

*Mrs. Smith.* After all, no romance in the world can interest one like a genuine piece of biography: and as the truest thing of the kind—making the largest allowance for one-sided views and partial extenuations—must be the autobiography of a sincere man, I hold that every one who has lived to three score, led an active life, and mixed among notabilities, might if it pleased him write a book well worth reading and preserving.

*Fanny.* My good cousin, *à propos* of what work is it that you are thus discoursing?

*Mrs. Smith.* Of the first volume of the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN\*—a deeply-interesting book, I assure you.

*Fanny.* I should think so—for though the palmy days of Mr. Jerdan's influence and repute were before "my time," I have heard enough of his career to feel sure that his reminiscences must be most comprehensive and remarkable.

*Mrs. Smith.* My few years of seniority give me an advantage in this respect, and serve to indicate how great a charm the work must have to those who are yet older—to those who can remember the events which to us are history and tradition.

*Fanny.* There is always a dash of melancholy in the biography of an elderly person—by the common laws, in the common course of nature he must have outlived many friendships, and happy and joyous associations; fortunate if he have not also survived health and prosperity.

*Mrs. Smith.* There is, indeed, something more than a dash of this melancholy in the present work; something which makes a generous nature kindle to kindly sympathy, and a self-examiner drop gently the stone which the prosperous or the self-glorious had offered him to fling. The book shows what was pretty well known in a large circle before, that Mr. Jerdan, at seventy years of age, after a life devoted to literature as a profession, finds himself still in harness—still the worker for his daily bread. And remember, he was not an author of low or no repute, but forty years ago the editor of a clever political organ, the "Sun" newspaper; and afterwards for four-and-thirty years the sole conductor of the "Literary Gazette."

*Fanny.* I saw a notice of the book the other day, which was very severe on the "improvidence" which had left the author destitute of fortune in his old age.

*Mrs. Smith.* I was grieved to read it. Rather do I, from my own not very limited knowledge of authors, side with Mr. Jerdan, when he declares, that the choice of literature as a profession to live by is as "foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide"—at any rate it was so only a

very few years ago; and if authors, now-a-days something wiser by the experience of their predecessors, instead of writing their best for the eternal benefit of mankind, often do that which will bring the speediest and largest money return, I cannot see that the world is so great a gainer that it need raise a hymn of triumph on the occasion. Our greatest names in literature are either those of men who have been blessed with private means—pause a moment and consider how very many these have been!—or of those who have suffered bitterly from the pangs of penury: few indeed are they who have produced great works, and yet found literature immediately lucrative—so few that they are but the exceptions which prove the rule.

*Fanny.* I think so too. Great authors, possessing an independence, and holding a good position in society, may after a while derive considerable pecuniary benefit from their labours; but in many instances I cannot believe these works would have been written, had they had to struggle with the world at the outset.

*Mrs. Smith.* Exactly so. And, after all, what are these incomes, out of which literary people are expected to provide for old age? At best—with the rarest possible exceptions—the few hundreds a-year, which your successful lawyer or surgeon-apothecary would look down on with contempt. But indeed one might preach a homily on the sorrows of poor authors, from the days of Goldsmith and Johnson to our own.

*Fanny.* I suppose it is with the history of the "Literary Gazette" that Mr. Jerdan's name and fame will be most intimately associated.

*Mrs. Smith.* Perhaps so. And when we call to mind the low condition of journalism five-and-thirty years ago, we may partially estimate his services to literature and art. I say partially, for we can never really calculate our obligations to the pioneers in those new paths which lead to world-changing results. Such a pioneer was William Jerdan. While you were in your cradle, plenty of imitators were already following in his track; but it must not be forgotten that the "Literary Gazette" opened a new era in the periodical press—that it was the first weekly publication supported with talent and genius, and avowedly devoted to Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts—not in a party spirit, but with a generous candour and quick discernment that were ever able and ready to distinguish the claims of a new aspirant, and give that friendly encouragement to obscure merit, for the lack of which so many a spirit has faltered and fallen in the race. For my own part, I look with intense interest to the remainder of this interesting and instructive Autobiography, and heartily wish the author health and spirits to complete his task.

*Fanny.* To what period does this first volume come up?

*Mrs. Smith.* To the eventful year 1814, and

\* Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co., Paternoster Row.



Mr. Jerdan's memorable visit to Paris. From the earliest chapter it is full of interesting reminiscences of persons and things, which the present generation regard as past history. In my humble opinion it is a book of sterling value, to be kept for reference—not passed from hand to hand in the circulating-library fashion, and then forgotten. To some future Macaulay it will be invaluable.

*Fanny.* Here is a new posthumous work by poor Grace Aguilar.\*

*Mrs. Smith.* And one of her very best. At the first glance many people will be inclined to think that the subject chosen—the strife between Edward Plantagenet and Robert Bruce—has been already exhausted by poets and novelists; but the present work forcibly proves the novelty which a fresh mind may infuse into an often-expounded theme.

*Fanny.* I am not surprised at your opinion. I think every one who knows the works of this lamented author must observe that she rises with her subjects. Her grave, even learned, theological works have masculine power in every page—and charming, pathetic, and always healthy as her purely domestic stories are, they do not, I think, approach either in interest or sustained power her historical ones. "The Vale of Cedars," for instance—that story of the persecution of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella—what a glowing picture of southern life does it present! and what an example of feminine devotion, purity, and fortitude is there enshrined!

*Mrs. Smith.* And you will think quite as highly of "The Days of Bruce." The author has thrown herself into the rugged life of the fourteenth century, has depicted the semi-civilization of the period in a manner that is quite marvellous in a young woman: while the skill she evinces in the delineation of the historical personages, and her individualisation of the imaginary ones, might alone entitle her to a high place among historical novelists. The story is extremely interesting, and is developed by those romantic incidents which were natural to the period. Grace Aguilar always excelled in her delineation of female characters, and as her bereaved mother truly says in the preface to this work, "In the high-minded Isabella of Buchan is traced the resignation of a heart wounded in its best affections, yet truthful amid accumulated misery. In Isoline may be seen the self-inflicted unhappiness of a too confident and self-reliant nature; while in Agnes is delineated the overwhelming of a mind too much akin to heaven in purity and innocence to battle with the stern and bitter sorrows with which her life is strewn." The fortunes of Agnes are indeed most pathetically told, from the opening chapter, telling of her happy love and hopeful girlhood, till her mind is wrecked by the tragedy of her noble

husband's ignominious death, which she is compelled to witness. The story ends with the triumph of Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn; but as a passage easily isolated, which yet may serve as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers, listen to this account of the coronation of Robert Bruce amid his partizans, in those times when allegiance to him was treason to King Edward. I should premise that the Countess of Buchan belongs to a family claiming the hereditary right to place the crown on the head of the Scottish king—but that her bad husband has proved traitor, and allied himself to the powerful Edward.

Upon the left of the king, and close beside his throne, stood the Countess of Buchan, attired in robes of the darkest crimson velvet, with a deep border of gold, which swept the ground, long falling sleeves with a broad fringe; a thick cord of gold and tassels confined the robe around the waist, and thence fell reaching to her feet, and well-nigh concealing the inner dress of white silk, which was worn to permit the robes falling easily on either side, and thus forming a long train behind. Neither gem nor gold adorned her beautiful hair: a veil was twisted in its luxuriant tresses, and served the purpose of the matron's coif. She was pale and calm, but such was the usual expression of her countenance, and perhaps accorded better with the dignified majesty of her commanding figure than a greater play of feature. It was not the calmness of insensibility, of vacancy; it was the still reflection of a controlled and chastened soul of one whose depth and might was known but to herself.

The pealing anthem for awhile had ceased, and it was as if that church was desolate—as if the very hearts that throbbed so quickly for their country and their king were hushed awhile and stilled, that every word which passed between the sovereign and the primate should be heard. Kneeling before him, his hands placed between those of the archbishop, the king, in a clear and manly voice, received as it were the kingdom from his hands, and swore to govern according to the laws of his ancestors; to defend the liberties of his people alike from the foreign and the civil foe; to dispense justice; to devote life itself to restoring Scotland to her former station in the scale of kingdoms. Solemnly, energetically he took the required vows: his cheek flushed, his eye glistened, and ere he rose he bent his brow upon his spread hands, as if his spirit supplicated strength; and the primate, standing over him, blessed him in a loud voice, in the name of Him whose lowly minister he was.

A few minutes, and the king was again seated on his throne, and from the hands of the Bishop of Glasgow the Countess of Buchan received the simple coronet of gold, which had been hastily made to supply the place of that which Edward had removed. It was a moment of intense interest: every eye was directed towards the king and the dauntless woman by his side, who, rather than the descendant of Malcolm Cean Mohr should demand in vain the service from the descendants of the brave Macduff, exposed herself to all the wrath of a fierce and cruel king, the fury of an incensed husband and brother, and in her own noble person represented that ancient and most loyal line. Were any other circumstance needed to enhance the excitement of the patriots of Scotland, they would have found it in this. As it was, a sudden irrepressible burst of applause broke from many eager voices, as the

\* "THE DAYS OF BRUCE. A STORY FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY." By Grace Aguilar, author of "Home Influence," &c. &c.—(Groombridge and Sons.)



bishop placed the coronet in her hands, but one glance from those dark eloquent eyes sufficed to hush it on the instant into stillness.

Simultaneously all within the church stood up, and gracefully and steadily, with a hand which trembled not, even to the observant and anxious eyes of her son, Isabella of Buchan placed the sacred symbol of royalty on the head of Scotland's king; and then arose, as with one voice, the wild enthusiastic shout of loyalty, which, bursting from all within the church, was echoed again and again from without, almost drowning the triumphant anthem which at the same moment sent its rich hallowed tones through the building, and proclaimed Robert Bruce indeed a king.

Again and yet again the voice of triumph and of loyalty arose hundred-tongued, and sent its echo even to the English camp; and when it ceased, when slowly, and as it were reluctantly, it died away, it was a grand and glorious sight to see those stern and noble barons one by one approach their sovereign's throne and do him homage.

It was not always customary for the monarchs of those days to receive the feudal homage of their vassals the same hour of their coronation: it was, in general, a distinct and almost equally gorgeous ceremony; but in this case both the king and barons felt it better policy to unite them: the excitement attendant on the one ceremonial they felt would prevent the deficiency of homage in the other being observed, and they acted wisely.

There was a dauntless firmness in each baron's look, in his manly carriage and unwavering step, as one by one he traversed the space between him and the throne, seeming to proclaim that in himself he held indeed a host. To adhere to the usual custom of paying homage to the suzerain bareheaded, barefooted, and unarmed, the embroidered slipper had been adopted by all instead of the iron boot; and as he knelt before the throne, the Earl of Leunox—for, first in rank, he first approached his sovereign—unbuckling his trusty sword, laid it, together with his dagger, at Robert's feet, and placing his clasped hands between those of the king, repeated, in a deep sonorous voice, the solemn vow to live and die with him against all manner of men. Athol, Fraser, Seaton, Douglas, Hay, gladly and willingly followed his example; and it was curious to mark the character of each man, proclaimed in his mien and hurried step.

*Fanny.* A most graphic description truly. But there is yet another book about which I should like your opinion. It is a tale for young people, called "Spencer's Cross Manor House."\*

*Mrs. Smith.* A lively, and in many respects very able volume, written by a mother, and dedicated to her children. The story describes a large family circle, brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts, and relates their doings and sketches their characters, educing of course a satisfactory moral. One of the faults of the work, how-

ever—for you know a good and clever book may not be perfect—is a want of artistic treatment of the very abundant materials at the author's disposal. Writers of books of this description should never forget that a piece of narrative is not a story—and the very facts which are such excellent foundations for fiction require the artist's treatment before they can stand forth with that power of truth which only a certain idealization of fact can give. A block of marble is not a statue—but the statue lies there for the sculptor to dig out; and it often requires skill equal to the sculptor's to shape your piece of narrative into a coherent polished plot, fit to be placed on the pedestal of a bookshelf. Nevertheless this is a common fault; the true works of art are the exceptions, by no means illustrations of story-books in general, and Spencer's Cross Manor House deserves its season of popularity, and will doubtless entertain and instruct numerous juvenile circles. But come, Fanny, put on your bonnet, we must not lose this lovely morning in in-door gossip.

#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

STORIES FOR SUMMER DAYS AND WINTER NIGHTS—BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—(*Groombridge.*)—The excellent quality of a large proportion of our cheap literature is one of the marvels of the day; and these respective series of "Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights," and "Buds and Blossoms"—the costliest published at the price only of our smallest silver coin—forcibly illustrate how a large sale may compensate for a low price. These stories for children are admirable. Though appearing anonymously, they bear internal evidence of being the productions of accomplished authors, and have nothing of the apprentice-work of the amateur scribbler about them. "Home at the Haven" is a tale of which almost any author might be proud, teaching as it does the beauty of Truth and perfect sincerity, through the medium of an interesting and pathetic narrative. "The Searcher and the Finder" is a compressed, and yet clear and vigorous history of Columbus; and "The Story of a Daisy," replete as it is with beautiful fancies, is still simple enough to reach the heart and understanding of a little child. Oh that there had been such books for children thirty years ago!

THE EXHIBITION LAY.—(*Groombridge.*)—An anonymous poem of something more than average merit: and yet because the Great Exhibition was itself in some sort an acted poem, does it seem to us a subject most difficult to treat successfully in verse. Nevertheless there are some striking stanzas in the present production.

\* "SPENCER'S CROSS MANOR HOUSE. A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE." By the author of "Belgravia," &c. &c.—(*Westerton.*)



## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF  
PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN  
WATER COLOURS.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The veteran exhibitors this year retain the fame the public so long ago awarded them. The President, COPLEY FIELDING, shows no lack of industry, but sends his usual complement of mountain and lake scenery: he has given us also a fine specimen of his varied talent in the way he has produced the effect of a storm at sea. DAVID COX, with his broad, splashy pencil, makes the long grass of his lone grounds bend beneath the breeze which betokens the coming storm that lowers over the deep purple distance. "Besom-makers gathering heath," is one of his best productions. BENTLEY's South Foreland, near Dover, is a good and vigorous drawing. W. C. SMITH, a pupil of J. D. Harding's, improves every year; there is a truthfulness without mannerism in his style which is pleasant to behold. "Richmond in Yorkshire," is pure in tone and broad in detail. "The Town and Castle of Dieppe," by the hand of the same master, is equally well treated. CARL HAAG, lately admitted into the Society, fulfils the promise of excellence he then gave. "The return from the Campagna," is a glorious picture, with the golden sunlight streaming on the Italian peasant. Near this drawing is placed one of a totally opposite character, "The Frozen Ford," by C. BRANWHITE; every touch is a faithful transcript from nature; and we know not which to admire most, the branches of the trees laden with snow, the watery footmarks on the pathway, or the red glare of the setting sun falling on the ice-bound water: this is truly a winter scene, which one gets cool by looking at in a room where the thermometer stands at 80. FREDERICK TAYLER has many pieces, but only one large one, in which he has indulged his unique powers.

JENKINS and TOPHAM have some interesting subjects of homely life, which is ever sure to reach the heart. HUNN's fruit is always tempting; his "Pet of the Village," a little stupid lubberly girl, with clasped hands and an old bonnet, makes everybody convulsed with laughter.

BARTHOLOMEW's Flowers, in spite of the bad places in which they are hung, are as attractive as ever. There is no artist can equal the peculiar grace, thinness, and delicacy which he gives to the petals of his white blossoms, which look as pure and fresh as if they were just plucked from the garden; his "Varieties of Convolvulus" is exceedingly fine in tone and composition.

Some new names are this season enrolled amongst the contributors: Margaret Gillies, Gilbert, Bostock, &c., all showing themselves worthy of a place in this interesting Exhibition.

O. O. O.

E. WEHNERT has a powerfully-coloured drawing from that wonderful poem of "The Raven, by Edgar Poe;" but the ethereal beings in the upper part of the picture, beaming among the spirit of "the lost Leonore," are too prominent, and distract the eye from the principal object. "Pallazza on the Lago Maggiore," J. L. ROWBOTHAM, jun., makes us long to have wings and fly away to such a sunny spot; the clearness of the sky and the transparency of the water are ably and poetically treated. Many smaller pieces, by the same artist, are equally good. COLLINGWOOD, D. K. M'KEWAN, CAMPION, and Mr. and Mrs. W. OLIVER, are all excellent in their faithful delineations of landscape scenery under different atmospheric effects.

W. H. KEARNY has some pleasing studies of Heads; among the best is, "She sleeps;" but the drapery is crude and cold.

Miss L. SETCHEL has only a portrait, a Reubens in point of rich transparent tone.

CHARLES METGALL has painted a subject from the Spectator, always a wide field to pick and cull from. The story is, "Will Honeycomb's description of how a lover made his passion known to his mistress." There is great drollery in the expression of the two ladies, who are silently watching the manœuvre; the shadow of the fan on the face of one of them is very effectively dashed in. "Fortune-telling," by L. HICKS, is a rich bit of colouring. "A Look at the Birds," LOUISA CORBEAU, is a spirited portrait of a cat; his large green eyes are dilated with the pleasing anticipation of a dainty meal. The birds are not in sight, but the artist has implied perfectly the thoughts of this noble specimen of Grimalkin. "Early Violets," JANE EGERTON, is sweetly handled: there is much earnestness and feeling in the head of the little rustic. Altogether the varied styles in this Gallery will make it an object of attraction to the lovers of fine art.

O. O. O.

J. M. W. TURNER.

(See Plate.)

The great Landscape Painter, like Maria Edgeworth, had an insurmountable aversion to sit for his portrait; consequently likenesses of him are extremely scarce, and we are therefore the more proud of presenting our readers with the accompanying engraving. We have too great a reverence for genius to attempt a criticism on so great a man; and were we to attempt anything like a dis-



course on the productions of Joseph Mallord William Turner, we should be led far beyond the limits of a magazine article. His name is world-famous; and painters, even more than the general public, know how much he has done to ennoble the school of English Art, and to open new veins of thought, which have enlightened and pushed forward an entire generation. Turner expired on the 19th of last December, at the age, it is said, of seventy-nine; but there seems to be an uncertainty about the dates of

his birth; and many of his acquaintances are of opinion that he was some years older. He was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side, as he desired to be, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He has bequeathed a large sum of money for the foundation of almshouses for unfortunate and meritorious artists; and left his pictures to the nation, on condition that within a given time a suitable place shall be provided for their deposit and exhibition—a wise, though reproachful proviso.

## AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Though in consequence of the litigation about Mademoiselle Wagner the English public have apparently lost all opportunity of judging of the lady's merits, it is impossible not to applaud the spirit and determination with which Mr. Lumley has asserted his rights. May the circumstances which have occurred prove a salutary lesson to a class of persons—numbering, of course, many admirable individuals—but as the rule generally extravagant, and frequently perfectly unreasonable in their demands. May they learn to add to their accomplishments civility of speech, if they cannot command gratitude of heart; and endeavour to acquire a little of that English integrity of character which somehow or other we stupid islanders reverence even more than pretty faces and fine voices. The defection of Mademoiselle Wagner has been, we understand, a heavy pecuniary loss to Mr. Lumley, almost perilling, in fact, the continuance of his establishment; but certain liberal patrons have come to the rescue, and we still hope he may be carried through the season in triumph. For the last month Mademoiselle Cruvelli has been indefatigable, singing in “Norma,” “Fidelio,” “Ernani,” &c., and proving herself alike the singer and actress of genius. But within the last week her labours have been somewhat lightened by the appearance and great success of Madame de la Grange, who made the most favourable impression on her *débüt* in *Lucia* on the 22nd ultimo. On this occasion, too, Signor Gardoni surpassed himself as *Edgardo*, and the opera was altogether produced with the greatest efficiency. Mr. Lumley has also secured two new dancers of great and original merit—Donna Pepita Oliver, and Mademoiselle Forli; the former a Spaniard, remarkable for grace and national characteristics.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

“Il Flauto Magico,” “Les Huguenots,” and other great operas, have been given at this theatre during the past month, affording ample opportunity for the highest powers of Grisi, Mademoiselle Zerr, Mario, Madame Castellan, &c., to be displayed; but the chief event perhaps to record has been the production of Halevy's “La Juive,” and the appearance in England of

M. Gueymard from the Grand Opera of Paris. This artist has sprung suddenly, yet deservedly, to fame. He was first noted for his singing the part of one of the Anabaptists in “Le Prophète;” but he has since played *Jean of Leyden* with the greatest success. In criticising the production of *La Juive*, a clever contemporary says—

“Without evincing any profound traits of passion and feeling, M. Gueymard's general conception of the character of Lazarus, the Jew, showed a thorough comprehension of the meaning of the author, while his acting and general deportment betrayed evidences of experience and a natural aptitude to the boards. That M. Gueymard is a good actor, and an excellent singer—one of the best of his school—is beyond a doubt; and there can be little question that he is destined to become a favourite with the English public. His style is French, his voice is French, and his manner is French; but this is by no means urged as an objection, since it merely proves that he belongs to a school which, in spite of its peculiarities, has produced some of the greatest of dramatic singers.”

Madame Jullienne also greatly distinguished herself in the difficult part of *Rachel*, the Jewess; and the impersonation of the *Cardinal*, by Herr Formes, was a masterpiece.

### THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Mark Lemon's capital new drama, “Mind your own business,” has been played nearly every night during the month, and attracted crowded and fashionable audiences. The story is sufficiently simple; but the number of characters introduced, giving every member of this excellent company something to do, and that in his own best style, is of itself sufficient to ensure success. The dialogue is well written, with a good deal of point and humour, to which Buckstone, Keeley, and Rogers gave full effect; whilst Webster and Mrs. Stirling (the hero and heroine of the piece) acted their respective parts with a truth and feeling which were sometimes painfully real. But a sketch of the story will enable our readers to enter better into the merits of the performance. Mr. Verdon (Mr. Webster), a wealthy young country squire, has been brought up in intimate companionship with the two daughters of the village-curate, Fanny Morrison (Mrs. Stirling) and Marian Morrison (Miss Amelia Vining). From the



constant praises of *Marian* that he hears from her sister, he fancies himself deeply in love with her, and proposes to her father; when *Marian* avows that she is already attached to a young artist, *Arthur Mowbray*, and *Fanny* discovers that her affection is fixed on her sister's lover. *Verdon*, maddened by his rejection, and believing that he had been trifled with by *Marian*, rushes to London, and tries to drown in riot and gaiety the remembrance of his rejection. Meantime, *Marian* marries her lover, who is dependent on a fashionable *roué* cousin for support; and to add to her sister's income, *Fanny* takes a situation as companion with *Mrs. Smythe* (Mrs. L. S. Buckingham), a very fine lady, who has married, for a "jinetur" (as her husband says), a *ci-devant* footman (*Keeley*), whose diction and manners shock his lady-wife; whilst her fashionable friends and would-be fashionable ways are equally an annoyance to him. At a party at *Mrs. Smythe's* house, *Fanny* sees *Verdon*, the slave of wine and dice, degraded almost past recognition, yet starting up to protect and vindicate the fair fame of her sister. In the hope of reclaiming him, she ventures to his home, with *Weazle*, his faithful servant (Mr. Rogers); and the scene that ensues, when the inebriated gambler is startled into sobriety by the apparition of his early playmate, is one of the finest pieces of acting we have ever seen. There was an expression on the features of *Verdon*—a gradual change from the merriment of drunkenness to the horror of conscious degradation—that literally entranced the audience; and people held their breath, and watched with the trembling fear with which one might follow the motions of a somnambulist, who has gained some fearful eminence, and whose next step threatens to dash him into eternity. It was a positive relief, after watching the anguished countenance through its alternations from the madness of drink to the madness of despair, to see reason and recollection return, and to hear him groan out rather than exclaim—"Yes, I know you!" The interview has the happiest effect on *Verdon*, who discovers, finally, that it was *Fanny* herself to whom he was really attached; and the story ends, as all stories ought to do, with the promise of a very happy marriage. The fun of the piece is kept up by *Keeley*, who appears among his wife's friends in full livery, and thereby gets rid of them all; and by *Mr. Oddiman* (Buckstone), a gentleman afflicted with a mania for attending to everybody's business but his own, who piques himself on his "diplomacy," which invariably results (like some other diplomacy we have known) in making a very great mess of what ought to have been a very plain matter. Even this propensity, however, is at last attended with benefit, as he discovers a deed which entitles *Marian's* husband to property, and brands the *roué*-cousin as a scoundrel. This last character, with its cool libertinism and consummate assurance, was admirably given by Mr. Leigh Murray; and of the minor characters all were played with the careful attention and perfect keeping for which this management is so famous.

Every one seemed convinced of the old saying that "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." But Mr. Webster's impersonation of the country gentleman, *Verdon*, is one of those performances which defy ordinary terms of praise—which are the attraction of the town for a time—and become a tradition ever afterwards. We have already had occasion to speak of the other pieces—"O, Gemini!" and "Your life's in danger"—which continue in prosperous career; and preparations for further novelties are, we understand, in hand by this energetic management.

#### THE ADELPHI.

"An Adelphi piece," in the very best sense of the phrase, was brought out a few days ago, and bids fair to be as popular as "The Green Buses," which, if we remember rightly, attracted as large an audience on the hundredth night as it did on the first, and has been, from time to time, revived with equal success. The new piece, "Sea and Land," affords ample scope for the display of the comic peculiarities of those old Adelphi favourites, Wright and Paul Bedford; and Miss Ellen Chaplin and Miss Fitzwilliam enact their parts well and naturally, the latter singing a new song with the clear articulation and melodious voice she seems to inherit from her mother. But the heroine of the piece is Mrs. Keeley, who, as *Wild Meg*, has "created" a character which will in no small degree increase her artistic reputation; it is, in fact, in such characters that Mrs. Keeley shines pre-eminently: her humorous powers are indeed great, but she has yet higher qualities; and in such a character as the one now before us, she has abundant scope for their exercise. The instinctive filial affection which makes her cling to her brutal father, and the devotion to the villain who is the only person that has ever shown her kindness—her utter ignorance and innocence of evil, her quaint humour and pathos, were inimitable: but when, by the force of jealousy, her intellect and passion are aroused, and from the simple child she springs into the impassioned woman, the scene with her rival was conceived and delineated with the highest artistic skill, because with the most perfect resemblance of nature. It is a painful picture of womanhood, clinging still to its idol, even after the discovery of the base materials of which that idol is composed—spurned, scorned, hopeless, and loving still. Nothing could exceed the beauty of Mrs. Keeley's acting throughout this very difficult part; and the plaudits she received were most vociferous. Mr. O'Smith as *Mr. Crouch* (the villain of the piece, of course) acted with his usual discrimination. Wright's delicate position as the Cockney proprietor of a yacht, indulging in the vision of "a cruise of a mile or so and back again" some very fine day, carried out to sea against his will, made to aid a smuggler, and bent on correcting the sea phrases of his cook and housekeeper, *Mr. Tom Potts* (Paul Bedford), made the most of his part, and convulsed the audience with laughter. The graceful acting











of Miss Woolgar in "Mephistopheles" keeps the "Ambassador from Below" constantly on the boards, and is as greatly admired as ever. The farce, "Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?" has been revived, and is as popular as when it was first produced.

#### ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Those who love German literature will be interested by Mr. Mitchell's advertisement of twelve German dramatic representations, to be given at his theatre during the month of June. The plays selected are—Goethe's "Egmont" (with Beethoven's music), "Faust" (with the music by Prince Radzivil and Lindpainter), Schiller's "Robbers," "Cabal and Love," and "Don Carlos;" Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," Raupach's "Death of Cromwell," some of Kotzebue's and other comedies, and Shakspeare's "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," in translation. The *troupe* is announced as sufficient, and the list includes the names of sundry artists well esteemed in Germany.

#### MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.—MAY 5.

We have learned to consider Mr. Aguilar's annual concert as one of the great musical treats of the season. As a composer and performer he stands in the first rank, and the entertainment which he recently gave at the Hanover Square Rooms was as fine as money and skill could produce. One of the chief attractions was the full orchestra, which included upwards of forty of the most eminent artists, and which gave with uncommon effect and brilliance the following pieces:—Beethoven's Overture, "Men of Prometheus," Aguilar's latest production, the overture of "Alpheus," Auber's

overture, "Le Cheval de Bronze," and Mendelssohn's march, "Athalie." Mr. Aguilar's own compositions are characterized by singular vigour and completeness of conception, and exquisite neatness and finish of detail. While studying in the great school of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, he has ventured to think for himself, and the result which he has achieved is therefore expressive and original—never wearying, overstudied, or conventional. Signor Sivori played two pieces on the violin in his own rare and inimitable manner; and Herr Formes sang an air from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," and Schubert's "Wanderer," in that massive and thoughtful style for which he is so remarkable. Madame Clara Novello and Mademoiselle Jetty de Treffz were the other vocalists; and now that we have mentioned their names, our readers can understand how the assembly were fascinated. The room was crowded to overflowing, and many persons sought seats on the platform.

#### MUSIC.

LILY OF THE VALE. Song. The Poetry by W. Bartholomew, Esq.; the Music composed by H. Handel Gear.—(*Addison and Hollier*.)—It is long since we have met with so truly charming a ballad as this. The poetry, expressive of a pretty sentiment, is graceful and flowing, while the melody is of that taking character, which, once heard, is never to be forgotten. In the accompaniment, which without being difficult is highly effective, Mr. Handel Gear has shown the most musician-like skill. The "Lily of the Vale" is published in the key of E, and ranges within the compass of an ordinary voice: we believe, however, it has been sung by Miss Dolby somewhat higher.

### THE TOILET.

#### C O S T U M E F O R J U N E .

(Specially communicated from Paris.)

Our last letter having given an account of the greatest novelties brought by the change of the seasons, there is not at present a great deal of novelty to describe. No doubt when the summer-heats set in, there will be various delicate contrivances adopted by *couturière*, *modiste*, and *lingère* to lighten their inconvenience; but as hitherto we have certainly had no grounds of complaint on *that* score, the style of dress prepared for Longchamps has as yet undergone few modifications; still, as nothing is more fertile or more active than the brains of the above-named ministers of fashion, there is always something new, something original—often something extraordinary and fantastic to be chronicled, and innovations, that a year ago would have been scouted as ridiculous—unwearable—absurd, are gradually looked at, tolerated, tried, and finally adopted. If, twelve months ago, we were to have told you that

you—not your children or grandchildren, but your own fair selves, still young and fresh and blooming, as you saw yourselves a year ago—were to behold yourselves, or at least your contemporaries, figuring to-day in a *robe empire*, now you would have laughed at us—would you not? And yet such an enormity exists! I do not say it is generally worn—many fair dames vow that nothing will induce them to adopt it; may be so, we shall see; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and though it would still require a considerable degree of courage to appear in public in the said attire, a year—a few months may (we do not say it *will*, for there are many obstacles to the adoption of the style—a perfect figure being *indispensable* to produce anything like a good effect) reconcile the most determined opposers to the adoption of the fashion. But let us give our readers a description of the dress in question, *tha*



they may get somewhat used to the contemplation of the monster before they may be called upon to accept it.

Well then, the *robe empire*, be it known to you, fair dames, has (*as yet*) the waist where nature has placed it—rather higher than where, for the last few years, fashion has decreed it to be; but still not too short. The *corsage* is rounded, with or without a band; the skirt, without a great deal of fulness, is quite plain in front; and the sleeves—very short—are tight to the arm, but with puffings from the *epaulette* to the bottom, which supply the requisite *ampleur*. Flounces to this dress are à discretion; but when adopted are very narrow, and placed quite low down. Although we do not think that any of our English readers are likely as yet to adopt this costume, a word of caution may still be not out of place to the more adventurous. The *robe empire* is merely an experiment—it has not yet received the seal of distinction; on the contrary, the first authorities in such matters look very coldly on it, and it is just as likely—perhaps more so—to fall into disrepute, and be pronounced vulgar and ridiculous, as to rise into favour and adoption. Such uncertainties always attend the fate of very *prononcées* changes, and it is never the really well-dressed and distinguished woman who hastens to adopt them; so much so that in Paris, to appear in the *extreme* of any fashion, is considered *malvais genre*, and fit only *pour les bonnes et les merveillesuses*.

The light and pretty fashion of the last two summers, of white *corsages* with coloured skirts, is again to be universally adopted. It is a mode too cool, elegant, and convenient to be easily relinquished; and we hail its return with pleasure. In morning-dress, plain skirts are much more worn than in the winter, though flounces are still in favour. A sort of compromise between the two has appeared within the last month, consisting of one deep *volant*, placed a good deal above the knee, and trimmed at the top and bottom with a fringe, *ruche*, or any other *garniture*. The effect is rich and graceful; but care must be taken to make the flounce sufficiently deep, or it cuts the figure in two.

The unbecomingness of the *corsage à basquines* is getting so generally acknowledged, that it is falling quite out of favour; but the *basques* attached to the waist continue to be as much worn as ever. The tardiness of the summer prevents the entire abandonment of the *vestes* worn during the winter and spring, though of course the materials are changed from velvet or *cachemire* to *taffetas*. They are made in black or coloured silk, and are trimmed with broad ribbon in coloured *moiré* or *écossais* sewn on in an undulating or *festonné* pattern, with a narrow ribbon at each side of the broad one; a *gilet* to match, or better still, in *piqué*, accompanies these vests. As a general rule these trimmings of *moiré* ribbon are extremely *bien porté*, particularly on *mantelets* and scarfs.

In bonnets there is little novelty; they are all as light and *vaporeux* as possible: the simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the *bavolet*, and tied in a large *nœud* under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons,

the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form. Some of the fancy straw bonnets have trimmings so fantastic that they really can hardly be understood from description; imagine, fair readers, *volants*, *rosettes*, *fanchons*, ribbons, laces, all in *crin* embroidered and mingled with straw!

Morning caps are assuming forms if possible more singular than these bonnet trimmings: some are perfectly round, with a little border standing straight out, altogether very like in form to a tiny "wide awake" hat, or more like a soup plate, with the bottom rounded instead of flattened. Those for *négligé* are trimmed with a large *nœud* and long ends at each side, placed under the border; those for afternoon toilette have generally at one side a *touffe* of flowers, the foliage of which continues in half-wreath round the *calotte*, and at the other the *nœud*. We perfectly recollect that in our childhood our earliest attempt at cap-making, in the service of our dolls, was precisely the shape we have been endeavouring to describe—a piece of net or muslin, cut in a circular form, with a thread drawn round it, making at once crown and border. Such, *mesdames*, are the caps the mode of the present day destined for your own particular wear! May you like it!

The *baréges* of this season are singularly beautiful; here are some of the newest:—A *barège, fond blanc*; flounces with *broché* spots, and bordered with garlands of coloured flowers—a *barège*, sky-blue, two deep flounces, with a *découpé* border of foliage *blanc satiné*—a *barège fond noir*, too deep flounces with borders *découpés* in foliage *satiné* of different colours. *Organdis*, with coloured patterns, are also coming in, and are likely to be much worn.

A very pretty style of *veste* is just appearing; it is made in white *piqué* and embroidered, and is worn with a coloured skirt; it is perhaps better suited to morning toilette than those in muslin and *jaconet*, &c. Morning dresses, entirely made of the same material, will also be worn; they are generally made quite high, and fastened with mother-o'-pearl buttons; the *basques* and sleeves embroidered, and an embroidery *en tablier* up the front of the skirt.

In *demi toilette* a charming novelty is being introduced; the *fichu à la Charlotte Corday*, in clear muslin, crossed on the bosom and tied behind; it is worn with a *corsage décolleté* and *froncé*, but with long sleeves; nothing can be more elegant or becoming than this fashion, as it gives fulness and roundness to the upper part of the bust, and *par consequence*, diminishes the waist.

Some beautiful wreaths, made for the late official balls and *fêtes*, have appeared. One of these, the *guirlande Hortense*, consists of little clusters of pink hydrangea, with heath foliage; another, the *guirlande Hébé*, is composed of *roses pompons*, with grasses and feather foliage; and a very pretty garland is made of iris, with exotic foliage, green tipped with pink. The *guirlande Galathée* is also very simple and fresh; it is of large *paquerettes*, mixed with grasses, and the foliage of meadow plants.



## THE GARDEN.—JUNE.

"The Summer came with the Summer's joy  
 \* \* \* \* \*

On came she bounding in sunshine and rain,  
 Dancing in music o'er mountain and plain;  
 Blithe was her life, led in greenwoods and bowers,  
 Sweet was the music she drew from the flowers,  
 As she hung them and swung them on bending trees,  
 Homes for the insects and food for the bees;  
 Their petals were nourish'd with sunlight and dew  
 Till her love was return'd in the odours they threw;  
 She bath'd all their lips on the fading of light,  
 And tenderly folded them up for the night,  
 And watch o'er their pillows untiring she kept,  
 And kisses gave all till they slumber'd and slept."

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

## PLANT-HOUSES.

*Conservatory.*—From frequent waterings, the earth about the surface of most plants kept in pots is liable to become consolidated; and if left long in that state, much injury will follow. The constitution of the plants is much weakened; and although it may sometimes cause them to flower in a most abundant manner, it is but too often the incipient stage of premature decay. In the case, therefore, of all plants kept in pots, which it is not desirable to throw into that state, it is necessary to go over them occasionally, and stir the surface. During the time plants are making growth, after being shifted, remove some of the old top soil, and replace it with fresh composts. This will be attended with very beneficial results; and in the case of large old plants standing in pots and tubs, and probably never destined to have another shift, this kind of top-dressing should be often repeated, as it will maintain their vitality and healthy appearance much longer than would be the case if it were neglected. It is natural to suppose that each successive watering should carry with it, in its descent, a portion of the constituent parts of the soil upon which the roots feed. It follows that plants with a goodly amount of foliage will soon exhaust a given portion of soil; and hence the necessity for frequent top-dressing, to supply the deficiency. The climbers in the Conservatory will now be growing fast, and should be kept carefully, but not too formally, trained out. Kennedias will soon be past flowering, and had better be well pruned in. Dress the roots with a little fresh compost, to assist the future growth. Give the permanent plants in this structure as much room as possible through the summer, to enable them to form a healthy growth. Such things as Oranges, Rhododendrons, and Camellias must be often well syringed, to wash off impurities arising from dust and insects. Let them have a dose of liquid manure at intervals, and keep all the vacant parts of the house well saturated with water at least twice a-day in bright weather. Shading must also be applied to plants in bloom.

*Orchid House.*—Most of these plants are now in a very active state of growth, and will require a corresponding degree of attention to keep up the heat to the maximum. Suspended baskets must not entirely be left to depend on syringing and the necessary moist atmosphere, but should be taken down at least once a week, and dipped in water of the same temperature as the house. Ply the syringe well and frequently, and neglect no means of keeping a moist atmosphere.

Dendrobiums, and others of the hardier sorts, may be removed for a short time to a sheltered part of the conservatory if required; but if not, let them be placed at the coolest end of the house, and where more air can be afforded them: this will preserve them longer in bloom. Watering at the roots must be constantly attended to; but in the case of plants with bulbs approaching maturity the quantity must be gradually lessened. Shading must be applied every day in bright sunshine.

*Stove.*—Here, too, the greatest activity of growth is going on, which must be assisted by a liberal application of root and air moisture. Keep the heat up to 60 degs. by night, and from 70 to 75 degs. by day, with a liberal admission of air. Gardenias in flower should be placed in the conservatory for a time. Growing plants of Gloxinias and Gesneras should be shifted as they require it. Attend to the potting off of seedlings of these plants. Apply support to such of the Achimenes as require it. Some of the stronger-growing sorts should be stopped, to induce a more bushy habit. Attend to the training of Stephanotis and other stove climbers; this should be done often, as they are liable to become entangled. Stove Passifloras, Ipomæas, and other strong and rapid-growing climbing plants should have some of the shoots removed occasionally. Continue the training out of specimen Ixoras, and encourage young plants in a brisk bottom-heat in a dung bed. Attend to the growth of spring-struck cuttings for autumn and winter blooming.

## FORCING HOUSES.

*Vineries.*—The latest crops should have the assistance of a little fire-heat, which is quite as important to the perfection of the fruit bunches, and to assist them in setting, as it is in the autumn. For the ripening of the wood, the day temperature may generally be left to solar influences; but a little fire made up between five and six o'clock at night, and also in the morning, will answer every useful purpose. Let the mean night temperature range about 55 degs.

*Peach House.*—Trees now ripening the fruit should have no water applied to the roots after ripening commences. The young wood must be kept well tied-in, so as to expose the fruit to sun-light. The main crops will be about stoning: be cautious in the use of fire-heat and water, but when the swelling-off after stoning commences let them have a good supply to assist the swelling; and that, unless under very peculiar circumstances, will serve until the fruit is gathered. If any part of the border is at all contiguous



to the heating apparatus, and thereby liable to become unnaturally dry, it would of course form an exception to this rule with regard to watering at the roots.

*Cherries* in pots which have done bearing should be placed under a temporary protection for a time, and afterwards the pots plunged in the open quarters. Attend well to the permanent plants in this house by fumigation and frequent syringing, to keep down insects. Fire-heat had better be discontinued when the fruit is gathered, as the maturation of the wood may now be safely left to solar influences. Air freely night and day, but especially in warm bright weather.

*Figs.*—These will require a plentiful supply of water, and sometimes liquid manure, to assist the swelling of the fruit: beware, however, of too much when fruit is ripening, or the flavour will not be good. Keep the trees rather thin of wood, and persevere in stopping the young shoots. Fire-heat must be regulated by external circumstances: the plants will not require much in ordinarily fine weather; the mean night temperature, however, should not be far from 60°.

#### FLOWER GARDEN.

Showery weather has now brought out the slugs in great abundance, and, in consequence, advancing patches of annuals, and other choice plants liable to their depredations, will require to be often dressed. I use for this purpose dried powdered peat charcoal, which also proves a very excellent fertilizer. If it is

not at hand, soot and ashes must be substituted. Roses will now require particular attention, as they must not only be frequently well syringed for the destruction of the green fly (for which purpose clear lime water is the best), but must also be often gone over with the hand, to pick off, or otherwise destroy, the rose weevil, which appears to be unusually abundant this season. Let them have frequent supplies of strong liquid manure, and thin out the shoots where they have "broken" too plentifully. The hardiest sorts of bedding plants may now be safely planted out. Let them have a good soaking with water previous to turning out of the pots; and if any of the *Verbenas* have grown long, and are liable to be blown about by the wind, they should be pegged down at once.

#### KITCHEN GARDEN.

The first crops of *Celery* must now be got in immediately. Take care to keep the plants well supplied with liquid manure as soon as growth commences. Liquid manure must also be liberally given to *Early Cauliflowers*, of which take care to plant out a good supply of spring-grown plants for succession. Make another sowing of *French Beans*, and also *Scarlet Runners*, for a late crop. The ground intended for *Broccoli* may be sown with *Peas* at six feet apart: take care that it is well manured, and do not sow the *Peas* too thickly. Sow also *Broad Beans*. Transplant *Bath Cos Lettuce*, and make successional sowings. C.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**REPOSITORY FOR THE SALE OF LADIES' FANCY WORK.**—We have frequently been asked if there is any institution where ladies might deposit for sale their own productions, whether fancy-work, drawings, &c., and thus avoid the trouble and mortification of applying to shops. We are happy at length to be able to answer this inquiry in the affirmative. A Miss Taylor, who resides at No. 19, Upper Seymour-street, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, has most kindly and generously opened her drawing-rooms for the reception and sale of ladies' fancy-works. Each depositor fixes her own price on her articles, and is thus insured an adequate remuneration for her productions. An opportunity is also afforded to those who desire pupils to deposit specimens of the art they teach. This institution has only been established since June of last year; but already boasts of the patronage of the Duchess of Northumberland and of other ladies of distinction, and is becoming a place of increasing resort of those who desire to promote the objects in view. We need scarcely add that our best wishes attend Miss Taylor's benevolent undertaking.

**EMILY.**—Will find a Honiton collar in crochet in the "*Ladies' Companion*" for October, 1850, or the "*New Monthly Belle Assemblée*" for February, 1851.

**BLANCHE.**—We will not fail, next month, to give a specimen of the lace that our correspondent requires. We are sometimes compelled, by the size of our pages, to diminish designs; but every pattern that appears in this magazine can be obtained the full size, with materials for working it, of Mrs. Pullan, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park.

**FINETTA** may make her choice of the following *Cements for rock-work*.—1. Portland cement

mixed with sharp grit, such as is washed down in heavy rains from the hills; light colour. Proportions: two of sand and one of cement.—2. Roman cement mixed with sharp grit. Proportions: one and one. Colour: dark brown.—3. Roman mortar.—Take common lime, slack and run through a sieve into a hole in the garden; next day cover with earth, a foot or more; leave it for three months, then take out what is required, and cover over the remainder. It will last for years.—The stones should be soaked in water and thoroughly cleaned; and the work is better if done in the cool of the evening in summer, and about ten or so in the morning in winter, or in a dull showery day. Great care should be taken to keep the cements from the air.

ACCEPTED.—Liolett.

**CLAUDIA.**—Riding-habits are usually made of invisible green or dark blue cloth, very full in the skirt, and made with a deep jacket. The hat is black, rather broad in the brim, with a hemispherical crown and a feather.

**A SUFFERER FROM DENTAL QUACKERY, AN OLD LADY, A SUBSCRIBER, &c., &c.**—In reply to these correspondents, we may mention that the address of Mr. Stokes, the eminent inventor of the new plan of fixing teeth, reviewed in our last number, is 65, Brook-street, Hanover-square. We do not know what his charges are, but believe they are moderate.

**HORATIA and Others.**—Mrs. Pullan (*Aiguillette*) is at home every Wednesday from twelve to four, at her residence, 126, Albany-street, Regent's-park, for the purpose of gratuitously instructing any ladies who may be desirous of working her patterns, except those in *Point Lace*, which she continues to teach on her usual terms. To prevent mistakes, she wishes to observe that her house is *not* a shop.







c/ J.A.

13 146 CW 4753  
BR  
06/12 00-030-00 Ohio

Group











CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



3 3032 00632 9043

GT500

.L33

ser. 2

v. 1

1952



